

SCREENLAND

A full-page illustration of actress Marion Davies. She is depicted from the waist up, wearing a long, flowing white gown with a large, voluminous skirt and a wide, white fur stole draped over her shoulders. She has blonde, wavy hair and is smiling at the viewer. The background features a castle with a conical roof and a stone archway, set in a lush, garden-like environment.

APRIL
25c

Marion
Davies

SPECIAL BEAUTY
and
FASHION NUMBER

**Hollywood's 6 Most
Beautiful Women**

**New York—Hollywood
Style War**

America's Smart Screen Magazine

You don't know the half of it

until you've seen her in **Technicolor**

Oh, of course, the shadowy grays of the old "black-and-white" didn't treat her so badly!

But you don't know the half of it until you've seen how Technicolor brings her to life. The color in her cheeks . . . and in her eyes. The flash of golden brown in her hair as it is caught by a playful beam of sunshine.

Yes! The magic Technicolor camera sees all these things. It observes life in its manifold glory of natural color. Then relives it for you on the screen . . . transports you into the very picture yourself. You become a delighted participant in the happenings of a screenland made real through the enchantment of color!

Yesterday is an old story in the annals



DOROTHY MACKAILL is more charming than ever in Technicolor. "Bright Lights" is her latest First National picture.

of the "movies." For yesterday motion pictures were silent. And . . . yesterday motion pictures were black-and-white.

Today you hear voices, singing, the playing of great orchestras. Today you see the stars, the costumes, the settings—in Technicolor.

★ **T** **Technicolor** *is natural color*

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS



BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); CHAS-ING RAINBOWS, with Bessie Love and Charles King (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radiol); HELL'S ANGELS (Caddo Productions); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner

Bros.); MAMMY, starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.); NO, NO, NANETTE, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); PARAMOUNT ON PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ, with Harry Richman (United Artists); SALLY, starring Marilyn Miller (First National);

SONG OF THE WEST, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); THE VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount); THE ROGUE SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).





LOOK FORWARD
TO STILL
GREATER THINGS
FROM FOX



NOW at your FAVORITE MOVIE TONE THEATRE
Cameo Kirby One Mad Kiss
The Sky Hawk

It is no accident that Fox has twice in succession won the Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal. The explanation is simple! Fox has had the courage to believe that the great American public appreciates the finest things in film art quite as much as do the high-brow critics! And with this faith Fox has produced the finest things in films. And for the future—the same policy will be carried out, but on a still greater scale.

Imagine lovely Janet Gaynor in the heart-shaking role of the girl-wife in LILIOM, the most passionately beautiful stagesuccess of the past ten years. The most sympathetic part Janet has ever had.

And John McCormack, greatest singer of them all, in a romantic singing-talking movietone.

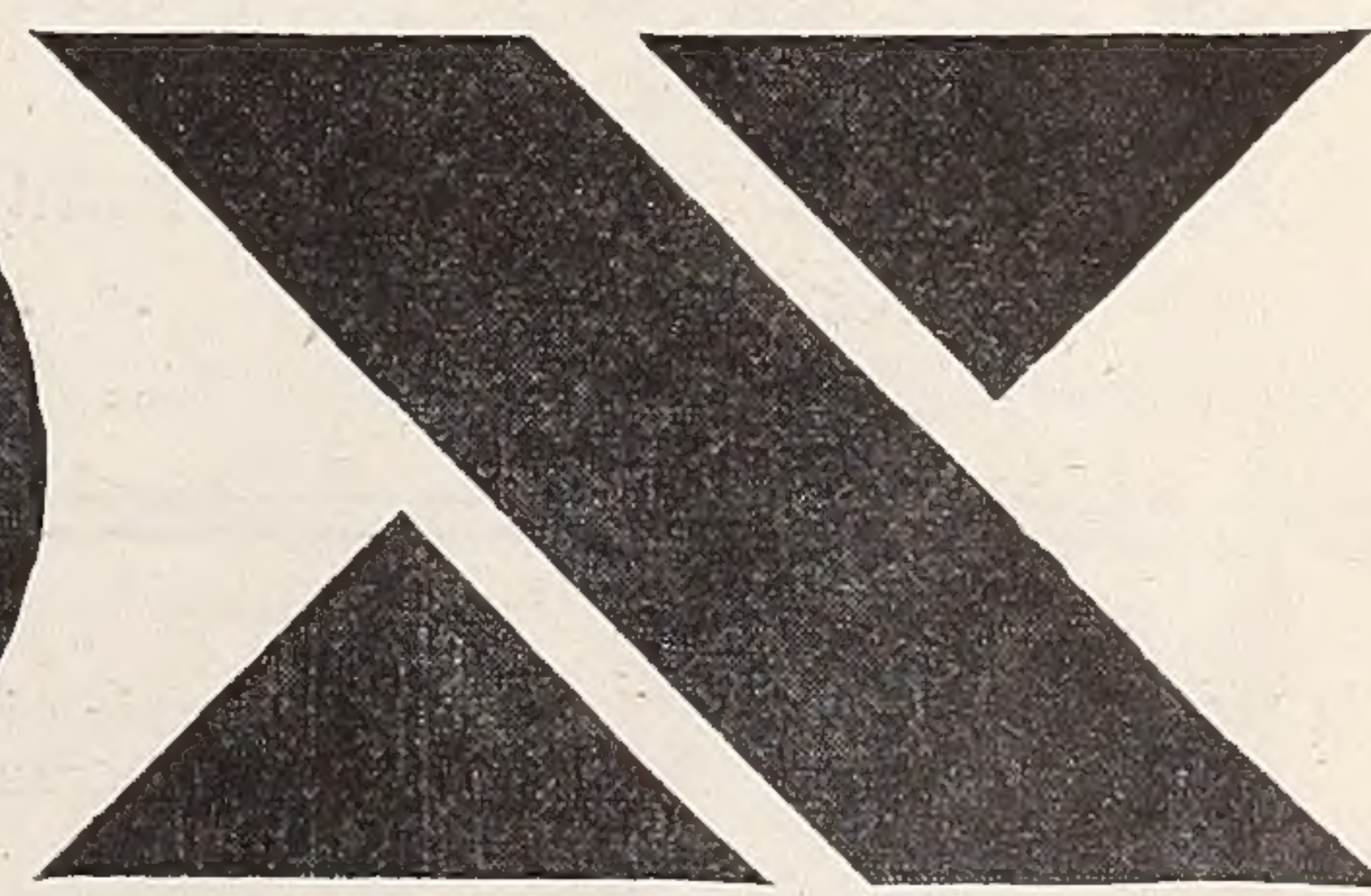
Jack London's mighty tale, THE SEA WOLF, ought to be the high-water mark, so to speak, in sea films. You remember this hair-raising yarn of stark, raw passions—the giant sea-captain, with the soul of a gorilla—the prisoner girl, her lover and the pitiless sea. Directed by the great John Ford!

Many other great ideas are in production—among which these deserve special mention at this time:

THE OREGON TRAIL, first important American epic of the talking screen—based on Francis Parkman's narrative—directed by Raoul Walsh.

COMMON CLAY, Harvard prize play, by Cleves Kincaid, directed by Victor Fleming.

SO THIS IS LONDON! with Will Rogers and Jillian Sandes and a cast of English artists. Staged by Hazzard Short; music by Richard Fall, Viennese composer.



MOVIE TONE

SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, Editor

April, 1930

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HOW ARE YOU GOING TO KNOW?

Look at the motion picture ads in any paper. You're smothered under an avalanche of adjectives! Drowned in a sea of superlatives! No wonder it's such a perplexing task for some people to select their entertainment! What are you going to believe—how are you going to know? Only one certain way, and two words tell it all "Paramount Pictures"—always good, often great, never a doubt when you follow the name. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."*

Paramount Famous Lasky Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N.Y.C.

Paramount

ON THE AIR! Paramount-Publix Radio Hour, each Saturday Evening, 10-11 P. M. Eastern Time over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting System.



Pictures

DENNIS KING in "The Vagabond King" with JEANETTE MACDONALD

Warner Oland, O. P. Heggie and cast of 1000. Gorgeous All-Technicolor Musical Romance. Ludwig Berger Production. From "If I Were King" by Justin Huntly McCarthy and "The Vagabond King" by Wm. H. Post, Brian Hooker and Rudolf Friml.



NANCY CARROLL in "HONEY"

A Musical Romance sweeter than "Sweetie," with Harry Green, Lillian Roth, Skeets Gallagher and Stanley Smith. Directed by Wesley Ruggles from the novel and play "Come out of the Kitchen" by Alice Duer Miller and A. E. Thomas.



"PARAMOUNT ON PARADE"

Grand march of the greatest stars of screen and stage—in a laughing, singing, dancing hit of hits! Many of the scenes in Technicolor. The New Show World on Parade—practically all of Paramount's players in the cast.



GARY COOPER in "Only the Brave"

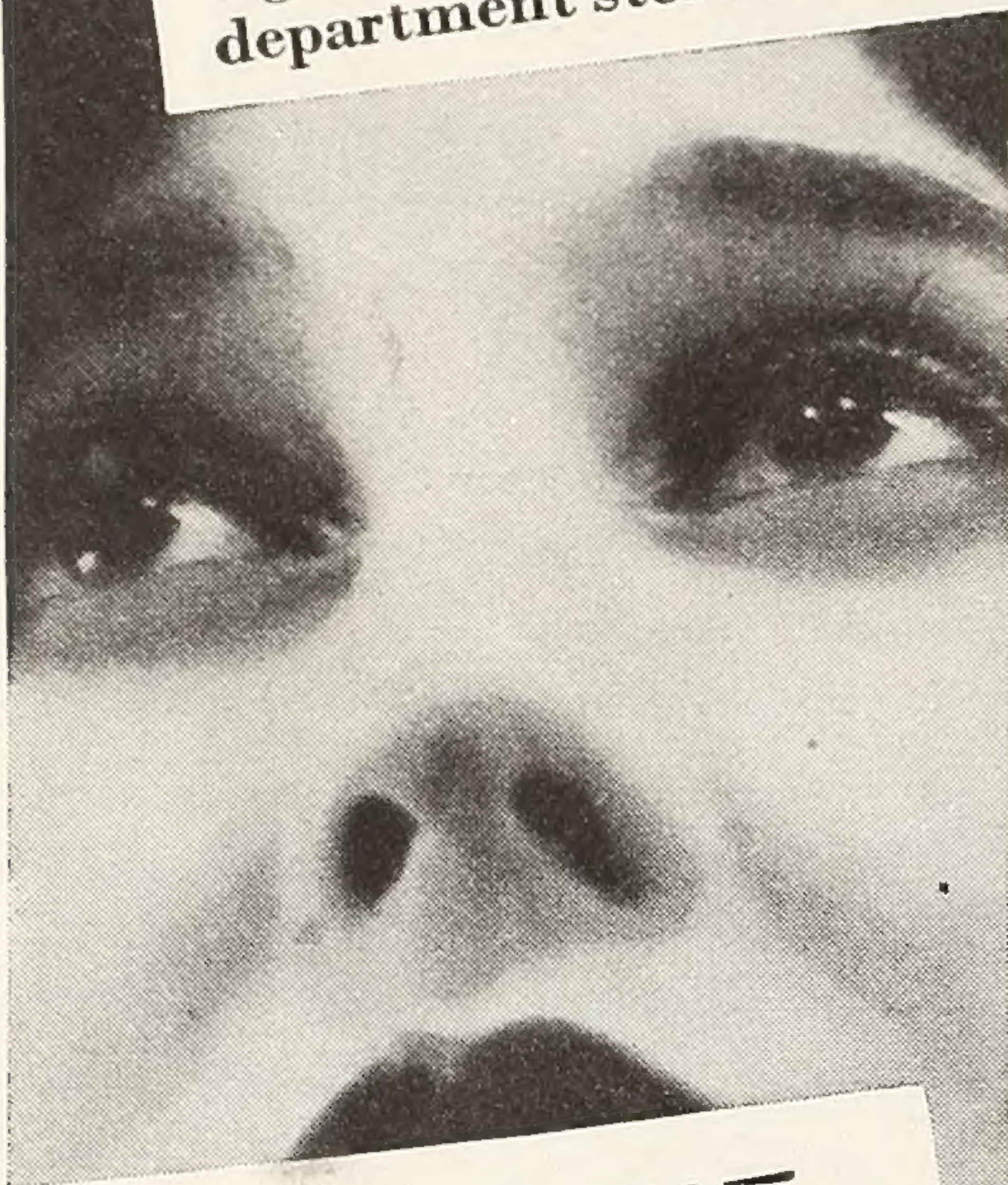
With Mary Brian. Story by Keene Thompson, directed by Frank Tuttle. The hero and heroine of "The Virginian" in a fast moving, thrilling, absorbing adventure-romance with the old South as the picturesque setting for the story.



EASES EYE STRAIN

Here's quick, safe relief for eyes strained by reading, sewing, driving or office work. Merely apply a few drops of *Murine* and almost at once they'll feel fresh and rested.

Millions use *Murine* daily to help keep their eyes always clear, bright and vigorous. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!



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FOR YOUR
EYES

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

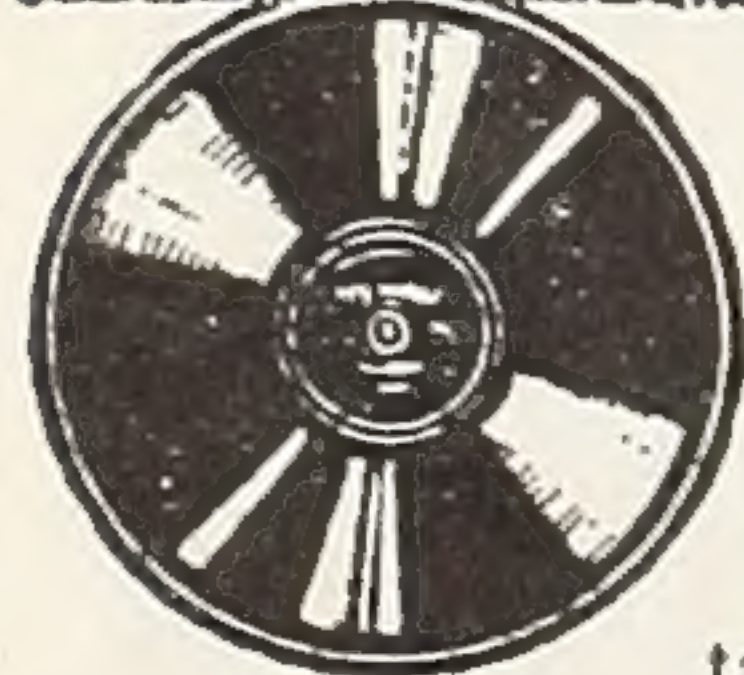
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The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting. The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

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Room 253-D, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

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Learn Cultured Speech and Correct Pronunciation quickly from phonograph records. Also increase your vocabulary this new easy way. Be a fluent talker—cultivated speech is a social and business asset of the first importance. This new "learn by listening" method highly recommended by leading educators. Records sent on free trial. Write for information and free Self Test. No obligation.

THE PRONUNCIAPHONE INSTITUTE

3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 6324, Chicago

SOUND NEWS

By
*Evelyn
Ballarine*



Sidelights on Future Films

IT may be that 'crooks can't win' but crook pictures win the laurels for screen entertainment. George Bancroft started it. He proved to us how fascinating underworld characters could be and now we crave them in large amounts. First National is producing "Jail Break" with Conrad Nagel. "His Woman" with Monte Blue is another gangster picture coming along. Monte plays a policeman and Lila Lee plays 'his woman,' of course. Evelyn Brent, one of the slickest gun girls in pictures, is making "Framed" for Radio Pictures. Regis Toomey, of "Alibi" fame, is featured. Eddie Lowe, who gave us his interpretation of a suave crook in "Dressed to Kill," is going bad again in "Born Reckless."

Metro-Goldwyn has broken down Lon Chaney's reserve and aversion for sound pictures. He has been signed to a five-year talkie contract. Lon, who is his own severest critic, was pleased with his talkie tests. Chaney's decision leaves Charlie Chaplin standing alone against the talkies. Chaplin still believes that silence is golden.

Buddy Rogers' next picture is "Safety in Numbers." But don't be too sure about his safety with such charmers as Kathryn Crawford, June Collyer, Josephine Dunn, Virginia Bruce and Carol Lombard, in the picture. These girls are as famous for 'getting their men' as the Northwest Mounted.

At last Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are to play in a picture together. Ever since they announced their engagement Radio Pictures has wanted to co-star them—but, believe it or not, until recently Ben has still been working on "Hell's Angels." "Smooth as Satin" is the title of the Daniels-Lyon picture.

And Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are to play together again in "I Love You." Lois and Rich were reported engaged many times. Wonder if this new 'engagement' means anything?

It looks as if the Bernice Claire-Alexander Gray team will be separated temporarily. Bernice has been borrowed by United Artists for the feminine lead in "Love in a Cottage." Irving Berlin has written the story and the songs. It should be a nice combination—Bernice's lovely voice singing Berlin's charming music.

Prize title of the month: "Flame of the Flesh." And it's for Norma Talmadge's next, too.

John Barrymore's next picture will be a talkie version of "The Sea Beast" which he made silently a few years ago with his wife, Dolores Costello. The new version is to be called "Moby Dick" and will have Joan Bennett in the feminine lead.

It is reported that Douglas Fairbanks will remake "The Mark of Zorro" as a talker for his next release.

Bert Lytell is coming back to the screen. His first picture will be an audible version of "The Lone Wolf" for Columbia Pictures. He played in the silent film, too.

Those of you who have been asking about Renée Adorée will be interested to know that little Renée will be in the next Ramon Novarro opus, "The Singer of Seville." Dorothy Jordan, who has already played in two previous Novarro films, will have the juvenile lead. This looks like the birth of a new team.

Norma Shearer's next picture is called "The Divorcée." Conrad Nagel and Chester Morris will have important rôles. Robert Leonard will direct.

Evelyn Laye, English actress who made such a sensational hit on the Manhattan stage in Ziegfeld's "Bitter Sweet," is going the way of all stage stars. She's going to star in sound pictures. A musical comedy is being written for her by Rudolph Friml and will be produced by Florenz Ziegfeld and Samuel Goldwyn.

Jillian Sande, another English beauty and stage star, has been imported from London for the feminine lead in Will Rogers' second talkie, "So This is London."

Bessie Love, the screen's song and dance girl, copped one of the prize rôles of the season—she's to play the lead in "Good News." Stanley Smith, Cliff Edwards and Gus Shy, of the Broadway production, are in the cast, too.

Metro-Goldwyn are going to produce Dickens' "Oliver Twist" with Lionel Barrymore directing and acting the rôle of Fagan. Ruth Chatterton will be Nancy Sykes and the part of Bill Sykes will be acted by Ernest Torrence. It is reported that little Davey Lee will play *Oliver Twist*.

"Dixiana," a forthcoming Bebe Daniels picture, will be the initial effort in the field of wide-film, stereoscopic entertainment for RKO. The movies have certainly made great strides in the past year. First talking pictures, next all-color and all-talking, and now third dimension. What next?

Don't miss



VITAPHONE VARIETIES ARE HALF THE FUN

OF ANY EVENING AT THE THEATRE

2 the fun!

Look for these New Headliners—

Vitaphone Varieties will introduce you to Ann Pennington, Irene Franklin, Fred Allen, Bert Lahr, Eddie Buzzell, Jack Buchanan, Miller & Lyles, and scores of others, in the "specialties" that have made them Broadway sensations.

And Clever Novelties—

Fred Keating, whose feats of comedy magic are now the talk of New York—Little Billy, the world's most celebrated midget—Bobby Gillette and his two-man banjo—and Eddie Lambert, amazing trick pianist.

The Best in Every Field—

Look forward to jazz by Horace Heidt; opera by Martinelli and Charles Hackett; comedy by vaudeville headliners; and short-story sketches with Blanche Sweet, William Boyd, etc.



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color Scenes are by the Technicolor Process.

YOU'RE entitled to two hours of entertainment at your talking picture theatre. The feature picture is only about one-half the show . . . The rest is made up of one- and two-reel featurettes.

Unless THE WHOLE SHOW is good, you get only HALF THE FUN you paid for!

• • •

Now for the first time there is a way to insure full value for your entertainment money—make sure that the short pictures on the bill are VITAPHONE VARIETIES.

VITAPHONE VARIETIES is the group name chosen to designate an entirely new type of short screen subjects. With this vastly improved series of miniature screen masterpieces, Warner Bros. bring to short features for the first time all the class and

dignity of the finest full-length productions.

In VITAPHONE VARIETIES, slapstick is superseded by renowned stars and acts in specialties that have made them outstanding attractions in famous Broadway shows...

VITAPHONE VARIETIES are the first short pictures to introduce original songs written specially for them by popular composers...

And VITAPHONE VARIETIES will present the first series of tabloid musical comedies ever filmed in Full Natural Color!

• • •

Don't miss half the fun . . . Don't hesitate to ask your theatre manager to show VITAPHONE VARIETIES every week . . . He will be glad to know your preference so that he can more closely accommodate your tastes.

SOMETHING NEW IN TABLOID TALKING PICTURES

VITAPHONE VARIETIES

Insure Full Value for your Entertainment Money



Erno Rapee, to whom radio gave his first big opportunity, is supervising all Vitaphone musical activities in Hollywood. Rapee wrote the first of all the theme songs, Charmaine.

MOVIES in the AIR

Motion Pictures and Radio are Brought Closer Together Financially and Artistically by the Evolution of the Theme Song

By
Julia Shawell

THE evolution of the theme song is the story of the first commercial link between radio and the movies. Long before the talkies were marketable, when the laboratory geniuses were experimenting with the equipment which was later to bring voices with amazing realism to the motion picture screen, the much-discussed and disdained theme song was the instrument for bringing personalities of the two great industries together.

Since the advent of broadcasting, song publishers and their staff pluggers had used the radio stations as the most valuable medium for getting new numbers across to the public. There was some difference as to where the value ended and the harm began. Many held that too much plugging destroyed the sales value of a popular song while others maintained that the more a number was played on the air, the more copies were sold all over the country.

Strangely enough, the man to whom radio had given his first big opportunity was the composer of the first song which became part of an important celluloid production. And if there is any reward for the pioneer, Erno Rapee is surely reaping his in Hollywood now, supervising all Vitaphone musical activities at a salary which dwarfs President Hoover's by comparison. For it was Rapee who wrote the first of all the theme songs. His *Charmaine* was incorporated in the musical score and played no small part in the audience appeal of "What Price Glory" in the era when a pit orchestra was still an essential factor in film exhibition and when sub-titles told that part of the story which pantomime left in doubt. While "What Price Glory" was still crowding them out on Forty-second street, holding up the national distribution of this Fox special, *Charmaine* was being sung, played and garbled on every wave-length in the country. So widespread was the broad-

casting of this tuneful refrain that for more than two seasons Dolores Del Rio was associated with the name of *Charmaine*, the part she played in the picture.

Of course, earlier than "What Price Glory" there were stars and picture-titles which inspired the lyricists. As far back as Mabel Normand's "Mickey" there was a song writer with an idea of the monetary value of tying up a ditty to the popular flicker vehicle. Others followed him but it was not until the martial production which brought Victor McLaglen into his

own that a producing company used a song written especially for a picture as part of its exploitation campaign.

The outstanding commercial success of a tie-up between a movie and a song publishing company with radio as the means of publicizing is *Ramona* which broke all sales records for a popular song and which not only made millions for the company which published it but which actually created a demand for a picture in the smaller cities before Edwin Carewe's production had (Continued on page 122)



Lottice Howell makes her screen debut with Ramon Novarro. Miss Howell was chosen because of her beautiful voice to play with Ramon in "The House of Troy."

for April 1930

9

THE TALKING SCREEN'S BIGGEST SENSATION

**THE GREATEST PICTURE
OF HIS GREAT CAREER!**

**RICHARD
BARTHELMESS**

**in
"SON OF THE GODS"**

**with COLOR and
Constance Bennett**

Never have the Talkies told such a sensationally novel story! Never has the star of "Weary River" and "Tol'able David" been so fascinatingly brilliant! Never has a Barthelmess picture been produced on such a magnificently lavish scale as "SON OF THE GODS"! Millions from coast to coast have called it big — gripping — thrilling. See for yourself if they aren't right!

[A Frank Lloyd production. Screen version by Bradley King. Color scenes by the Technicolor process. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation]

VITAPHONE PICTURE

First National Pictures

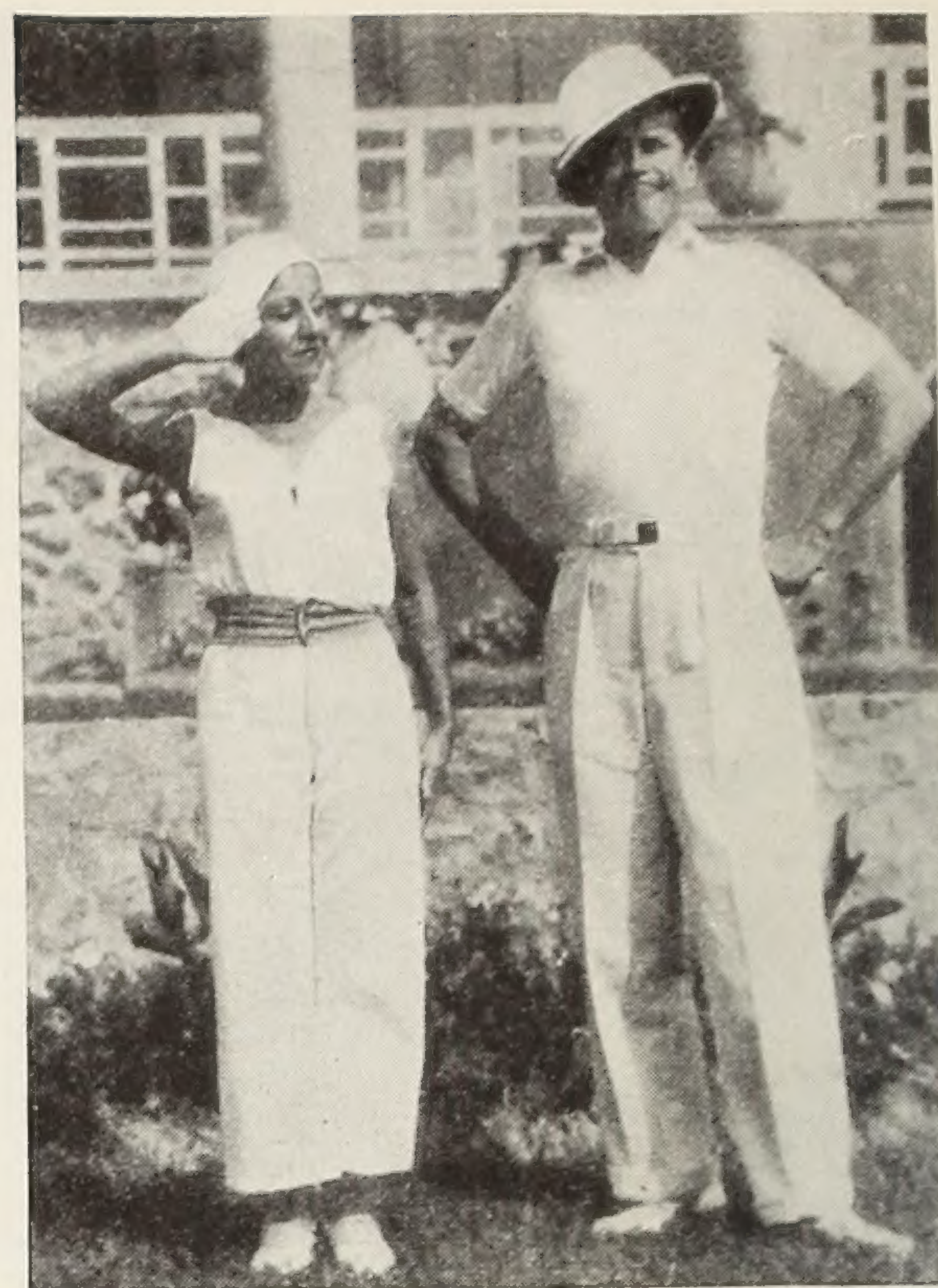
VITAPHONE



John Barrymore and beard and his wife, Dolores Costello, are always popular with this department.

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes, First prize, \$20.00; second prize, \$15.00; third prize, \$10.00; fourth prize, \$5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes April 10, 1930. Letters in praise of SCREENLAND are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the Editor. Send your Confessions to the Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR



The new idol, Maurice Chevalier, with his wife, Yvonne Vallée. Maurice came, we saw, he conquered.

CONFESSIONS of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$20.00

Smashing down the bonds of reality, we are carried away for an all too brief space of time into a new world, a more beautiful world, where the paths are not so rocky, and where the grass seems so much greener.

What takes us? The movies! They come like a genie, sit us in a comfortable seat, tap us on the shoulder, and we're off—off for—where is it this time? England? Africa? Italy?—where? For a glorious hour we are there, forgetting our cares, our worries; confident that after gallivanting a bit we will be better able to gather up our worries and thrash them soundly; to line up our cares against the wall, shoot them one by one and glory in it, just as we saw the hero do.

Silently we give thanks to the genie, the motion picture, for giving us this happy interlude and showing us, as a contrast to our hectic existence, a specimen of real, true beauty.

F. Clinton Spooner,
385 Lafayette Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$15.00

A few years ago I paid three dollars and a half to see a third rate musical show. Now, I can see all the Broadway stars right at my door, and the admission is seldom

over fifty cents. I also have become better acquainted with my favorite screen stars because to hear their voices enhances their personalities.

The movies not only have done a lot for the entertainment of this restless age, they have given us new and up to date ideas. Our 'small town girls' are no more. They know how to dress their hair and wear their clothes. Our leading matrons have taken on poise. They can meet their guests in a Lilyan Tashman style and can arrange a dinner table that would be the envy of a Mrs. Van De something-or-other on Park Avenue!

With the talkies, the radio and a nifty little car at my disposal I would just as soon live in Cosy Corners as to have a twelve-room suite in a fifty-story apartment building in New York. Out here we have space, and everything is sunny side up. And we have Broadway and Hollywood at our beck and call.

Clifford Deppe,
Route 591,
Nampa, Idaho.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

I have seen "Marianne," and to me, this talkie had more appeal than "The Cock-Eyed World," (though I'm not disparaging that.) Marion Davies was too cute for words with her broken accent, her smiles

and tears and her poor little war orphans; and when she entertained the doughboys with her French songs—well, I don't wonder they lost their hearts entirely.

I often go to the movies alone, not a person around me I know. Am I blue? I would be, anywhere else. But there, I lose my identity in the figures that flit here and there on the screen. It is as though I said to them:

"Work on me your own caprice,
Give me any shape;
Only freedom from myself—
Let myself escape."

A small boy rubbing tearful eyes with grimy fists, asked a lady for a quarter so he could 'go to his folks.' She was tender-hearted and gave him the quarter.

"Where are your folks?" she asked.

"They have gone to the movies," he said, making a bee-line for the theater.

Not one can be left behind without feeling aggrieved. But it takes a small boy to work so ingenious a scheme.

Marie Shank,
12 West Baltimore St.,
Lynn, Mass.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

If anyone had told me that I would some day be a movie fan I would not have believed it. True, we attended movies, but I did not get 'fan fever.' I was a defender of morality and, to my surprise, I found

Blonde, Brunette, Redhead, or Brownette!

Do You Know
Your Color
Harmony

in

Make-Up

as all Hollywood Screen Stars Do?

Permit Filmland's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor, to Reveal to You Hollywood's Make-Up Secret . . . the One Way to Double Your Beauty and Vividly Emphasize Your Personality.

IN HOLLYWOOD, to please the screen stars, a new kind of make-up has been perfected for day and evening use. A new magic to emphasize beauty, allure and personality.

And now it is offered to you.

A Society make-up...powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials, created in varied color harmonies to blend perfectly with every variation of complexion coloring.

Now, like the screen stars, you may emphasize your own personality and individuality by having your own color harmony in make-up . . . and Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, will analyze your complexion and chart your make-up color harmony . . . free.

An Amazing Discovery

In his Studio work, under the blazing "Kleig" lights, Max Factor discovered the secret of perfect make-up. Cosmetics must be in perfect color harmony, otherwise



Joan Bennett, United Artists star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King approving the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's lipstick.

odd, grotesque effects result . . . and beauty is marred. So today, in all the motion picture productions, faultless beauty is insured by Max Factor's Make-Up.

Based on this same principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for day and evening wear. Powders, rouges, lipsticks and other essentials in correct color harmonies for every variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette.

Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Almost instantaneously leading stars and thousands of other beautiful women adopted it.

Learn Hollywood's Make-Up Secret

Now you may learn what Hollywood knows about make-up. Max Factor will reveal to you this new secret of beauty. He will analyze your complexion and suggest the one color harmony in make-up that will magically emphasize your beauty, charm and personality. To gain the greatest beauty, you must individualize your make-up. Even similar types . . . for example, Dorothy Mackaill and Phyllis Haver, both blondes, require slight changes in make-up color harmony.

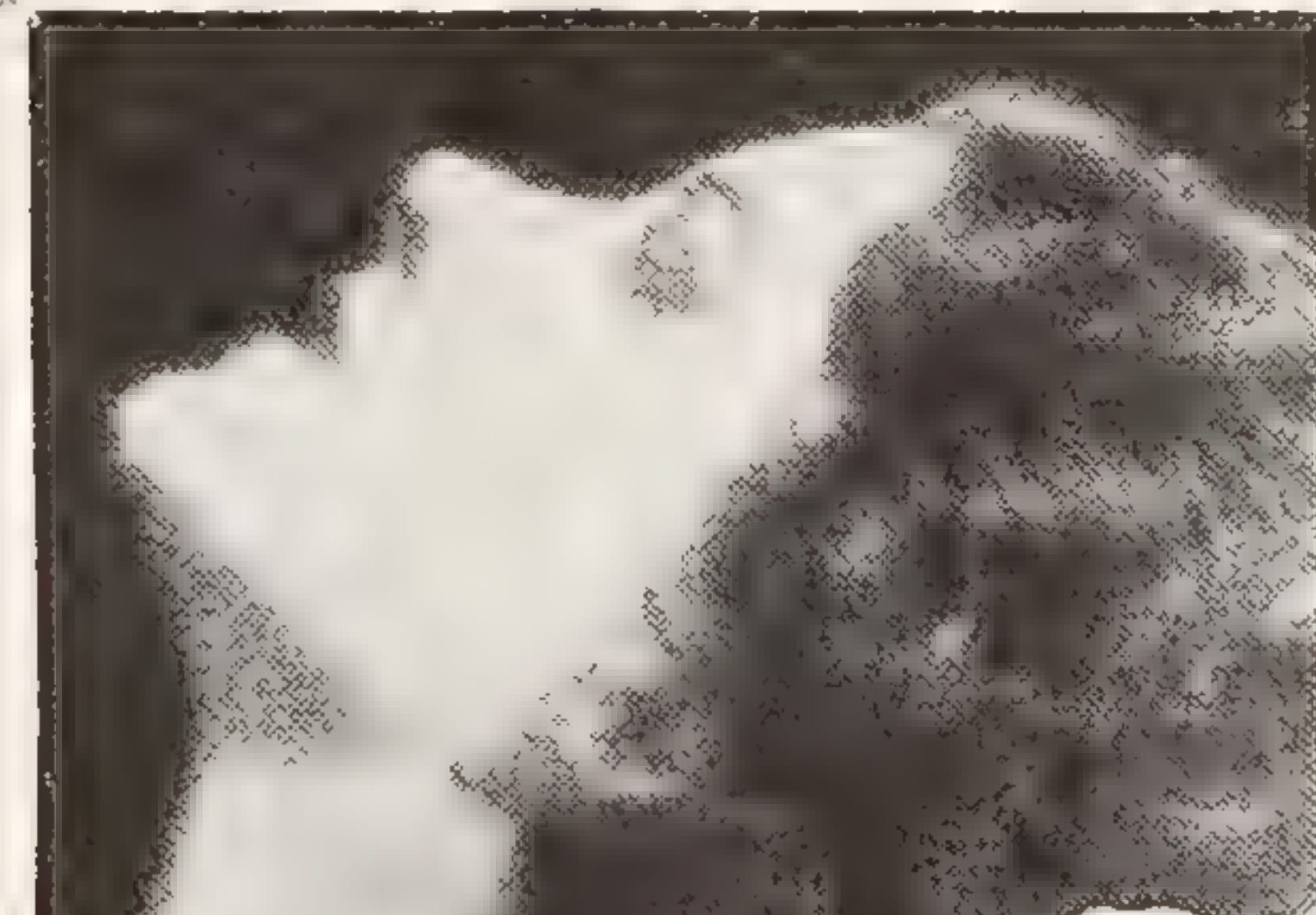
What a wonderful opportunity! . . . to secure personally from Filmland's genius of make-up, a beauty secret prized by stars of the screen. Now it is yours. Free . . . and you will also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Fill in coupon, mail today.



Jeanette Loff
Universal Star—Blonde



Sally O'Neill
R-K-O Star
Brunette



Myrna Loy
Warner Bros. Star
Redhead



Sue Carol
Fox Film Star
Brownette

Not Every Blonde . . .

should use the same color harmony in make-up.

Not Every Brunette . . .

should use the same colors in rouge, powder and lipstick.

Not Every Redhead . . .

should risk beauty to hap-hazard selection of colors in cosmetics.

Not Every Brownette . . .

should dare to use the rouge and powder of her blonde sister.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 4-4-24

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

City _____

Address _____

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oil
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive		Answer with Check Mark

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

the movies were the same. In every play virtue is praised and vice denounced. On the screen, 'right is might.' If the outside world was like that we would have Utopia!

It may be an action, it may be a word which makes one a fan. In my case it was a sentence, namely: "It's the reward of a virtuous life" uttered by the detective hero in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes."

John Jenson,
Celoran, N. Y.

Vive Maurice!

Let's go places and see things and be different kinds of people. A little bit of Paris with spice and tenderness. Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." The charming and diverting voice; it is intriguing; we listen, we chuckle, first at the French accent and tone inflection, then we rock with laughter at the situation. We live with kings and queens. We march with soldiers and know the common lot. We step out of our drabness and live a life of enchantment.

When I walk out of the theater its inspiration follows me and I am filled with the urge to do better work and create the masterpiece that dares to smile with me. So I weep and laugh in many lands. I can be queen; I can be common; I can romp with children. I feel I have touched the heart of every nation and found them kin through the silver screen.

Freda Lavender,
Box 121,
Oteen, N. C.

A Big Bouquet for "Sally"

I have seen "Sally" and I am still under the spell cast by that beautiful star, Marilyn Miller. Words cannot express my admiration for her. She not only is a marvelously talented dancer, she is a wonderful singer and a splendid actress. As for Alexander Gray, he is about the last word as a singer and an actor. The voices of both these stars are scarcely more beautiful on the stage than they are in talking pictures.

Last, but not least, the color photography of this picture and the direction of it are the finest I have seen to date. And the antics of Joe Brown and Ford Sterling are well worth mentioning!

Otto G. Frey,
856 Eastern Ave.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

And Now, Barrymore!

Picture, if you can, a group of five girls, trying to decide what picture to attend out of the many in a large city, on an afternoon after school. These girls, including myself, are students at a school of Expression and Dramatic Art and naturally we want to see the best, both to observe and study the work of actors and to enjoy ourselves in the way we love best.

"General Crack" with John Barrymore portraying the character was chosen, and we were anything but disappointed! Barrymore is always superb, and as *General Crack* he lived up to his reputation. The picture itself was flawless; a good story excellently acted. It was thrilling to watch the unfolding of the romantic theme and to marvel at Barrymore's voice and acting ability. The picture was a thing of beauty, and the cast are to be congratulated for their fine work.

Audiences will welcome "General Crack" as a relief from the singing and dancing shows now so numerous. And I say, more



"Marianne" has made Marion Davies our leading talking film comedienne. Bravo!

stories like "Crack" and more of Barrymore.
Rosemary T. Kennedy,
3818 N. Broad St.,
Phila, Pa.

A Parisian Speaks

I had a grand experience recently. I saw Maurice Chevalier in "The Innocents of Paris." There really is nothing Parisian about it, and I for one, am thankful for that, as I like the American movies just as they are, and do not want them to ape anything else. They flash in the drab life of a small-salaried clerk (meaning myself) like a bright ray of sunshine; youth, happiness, beauty. How can girls be so pretty and so lovable, men so strong and good-looking?

And now, the talkies! We had to wait until midnight to see and hear the English version, but it was worth it. There were three of us, all trying to keep up with our English, talking together, reading—imagine how excited we were! We were actually listening to American people speaking beau-



Marilyn Miller made "Sally" and many new fan friends—she's staying.

SCREENLAND

tiful English. From that point alone, the talkies are a boon and a blessing. They help to make up for the trip to the U.S. I never shall be able to afford.

Leon Salvan,
232 Boulevard Raspail,
Paris, France.

Remembering Old Favorites

Now that the movies have gone talkie, mother and father have gone talkie, too, remembering their old favorites on the stage, and wondering if anyone ever could be as good on the screen.

"Who," sighed mother "could equal Mrs. Pat Campbell in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray?'"—remembering the Campbell gesture.

"Olga Nethersole, you mean," asserted father — stout fella — remembering the Nethersole kiss.

Then came Maude Adams, David Warfield, Mrs. Fiske. Mother remembered the subtlety of a soiled pink kimono. Father likes drama, too, but I fear, prefers it melo. He remembered a ringing voice: "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake!"

If my favorites in the talkies ever give me half the pleasure that just 'remembering' their favorites on the stage give my folks I'll be quite satisfied.

Irene Rogers,
105 West Armour Blvd.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Wants Lya de Putti Back

Come on now, producers, speak up! What's wrong with Lya de Putti, that great European actress, and when I say actress, I mean actress!

What a superb performance she gave in "Variety," with another great star, Emil Jannings. It was a German picture and it suited her.

Then she came to America, only to make a trashy story like "Buck Privates." In Germany, she was the toast of the theatrical world, and here, what was she? She didn't get a part equal to that of a heroine in a western thriller.

When she went back home I wonder what she thought of American producers? Well, I have my opinion. Please, may we not have back that great German actress, Lya de Putti?

George Taylor,
34 Mellen Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Well-Done, America!

This may be the first boost from my little Isle.

I'm all for the laughter-makers. They are the salt of the earth. Chaplin, Lloyd, Colleen Moore, Buster Keaton—all hail! They're as good as a tonic—yes, better. They brighten the lives of ever so many poor souls who go into the picture palaces heavy-hearted and come out transformed into human beings.

Some time ago a film company came to shoot some scenes in Malta. They landed on a village which is Spanish style and where all the dustmen come. All the villagers took part in the crowd scenes and you should have heard the tales the morning after which the dustmen recounted to the maids about their performances!

With a 'Well-done' to America for giving us the best films and best stars I'll kiss you and leave you.

Denise Mitsud,
45 Mezzodi Street,
Valletta, Malta.



WHEN THE TEN BEST PICTURES OF 1930 ARE CHOSEN



CHARLES BICKFORD brings a vivid reality to the rugged character of the sea-hardened mate who learns the tenderness of love from Anna Christie.



GEORGE F. MARION recreates for the talking screen the hardy role of Old Mott, the unforgettably powerful characterization he made famous in the original stage production.



MARIE DRESSLER has made the world laugh with her gayety—and now she shows a new and amazing dramatic power in the role of Marthy. A portrait of the talking screen you will never forget.



CLARENCE BROWN has directed many mighty entertainments for the screen but the greatest of all is his superb picturization of O'Neill's soul stirring drama.

GRETA GARBO

IN HER FIRST ALL-TALKING PICTURE

ANNA CHRISTIE

Adapted by Frances Marion from
Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie"

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

Charles Bickford George F. Marion Marie Dressler

This soul-stirring drama of America's greatest playwright, Eugene O'Neill, will surely be selected for Filmdom's Hall of Fame! Gréta Garbo sounds the very depths of human emotions in her portrayal of Anna Christie, the erring woman who finally finds true love in the heart of a man big enough to forgive. A performance that places her definitely among the great actresses of all time. Don't miss this thrill!



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



GARBO

wins

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

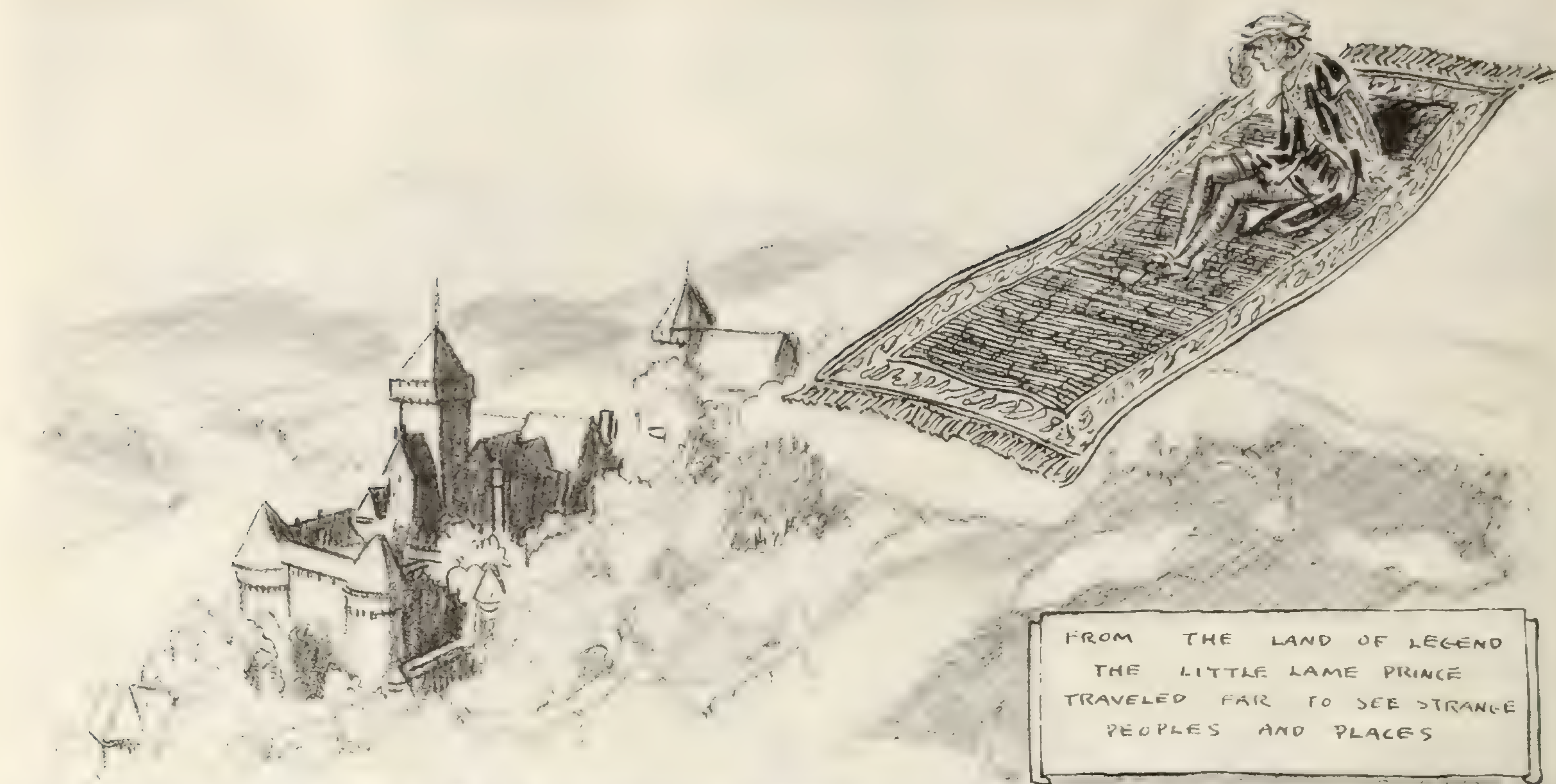


*All portraits by
Clarence Sinclair Bull.*

The Goddess
Comes to Life.
No Longer the
Mysterious
Siren, but a
Living, Breath-
ing Woman,
Greta Garbo
Speaks in
"Anna Chris-
tie" and We
Surrender



Garbo is
Transplanted
from the Hot-
House Glam-
our of her Si-
lent Films to
the Open Sea
of Audible
Drama, and
She Triumphs.
All Hail the
New Garbo!



Drawing by C. D. Batchelor

Modern Magic

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THERE was a riot not so long ago in New York composed of people trying to get in to see a motion picture. The police reserves were called out, mind you.

The first Garbo talker? No. You'll never guess, so I'll tell you. The Einstein picture did it.

Did you hear about it? The Einstein Relativity Film was first shown at the American Museum of Natural History; 1,500 people were invited; 4,500 came. You see Einstein had announced that only 12 men could understand his Theory. What a challenge! (He didn't say anything about women.) Anyway, several thousand of the 4,500 who stormed the gates of the Museum were turned away with unimproved minds. I saw the picture later and I found it as fascinating as "Anna Christie." You hurl through space with Professor Einstein, pretending you are a man being shot out of a cannon's mouth, visiting the moon en route. You speed 79,000 miles per second among the stars, thanks to Max Out-of-the-Inkwell Fleischer's animated drawings. You meet the greatest star of them all, Miss Betelgeuse. It's all a lot of fun.

This short motion picture presented by Edwin Miles Fadman makes no attempt to 'explain' the Theory. It merely endeavors to put you in the proper frame of mind so that if you run into the Professor or any one of those other twelve men you will be able to mumble "Yes" or "No" at the correct intervals. By means of illuminating drawings and diagrams, and concise, understandable subtitles, the learned Professor's Theory is approached from the point of view of the layman. Every child should see it, and take his parents along. Of course, you may say it isn't as thrilling as Garbo. But as Einstein himself would be the first to admit, it's all relative.

P. S. Not a Talking Picture.

☞ Welcome, Oscar Straus. The composer of the beloved "Chocolate Soldier" arrived in America from Germany to write music for our movies. If he turns out another *My Hero* he can stay as long as he wants to. There is no accent in music.

☞ Approximately 9,000 motion picture theaters in the United States were wired for sound up to the first of 1930, compared with 1,300 a year ago, according to a national survey made by that trusty trade newspaper, The Film Daily. This may ex-



plain why Lon Chaney has 'succumbed' to talking pictures and is now making his first. Lucky Lon—he could afford to hold out until great strides had been made in sound equipment before he made up with the 'mike.' Now we're waiting to hear 1,000 voices to match those faces.

☞ According to Channing Pollock: "The theater . . . is being wiped out by the motion picture, because the motion picture requires no effort to think, and when the motion picture is wiped out it will be because something else has been discovered which requires even less effort to think."

You've got us all wrong, Mr. Pollock. That dumb look you see on our faces at the movies is simply intense concentration, induced by the demands of the talkies for strict attention to the dialogue. If you don't listen intently you don't hear it all. And you don't want to miss any of it because it's too good to miss. No, Mr. Pollock. You'll have to guess again.

☞ John Golden, the Last Stand of the American 'Legitimate' since Georgie Cohan went United Artists, is talking about us, too. Here's what he says: "There are numberless thousands of the youth of the land who have never witnessed a legitimate production—who have grown up with the idea that the motion picture was the ultimate and only expression for the drama. Then came the talkies. And the talkies will bring them back to us. Already these youngsters are being shown a bit of Shakespeare by Doug and Mary—they're getting another glimpse of John Barrymore as 'Hamlet' and from such a start these talkies will show their audiences that there is something better and that while the first medium of the silent picture and the second medium of the talking pictures were good enough in their way, there is a third and greater and finer medium waiting for them."

All I would like to ask Mr. Golden is: where on the Broadway stage, capital of American 'legitimate' drama, can you find Shakespeare being played today?

☞ Jannings' first talking picture, "The Blue Angel," has been completed in Germany. Emil has been studying English harder than he ever did in Hollywood. The Jannings talker, American version, will be released over here in a few months. With a theme song ringing clear?

D. E.



Abel Warshawsky, though born in Pennsylvania, has lived and studied for 20 years in Paris, where his paintings hang in the Louvre. Do you agree with his ideas of screen beauty?

No *Real* on the

What, No Beauties? Noted Artist Smashes a Few Traditions. Read his New Definition of Loveliness and See if You Can Find It on the Motion Picture Screen

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Warshawsky is one of America's foremost artistic representatives in Paris. All of his work shows great sweep and power. He puts down on canvas life as it is: it may be violent; it may be brutal—but it is always true. While he has absorbed much of the art of the old world, he still retains in his personal characteristics, in speech, appearance, and manner, the best traditions of his native land. He knows beauty and loves to paint it.

“THERE is no beautiful woman on the entire moving picture screen—with possibly two or three exceptions,” says Abel Warshawsky, famous American artist, who has resided for the last twenty years in Paris where his paintings hang in the Louvre and in the museum at Luxemburg.

“When I speak of beauty,” Mr. Warshawsky continues, “I don't mean the mere tomboy virility of Clara Bow, the pink and white wistfulness of Dolores Costello, nor the charming innocence of Mary Brian. I mean true beauty. Beauty which is like wine to a drunkard. You take one draught, and only exist until you can have another and another and another



One of the three screen stars whom Warshawsky considers really beautiful is Lily Damita. The artist was one of the judges in a Parisian beauty contest which Lily entered. She did not win—but out of her grief she worked on, and won fame.

“Here is a beauty I have overlooked,” said Warshawsky when he saw Bebe Daniels in “Rio Rita.” “The break in the upper part of Bebe's nose is beautiful!”



The most beautiful woman the artist has ever known—a Breton peasant woman, nearing seventy! This portrait of her is his artistic tribute.

BEAUTIES SCREEN?

As Told by
Abel Warshawsky
To Rosa Reilly

—ad infinitum.

"Mere prettiness satiates a man. That is why you have divorces, desertions, murders and suicides. And mere prettiness satiates a moving picture audience as well. That is the reason so many cinema stars rise and flare out like sky rockets, on a warm Fourth of July night.

"But true beauty can hold the love of a man and the loyalty of an audience indefinitely. For it is composed of so much spiritual, mental and physical stimulant that a man wakes up each morning with something new and emotionally absorbing to which he may look forward. And an audience comes into a theater day after day, sure of satisfying its unquenchable thirst for lasting loveliness.

"This is the only kind of beauty to which fickle man will be perennially constant. It is the sort for which kings have thrown over their thrones. It was for this that Don Juan travelled over much of the world, possessing dozens of women—and yet never

Warshawsky's 'Maddonna,' the only young girl he ever painted. "I painted her because she is the perfect personification of universal motherhood."



being possessed himself by a single one. Men starve and steal to possess—only this. They hunger a year to hold for one evanescent half-hour the true beauty which is man's only link with immortality.

"Sarah Bernhardt possessed such beauty. Lily Langtry, too. And yet I feel perfectly certain if any of these two women were alive today and entered a moving picture beauty contest, they would be turned down cold. (Continued on page 116)



Alice Joyce, says the artist, is truly representative of American beauty. She has everything a woman should possess: sweetness, strength, refinement.

"No woman is beautiful until she is 35!" Here is a challenge. Warshawsky likes to paint mature women like the 'Spanish Lady' at the left.

"LET Us ALONE!"

"IF people would only let us alone!" exclaimed Harry Richman vehemently. "You would think that nobody in the world had been engaged before Clara Bow promised to marry me."

"We love each other," Richman went on, "and we plan to get married. But we will get married at our own pleasure. And neither tabloid newspapers, smart-cracking columnists, nor any other power in the world can force us to name the marriage date until we are mutually ready."

"If people and newspapers would only stop hounding us! From the time I asked Clara to marry me, neither of us has had a moment's rest. First one newspaper and then another comes out with some ridiculous story."

"But let me go back a bit and tell you how we met, how the courtship occurred, and how such stories are apt to start."

"The stage has always been my life. As a kid, I started out with a piano and fiddle act, I was at the piano and toured through Michigan, Minnesota, Manitoba and the great northwest. We never played a town with over ten thousand inhabitants. And for a long while I never earned more than fifty dollars a week, out of which my carfare had to be paid."

"However, little by little, I got ahead. And in 1926 had my first big success in George White's 'Scandals.' Next I started my night club. It was here that Joe Schenck first saw me and offered me a part in a silent picture. But at that time I couldn't take it. I couldn't leave the club."

"About a year and a half ago, I noticed a party one night at the Club Richman. Joe Schenck was the host. And Miss Clara Bow was at his table. We were introduced. At this time, Mr. Schenck asked me if I would like to star in a talking picture. I agreed to do so."

"It had taken me years to make a success of my stage work and of my night club and I went to California determined to do all in my power to make a good talk-



International News Photos, Inc.

Two little love-birds, Clara and Harry, during Clara's visit to Manhattan on her vacation.

ing picture.

"When I arrived in Hollywood, I stayed at Mr. Schenck's house. The first night I arrived he had a dinner party for me. Clara was one of the guests. At this second meeting of ours, something happened to me. I don't know what. But I decided on the spot that Clara was the girl for me, if I could be lucky enough to get her to say 'yes.'"

"Of course, I didn't ask her to marry me that first night, but I wanted to. She was so beautiful. So full of vitality, and fun. The first thought I had about her was: 'There's a real pal, a girl who'd stick when a man was low as well as when he was high.'"

"Very soon work was started on my new picture, 'Puttin' on the Ritz.' But at every opportunity, Clara and I were together."

"Now a studio is just like a church choir in a small town. No sooner was it seen how things stood with us, than the gossip began to buzz."

"At first we were too happy to notice it, and then—well, it all started this way. I can assure you that Clara and I have never had a serious quarrel. One night I called her up and said: 'How about going to a picture tonight?' Nearly every evening she would like to go. But this night she said she had been on the lot for fourteen hours and was tired out and would rather not."

"Being sort of hot-blooded, I flared up. And she flared back. And we had a quarrel right on the telephone. I was terribly sorry the next morning. Called her up and told her so. She was as sweet and forgiving as could be. We made up, and that's all there was to it. But—Lord! The next morning the Hollywood papers had headlines about us. And so it went. If I wanted her to go to one picture show, and she wanted to go to another—I can assure you we never quarrelled over anything more important than that—like wildfire the news of our disagreement was flashed all around Hollywood, and across the continent to New York."

That's All Clara Bow and Harry Richman Ask of the World. Well, Well!

By Gray Strider



Clara says: "Let's set a date ten years from now. Then if we go off and get married tomorrow, it's nobody's business."



Harry says: "I decided that Clara was the girl for me, if I could be lucky enough to get her to say 'yes.'"

The next thing I would find a crack about me in some columnist's paper. Perhaps one of the very columnists who had been a guest at my night club for many evenings. It seems hard to find friendship, real friendship, in this man's town."

Harry Richman is not handsome. Not handsome at all. But there is a brutal, magnetic quality about his strong features, which, I understand, has fascinated women from all strata of society. Brown eyes, brown hair, bronzed skin—I could well understand how he has been the one man really to win Clara's heart.

He will take what he wants. And he will hold it. He is a cave man, thinly covered with Broadway veneer. He is a man who would either inspire a magnificent passion in a woman's breast, or a magnificent hate. Maybe both.

But let's have Mr. Richman continue his story:

"I think the main reason Clara



International News Photos, Inc.

The New York premier of Richman's first picture, "Puttin' on the Ritz," will be enlivened by Miss Bow's presence.

and I fell in love," he explained, "is because we understand each other and we both understand at how great a cost success is bought. We both were born in humble surroundings. And we both had to work, fight and suffer to get to the top.

"Getting from the bottom to the top on stage or screen is similar to climbing up a stairway, a stairway like the pilgrims climb in Rome—on their knees. One step at a time. Clara and I have put in years doing this. And we don't want to topple down these same stairs through any mis-step on our own parts.

"Just at this time Mr. Schenck, who has been a real friend to both of us, considers it would be a mistake for us to marry. He says: 'You have been happily engaged for nine months. Wait just nine more. Paramount has poured many thousands of dollars into Miss Bow's career, and she has in turn earned (Cont. on page 120)



Studio Lorelle

The Menjou smile is as inscrutable—and fascinating—as ever. Adolphe is making talkers in Paris.

SOLVING

The MENJOU MYSTERY

By Stiles Dickenson

THE place: Paris.

The scene: Adolphe Menjou's apartment near Place Victor Hugo. Of all the places to chat with Monsieur this seems to be the most ideal. All his screen characterizations have fairly breathed of Paris and the Boulevards; so, as the scenario writers would say, the stage was set.

The door was opened by a nice, motherly-looking French maid who is looking after Monsieur during his wife's short absence in America. I was announced—and immediately in stepped Monsieur Menjou 'en chair et os' (as they say

on the Boulevards.) He looked his old dapper self, only more so—if you know what I mean. The recent operation in the American Hospital here has been a howling success. Good health and cheerfulness radiated from the sophisticated Menjou features. As he is in the midst of starring in his first talking film in France at the Pathé Studios in Joinville, near Paris, he plunged headlong into the subject of picture-making.

"Talking films are going to be a hard job. The pictures must be very good to live," he began. "They are making each country concentrate on its own production

Is Adolphe Through with Hollywood? What Does He Think of Talkies? All Your Questions Are Answered in this Report from Paris

and out-put. During the making of silent films ninety-five percent of the pictures on the French market were American-made. The French were not organized. As a rule, the director himself would raise the money to produce the opus. Also, as a rule, the money would give out before the picture was completed. The picture would be delayed until the director could raise more money; and, in the meantime, the American films, with their regularity of output, would be all over the place.

"American films were the only successful films of the world. Germany lost terribly when trying to compete with American pictures, in spite of the fact that the best equipped studios in Europe are in Berlin. Then, when any of her directors or artistes became well-known, they would be lured to America. Now, talking films have changed all this. Because of language difficulties and accents, back to their own countries flew the prodigal sons and daughters.

"With the sudden arrival of talking pictures the American productions have been cut off from the rest of the world. They will continue to be so until they produce pictures in more than one language. That's where the hard work will come in. Hard work for the stars, I mean. There are lots and lots of small part and 'bit' players in America who can speak three and four languages. The stars will have to learn their parts in other languages. Opera singers have to sing their rôles in several tongues. This means a tremendous amount of work. Why shouldn't the high-salaried cinema stars do the same? It has been too easy for them up to now. A pretty profile or alluring eyes and *voilà!*—they were highly paid 'stars.' A few months' concentrated work will give them enough knowledge of the language to play a rôle."

Here an amused twinkle lighted the eyes of the debonaire Menjou. I asked him to tell me what caused the twinkle. "Well," he said, still twinkling, "lots of the stars can't even speak their own language well enough to play parts. Some of them are getting so darned cultivated it sounds like a foreign language when they attempt to speak plain English!

"In England they speak beautifully, but they are too conscious of the fact. They seem to be enjoying listening to themselves talk. In France, it's nearly the same proposition. Most of the artistes

have gone through the Conservatoire and are so thoroughly schooled in elocution and diction that they seem to be singing a part instead of acting it naturally. They accentuate the artificiality of their lines.

"For the Americans the French language will be the hardest to learn—or almost impossible. The French love their language and are not amused at hearing it butchered. In America, they may like to hear English spoken with an accent or foreign pronunciation, but not so with the French. German would not be so difficult. Spanish and Italian could be learned fairly easily—at least, enough to get by with the lines of a part. It's much different when one has set lines to learn when trying to do it in a foreign language, than when trying to speak it in conversation. The constant repetition of the same words helps one keep the accent once he has learned it.

"To be really successful, films must be done in more than one language; *and*—they must be real plays. In Europe they are thoroughly tired of these slight plots padded out with songs and dances. The novelty of the first one or two has worn off and now they want the real stuff. The song and dance films are good when sandwiched in with real dramatic films or good light comedies; but with the recent flood of them the public has been fed up.

"Of course, the song and dance parts have helped greatly in foreign-speaking countries—but they, too, have had too much. As for example, the riots at the Moulin Rouge the other night when it re-opened as a cinema theater. The opening film was a revue. As the stupid scenes followed one another in English the audience protested—protested so strongly that in the end their money was refunded. 'Broadway Melody' is a success in Europe because it has a story to hang to and splendid acting independent of the delightful music."

The telephone rang and as the motherly-looking French maid was out shopping at the market Monsieur Menjou, *lui meme*, had to answer it. A 'mile a minute' French conversation followed. It developed that Menjou had bought a dog from a fancy kennel. When the dog arrived, it was sick. It was returned to the kennel to be treated and the kennel manager had both the money and the dog. After much conversation a personal

(Continued on page 123)



Adolphe and his wife, Kathryn Carver, on their way to Paris. Menjou will make three French films, visiting America between pictures.

GRETA

... Victor?

Thousands of Reels of Since Garbo and Gilbert Always be Remembered as in Screen History. Now their Separate Ways, Which And What will be their



"Anna Christie," her first talking film, reveals a new Greta Garbo. Do you like her as well as the Garbo of the silents?

Will "Anna Christie" Make Garbo a Greater Star?

By Marie House

"GIMME a whiskey, wit' ginger ale on th' side. An' don't be stingy, baby." Oh, immortal words from a modern Helen whose face has launched a thousand dreams. Oh, significant words—that have launched a thousand battles!

She does. She doesn't—she doesn't, eh? Well, I'd like to know—that's what you say—oh, you think so, do you? Well, let me tell you—is that so? Yeah, you and who else? You can see what this will soon lead to among us fans who take our Garbo seriously, if something isn't done about it.

What Garbo loses, if any, or gains, if possible, by the talkies. That's what we want to decide. And who's to tell us? Those who say she's lost against those who say she hasn't, armed to the teeth, going about with chips on shoulders, families divided, romances ruined. Yes, sir, something has got to be done to stop this argument. Well, and who knows?

Mr. Brown knows, Mr. Clarence Brown, Mr. Brown who achieved such laurels for himself with the direction of "Anna Christie." He knows.

Let's ask Mr. Brown.

"Mr. Brown, oh, Mr. Brown, what do you say about the voice of Anna Christie, we mean Garbo?"

Mr. Brown speaks: "I consider Greta Garbo one of the three great actresses the world has known. Bernhardt, Duse, and now Garbo."

There, now!

"She is just at the beginning of her career, for we have brought a new Garbo to the talking screen."

But Mr. Brown, we whine, we liked the old Garbo. Why do we have to have a new Garbo? After all, old shoes are so much more comfortable to wear, Mr. Brown. We like old shoes. They fitted around our little pet dreams, those sneaking yens of ours (Continued on page 125)



The first words spoken by Greta Garbo from the screen: "Gimme a whiskey, wit' ginger ale on th' side. An' don't be stingy, baby." Will her realistic rôle of Anna Christie disillusion her public?

JACK

Vanquished?

Film Have Unwound
Co-Starred, but They Will
the Greatest Love Team
That They have Gone
One has Fared Better?
Fate in Talking Films?

Will Jack Gilbert Win His
Way Back in Talkers?

By Myrene Wentworth



Ina Claire is no sunny-day wife. Now that rain has come she has hauled out the trusty umbrella and Jack is under it with her. Metro, Jack and Ina are looking for a good story for Jack's next talker.



John Gilbert's first talking film, "His Glorious Night," was hardly a triumph for this colorful star. Will he 'come back' in his second?

THE world wants to know what John Gilbert is going to do now. With his mocking million dollar contract, his sumptuous studio bungalow, the reported collapse of his fortune on the stock market, the rumored separation from his wife, Ina Claire, and the fiasco of his first talking picture. What will happen to Jack?

He has an iron-bound contract and a studio bungalow right enough, and it can't be denied that he did take a terrible wallop on the stock market; but with a million dollars dangling in the offing we imagine he can recover from that blow without too much suffering. The fiasco of his first talking picture and the reported estrangement from his wife—well! The picture we have of Ina Claire holding forth for an afternoon to an old friend, her eyes flashing, expressing herself in dialogue so brilliant that it would net a movie company a million dollars could it have been recorded—this picture doesn't give us the impression that Ina is 'off' Jack Gilbert! From what Ina said and from what she is doing it would appear that she is no sunny-day wife. Now that the rain has come she has hauled out the trusty umbrella and Jack is under it with her.

About the fiasco of his first talking picture, which can't be denied either: we'd like to see the actor who could put over the dialogue of "His Glorious Night" in anything but comedy. Lionel Barrymore, who directed the picture, should have known better; Jack himself should have known much better. If any blame can be attached to Jack in this thing that must be where it lies. In the last analysis the star is the one who suffers after everyone else has alibied himself to the eyebrows and Mr. Gilbert has been long enough in pictures to know that. Dialogue has to be very carefully watched. Every stage director is aware of this, and "His Glorious Night" held lines that would have made a melodrama of the barn- (Continued on page 126)



Cecil Beaton, noted young artist and photographer, penetrated Hollywood with analytical eye and camera. Here he is with Anita Loos, the pint-sized author.

Hollywood's

The Result of One Young Man's Beauty Quest. Do You Agree with Cecil Beaton's Selection?

By Helen Ludlam

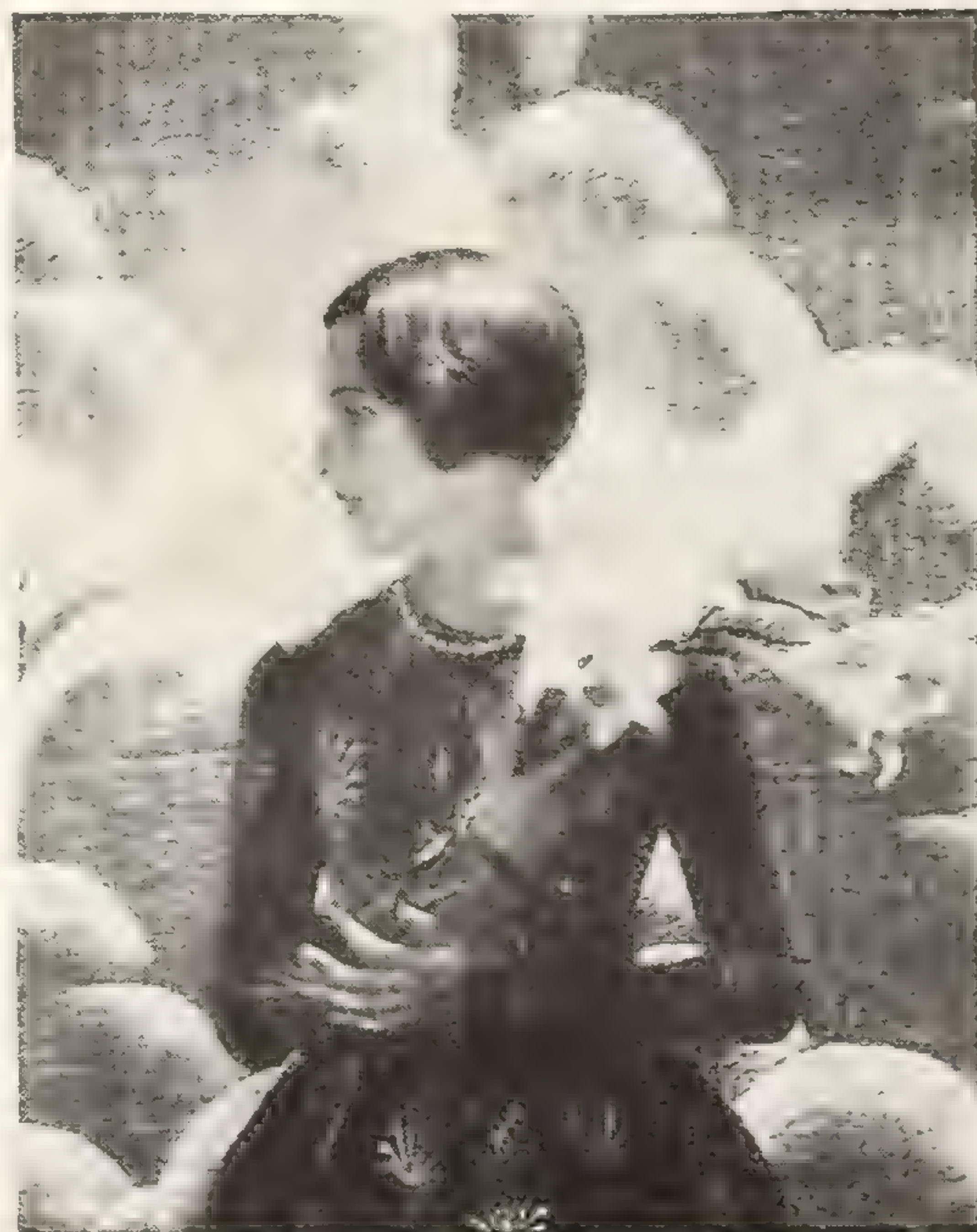
WHO are the six most beautiful girls in Hollywood? In a community where the beauty of the earth has gathered for place and fame, such a selection is daring, dangerous. It would take an artistic newcomer, with impersonal, analytical eyes and great courage, to make such a decision.

Cecil Beaton, a twenty four year old boy, has done it. In fact, he made his choice before he arrived, from photographs; and although the sight of some of the other beautiful girls out here may have made him writhe in indecision, he stuck to his first list because the subjects of it illustrated the idea he had in mind when he started gathering material for his book on beauty.

Asked his definition of beauty, Mr. Beaton declared he hadn't any. He qualified the statement by saying that any person who was true to his or her type was beautiful. "Sometimes, quite ugly people are beautiful," he said whimsically. People with irregularities of features are sometimes more beautiful than people with perfect features. While Anita Loos might not be considered one of the beauties of the world she has a vividness that is greater than beauty. She is also true to her type and has studied it and knows how to enhance her native attractiveness. Miss Loos was one of the



Beaton's two favorite beauties, photographed by himself. Above, Miss Nancy Beaton; below, Miss Baba Beaton—the artist's sisters.



Portraits by courtesy of Cecil Beaton

first women in Hollywood to make smart tailored sports clothes the vogue for almost every occasion.

Zasu Pitts is also beautiful because every feature is sympathetic.

But now for the six most beautiful. Here they are:

Greta Garbo, because her mystery and allure exceed that of all women.

Marion Davies, because of the delicacy and elfin quality of her features which remind one of a Greuze painting.

Lillian Gish, because of her ethereal spirituelle expression.

Dolores Del Rio, because of the utter loveliness of the mask of her face and its perfection of type.

Norma Shearer, whose beauty is decidedly English.

Alice White, because she seems to Mr. Beaton to be the Spirit of Hollywood.

And now, who is Cecil Beaton, and why is he an authority on beauty? Well, here's the answer. And you can take it or leave it.

Cecil Beaton is a well-born Englishman. Back in the fifteenth century his ancestors, like so many other Frenchmen, migrated to Scotland, then to England and for generations his people have been Londoners. Not that it matters, but the fact catalogues him. For years he has photographed the leading social and dramatic lights of England and the continent. Such ladies of quality and artistry as Margot Asquith, Tallulah Bankhead, Lady Lavery, Tilly Losch, Rosamund Pinchot, and others. He hesitated to mention any of their names. "It seems so vulgar to do so!" he protested with a grimace. And I felt that I must

6 Most Beautiful Women

The 6 Beaton Beauties:

Greta Garbo, Marion Davies, Dolores Del Rio,
Alice White, Norma Shearer, Lillian Gish

Nicholas Muray

have become a very hard-boiled person indeed. But I went right on and asked him point-blank how he happened to be in the business of photographing people.

"Well, you see, I am desperately unhappy unless I am working at something. I like to work. I like to be busy. When I'm not I'm miserable. Oh, parties are fun and all that; but if social engagements are all of one's business, life becomes terribly stale.

"What I really want to do is to write, and I do a bit of it now and then. Our London paper, *The Tatler*, and *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* in this country have all published my stuff. But I love to sketch and draw and photograph people. I like to try out different camera angles and put my subjects against different backgrounds

and I like to design the backgrounds myself.

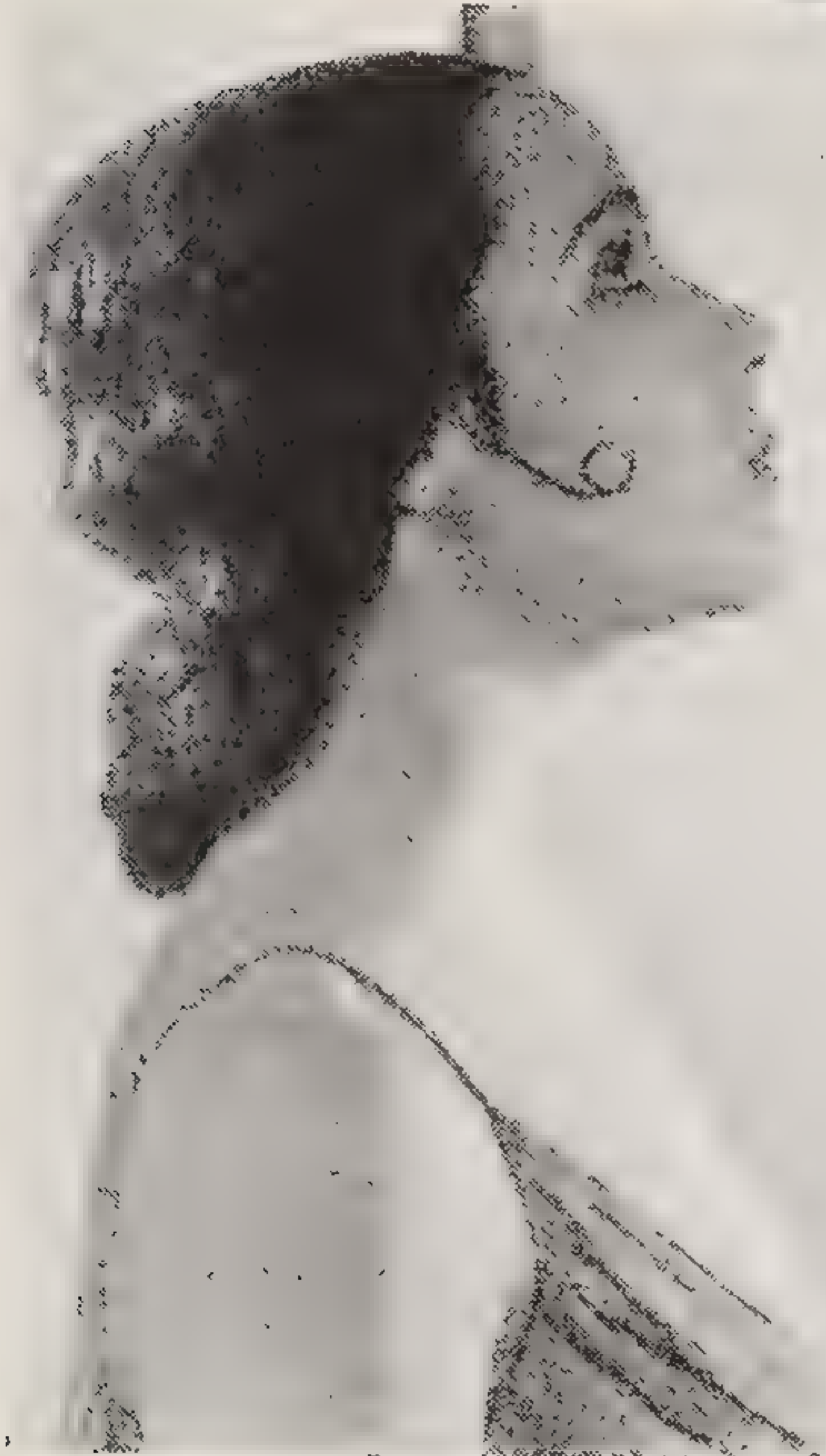
"I think every human being needs expression. If he doesn't get it he remains undeveloped, in a state of stagnation that is bad for him and bad for the world. I think every man and every woman ought to reach for a goal that appears to them the highest. To a wiser person the goal of one man's ambition may seem useless and stupid—never mind—it is the highest *that* person can think, and if he strives, his vision will grow and his ambition become something higher. And that's how people grow and that's how the world grows and becomes wiser."

Now all of this, to explain *why* he was working.

And listen, all you people who think you must have perfect machinery, oodles of capital, handsome studios
(Cont. on page 112)



Oval, Greta Garbo.
Right, Alice White,
Lillian Gish.



Dolores Del Rio.



Marion Davies.



Norma Shearer.



Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan share many tender scenes in their new picture, "City Girl." Will episodes like this, with dialogue accompaniment, make audiences mirthful?

Right: one of the scorching scenes from "The Bad One," Dolores Del Rio's first all-talking picture. Edmund Lowe is the bold, bad lover of the speakies. He laughs right along with the fans!



Why They LAUGH

What's All the Shouting For?
Read the Real Reason in this
Amazing Analysis



And here is Mr. Lowe again, this time breathing sweet nothings into Billie Dove's beautiful ears. Have love scenes lost their punch since they have become audible?

YOUR friends may have laughed when the waiter spoke to you in English, or when you sat down to play the piccolo. But (business of saying "pouf, pouf," and snapping the fingers) it was nothing. Anyone can learn to spika da Ingless. Look at Greta. Look at Vilma. And who wants to be a piccolo player!

But just imagine a screen star, a soul-searer of the cinema, with a Casanova reputation to sustain, whose first "I Love You" in the talkies caused a giggle to roll like a Republican plurality from coast to coast! Such was the plight of John Gilbert in "His Glorious Night." And not a Murad handy.

"'His Glorious Night' With Catherine Dale Owen"—so the billing read on at least one theater marquee. But it turned out to be more of a nightmare than a night. Inglorious rather than anything to brag about. And doubtless next morning John wished heartily that he was back home in the dumbies with Greta Garbo. So many of us do after a glorious night. That is, back home. Not necessarily with Greta. After all there's Clara Bow and Billie Dove and—oh, lots of nice girls.

"I Love You," said John, and the illusion in a million feminine hearts collapsed. Thousands of mustaches were shaven from the lips of those sweeties' sweeties following the utterance of that avowal. Psyche joined Niobe in a vale of tears. Cupid got cock-eyed.

The public, fickle as a fancy's fancy, is blaming Gilbert for something which is its own fault. The public made him a god when he is but a man with all the lovable, human frailties of man. The public created an illusion regarding Love as he personified it—and when the mirage faded it blamed him.

Any yap can say "I Love You." Most yaps do. In life,



"Anna Christie" has some tense love scenes with Greta Garbo and Charles Bickford. Will Garbo's artistry rise above audience hysteria and hold us all spell-bound?

Left: a love scene that made screen history: John Gilbert with Catherine Dale Owen in "His Glorious Night." The girls giggled when John said "I love you" to Catherine and this story tells you why.

at LOVE SCENES

By
Herbert Cruikshank

whether the declaration is spit through a hare-lip, or stut-tered from the tip of a stammering tongue, it is as the lyric of Orpheus to the ear of femininity. But somehow on the screen, with Gilbert, this was all changed. The shadows were silent, and not even the most hackneyed title read simply "I Love You." Thus, somehow, a legend grew that when Gilbert's lips moved amorously in a close-up half lost in Greta's curls—the great Unknown, the mighty Unspoken, the mystic Unspeakable words were uttered. Surely no trite "I Love You" could cause such swooning passion as that with which Garbo filled the screen! In savage tribes the jungle sorcerers pretend the knowledge of a word so devastating that if it is ever uttered the universe must crumble. We aren't so civilized. And this was the word that every movie maid expected from John Gilbert.

It wasn't his voice. John's is as mellifluous as Tom's or Dick's or Harry's. All men are lovers. Yet few speak in tones like the dew in the heart of a rose made audible by faery magic. But with Gilbert, somehow, the unfair sex expected something between the fancied piping of a Pan and the whispering of zephyrs from a Southern sea murmuring through the love-tossed locks of Venus. They didn't get it. And they gave John the Czecho-Slovakian cheer.

There is yet another reason. And that is this. Every girl in every audience places herself in the position of the heroine. When Greta's lips were crushed in a volcanic caress, milady in the orchestra unconsciously found her fingers wandering to her own. If suddenly her dream had become reality, and she had found herself in Gilbert's arms, the boy-friend would have been surprised how well she might have emulated Garbo's (Continued on page 127)



The famous locked-door love scene from "Devil May Care." Little Dorothy Jordan refuses to say fare-well to her lover, Ramon Novarro. And some mean old audiences had to laugh!

HELLO, PUBLIC!

*By
Estelle
Taylor*

Famous Film Star Finds She Has a Voice and Takes it Into Vaudeville. Read Estelle Taylor's Own Story of How It Feels to Come Face to Face with the Fans

I'VE seen America from the cabins of airplanes. I've seen America from the drawing room windows of crack fast-flying trans-continental trains. But, believe me, until you've seen America from the back seat of a Ford car, you don't know your own country at all.

Just as every country boy gets the itch to go fishing in the spring, just so nearly every movie star gets the itch to take a tour into vaudeville at least once in his life time.

Ever since Jack and I played in Mr. Belasco's play "The Big Fight," here in New York, I've been thinking about taking a tour. But, of course, before you can put on a vaudeville act, you've got to have something that will go over in vaudeville. And many movie stars have found out that what was just swell in pictures was just terrible on the stage. And a few of the stage actors

have found out what wows them on Broadway brings tears to the eyes of the folks in far corners. And I don't mean tears of grief.

Well, a month or so before I started on tour, somebody discovered I had a voice. And what a voice it turned out to be!

Now don't misunderstand me, I really have a voice. But at first, and sometimes even yet, when I start to sing, I feel just like a man who touches off the time-fuse attached to a load of dynamite. I know something is going to happen. But just what—nobody can tell until the event actually occurs.

My voice is big, rangy, powerful—and when I start to sing I feel exactly like an amateur golfer. I'm thinking so much about technique—all the million things my teacher has been telling me, correct position, correct breathing, correct tone, correct control—well, I'm so busy figuring these things out, that when my voice actually survives all this technique, I get as great a kick as an amateur golfer who, intent on his pro's dozens of instructions, finds his ball winging its way two hundred yards over the green turf.

When I finally made up my mind to take the tour, I asked all my movie friends who had themselves made vaudeville tours where was the best place to start.

The consensus of opinion was that Iowa is the 'toughest' spot in these United States to survive. "If you can get by an Iowa audience," one of them said, "you'll live to be ninety-six."

That was all right with me, for naturally I didn't want any managers to catch my act until I knew how this voice of mine was going to survive. So the little town of Atlantic, Iowa, was the first town selected for the grand tour.

But before I left Hollywood I had my modiste, Irene, design five or six skin

In her recent tour of America Estelle encountered for the first time the audiences who had written to tell her how much they liked her in "Don Juan" with John Barrymore. She met her public—and they were hers!





The vivid beauty you have admired on the screen is now enhanced by a lovely voice. Estelle is a big-time box-office attraction from the Palace, New York, to Atlantic, Iowa, and back again.

Except in the rôle of Lucrezia Borgia opposite Barrymore, Miss Taylor's sense of humor was submerged on the screen. But in her vaudeville act her own glamorous and witty personality comes into its own.



She scored a genuine success at the Palace, admittedly the most hard-boiled vaudeville theater in the world.

tight dresses. The movie audiences have seen me mostly as the hot vamp in pictures and I knew they would be expecting a hot stage performance. And I made up my mind not to disappoint them.

I had a white lace dress designed that makes me look as if I don't have a thing underneath but my little sunburned hide. Of course, I have. All the laws of propriety are positively satisfied. But on the stage, it is the illusion—not the reality that counts. I had a beautiful soft black velvet dress made, too, cut down to the waist in the back and with all the left side apparently taken out and diaphanous material set in. But it wasn't diaphanous, really.

On a winter morning, my maid, my manager, my accompanist and I left Hollywood. I felt positively miserable. Jack says: "Estelle, you ought to be Hollywood's official publicity woman," and it's true. I love Hollywood terribly. I'm not happy out of it. When I see those funny-looking bungalows fading away, I get the most awful case of the blues you've ever seen.

But I suppose we all feel that way about the place where we've been happy and where we've made a success. But even if I hadn't had a break in pictures, I would



The wife of a world idol, Jack Dempsey, Estelle Taylor is a celebrity in her own right. Her splendid voice will be heard soon from the screen.

still love Hollywood, for people are happy there, all stories to the contrary.

It's just a big hick town and people aren't spoiled. Why, the girls and men in my crowd get a kick simply out of going to Henry's and having a bite to eat and saying: "Gee, I got the rôle I've been working for." They like to be happy. Whereas, stage folks as a rule are melancholy Hamlets. They enjoy feeling they are misused.

Well, anyhow, I kissed Jack goodbye and got on the crack flier, the Chief, feeling decidedly weak in the knees and dry in the throat.

Somewhere in the middle of the next night, in the middle of Iowa, I was deposited on the ground. And a nice new Ford drove up and took me to the little town of Atlantic, where I arrived at day-break.

Driving up to the little hotel, I asked for four rooms and four baths. The little lady who runs the hotel there, shook her head dolefully:

"What kind of people be you that you can't all use one bathroom? There ain't but one."

Well, I was pretty tired and worried by that time, so I said: "All right. Just give us what you have."

I rolled (Continued on page 118)



Photo by Bruno

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe and the fitted bag which can be used for both men and women and which they offer to you for the best letter.

A Gift from
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe



No, Eddie Lowe is not going anywhere—he's just displaying the gift bag to you so that you may go somewhere, if you are the lucky winner of this contest.

Lilyan Tashman, one of the best dressed women in Hollywood, selects the best in walrus-skin fitted bags for you, for answering her question clearly and sincerely.

MR. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe—she's Lilyan Tashman, you know—offer a swanky walrus-skin Gladstone bag as their SCREENLAND gift. The fittings are of ebony with the finest pigskin bristles in the brushes. The bag is lined with leather and has compartments for shirts and other apparel. (Don't you feel that travelling urge descending upon you?) The bag may be used by both men and women and is exactly the same as the one the Edmund Lowes use when they travel. It's the last word in luggage!

If you want to win this gift write the best letter answering their questions: Do you like Edmund Lowe in sophisticated parts such as he played in "This Thing Called Love," or hard-boiled parts like *Sergeant Quirt* in "The Cock-Eyed World?" Give reasons for your answer.

Do you like Lilyan Tashman in the sophisticated rôles she plays or would you rather see her in other rôles? Why do you think so?

By best letter is meant the cleverest, clearest, and most sincere.

ADDRESS:—MR. AND MRS. EDMUND LOWE
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes April 10, 1930





Bernice, happy-go-lucky, humorous.

SINGING *in the* DESERT



Alec, serious-minded, calm, idealistic.

Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray are Co-Stars of Song

By
Betty Boone

THE stage was set. Silver moon, purple mountains, and golden desert were all in place. Everything stood ready for the principals. Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray stepped to the edge of the sand, as they had done so many times before, and sang:

"Blue heaven and you and I,
And sand kissing a
moonlit sky."

But this time it was not on a stage. It was not a scene from "The Desert Song." They were standing for the first time on a real desert. They were looking at the San Jacinto mountains in the distance. The desert breeze was blowing sand from Mojave on them.

Three little prairie dogs, more bold or less sleepy than their friends, sat near their burrows and listened. In the distance, a coyote howled. But none of these things distracted the attention of the singers. They were really on a desert.

"It was so big," says Bernice. "It was so still. It was so romantic. I just had to sing and sing. I don't know if Alec felt that way about it or not, but he was singing with me."

"And do you know, standing there with all that before us, I realized what the words 'Oh, give me the night divine!'

meant. For the desert song certainly was calling to me."

"At times I still feel under the spell of that desert's mysticism," adds Alexander Gray. "But there was a time out there that it seemed cruel and sinister. The dark shadows under the hillocks reminded me of the stories I read about the early Spanish explorers who died of

thirst in this desert. Going ahead blindly, they were seeking new homes in Monterey. But many found only graves in Mojave.

"And the story of the conquering of this waste by man armed with water also came to me. I could see visions of the engineers fighting the never-ending power of the desert. Fighting and winning for a day, just to have flood or drought come and ravage the place back to its natural condition. You see," he explained with an embarrassed laugh, "I took engineering at college. The reclamation of the desert, especially down in Imperial Valley, fascinated me. I studied it for a time with an idea of going into that myself."

The desert fascinated them so that they stayed behind at Palm Springs with Alec's sister after the rest of the party had gone back to Los Angeles. They hiked into it. They

(Continued on page 125)



Anton Bruehl

The Claire-Gray team who won applause in "No, No, Nanette" will repeat in "Spring Is Here" and "Song of the Flame."

New York-Hollywood Style War

The Battle for the Fashion Favors
of the Lovely Ladies of the Screen

Style supremacy! Does
the palm belong to
Paris? Or Manhattan?
Or Hollywood?

FRANCES CLYNE of New York: "Do the stars set styles? I am forced to answer 'No.' They have it in their power to set fashions not only for the U. S. but for all other countries where pictures are shown. But many famous stars dress in such an exaggerated fashion that no woman of good taste would dream of copying. Out in Hollywood itself there is a saying about a woman who puts on too many jewels and extra decorations: 'She wears two dresses instead of one.' I think that screen stars should realize the difference between giving an impression of riches and being well-dressed. Good taste really is an elimination of every extraneous thing. It is the essence of simplicity. Every woman should strive to express it in her manner, in her bearing. And since the world knows us first by our appearance, it is doubly important that she express it in her clothes."

Let us see what the
famous designers of
East and West have to
say about it

*Norma Shearer, silhouetted
left and right, as the goddess
of Fashion.*

Ruth Harriet Louise

HOWARD GREER of Hollywood: "Because of the films and their need for good fashion Hollywood designers have been spurred to keep as close pace with Paris as possible; but Hollywood is the bright pupil who, having learned well his lesson, puts into it something inspired by his locality. Because of this need in films Hollywood may be a bit ahead of New York. Geographically speaking it should not be. In the natural course of events New York would get the newest from Paris ahead of the Pacific Coast. But because of our needs we keep up more carefully with Paris, and now ladies of fashion in and out of films do not think they have to go to New York or even Paris quite as often as they did, to do their shopping."





Zerrenner

Beauty in Boudoir Fashions

CLAUDETTE COLBERT stands alone for the East. The lovely simplicity of these lounging pajamas is an outstanding feature of this home ensemble. They are of brown chiffon velvet with a collar of eggshell crepe de chine pleated ruffles. The very long trousers are a distinctive feature. The costume was designed by Miss Colbert and Carol Putnam, head of the Paramount Long Island Studio wardrobe department.

What They Wear in the West to Lounge and Rest

Hurrell



Left: the slender, lithe figure of Joan Crawford is just right for the newer pajama styles that are ruling both the sports and boudoir field this season.

Left, below: a full length view of the Crawford pajamas. Of white flannel with a border of black, this ensemble follows masculine lines in a striking manner.

Below: Kay Francis prefers the very feminine negligee, of beige chiffon and ecru lace with an underslip of deep sand satin which shimmers through the folds of chiffon.

Hurrell



Otto Dyar





New York submits this beach pajama costume, worn by Lilyan Tashman, and designed by Frances Clyne.

Monroe

Right: Norma Shearer's plaid overblouse costume is woven in green, yellow, and black.

Louise

Anita Page's, and Hollywood's answer to Lilyan's pajamas: an ensemble of black and white moire.

Bull



*Clarence
Sinclair
Bull*



S P O R T S



Anita Page goes in for sweaters! Circle, upper left: V-neck sweater with matching beret suitable for golf. Circle, upper right: crew-neck sweater with gob hat suitable for all water sports.

As Howard Greer says: "The logical Hollywood style would be sports things but that is only a phase in the lives of people in other and colder communities." Hollywood screen stars can wear sports things practically all the year 'round.

Below: Joan Crawford's cardigan costume of knitted jersey is bright yellow with black and white scarf. With it Joan wears a matching beret.

Hurrell





of all SORTS

Clarence
Sinclair
Bull

Upper left: Anita likes to wear this sweater with its matching tam when she goes hiking with her small brother. Upper right: the correct sweater and hat for a girl who goes in for polo.

Is it any wonder Hollywood excels at sports clothes? Thanks to the climate, casual costumes are in vogue at all seasons. New York, however, refuses to surrender. She says that when she does go in for sports things she makes up for lost time.

Below: Norma Shearer chooses this costume for serious golf: pleated wide skirt, man-tailored jacket, Paisley scarf, and trim felt hat

Louise



Anita wears a green and white sports suit: sleeveless dress of white silk pique with jacket of green.

Bull

Left: Joan Crawford's favorite sports costume of lace tweed, made with a boyish blouse and newer-length skirt.

Hurrell

Orange and blue pajama ensemble for beach wear, worn by Anita Page, has a bandanna scarf which ties around the head.

Bull



The Street

New York Notes in Daytime Clothes



Left: Lilyan Tashman wears a Frances Clyne creation of raspberry covert cloth, with tucked-in blouse of crepe tea-rose.

Left, below: Ruth Etting, now lending charm to singing pictures, wears a jaunty street suit of green leda cloth with a collar of beige lapin.

Below: smart simplicity and the raised waistline are the distinguishing characteristics of Claudette Colbert's ensemble of sand covert cloth.

Monroe

Zerrenner



ENSEMBLE...

The Smart New Silhouette Goes West

Right, below: Kay Francis combines summer ermine and black broadcloth with flattering success. A blouse of rose-beige satin accents this combination.

Right: Fay Wray wearing a daytime ensemble of black broadcloth with tailored jacket and circular skirt. The collar and cuffs are of gray Persian lamb.

Below:itch fur adds richness to this coat worn by Joan Crawford. This costume assumes the approved skirt and coat length. Designed by Adrian.

Hurrell

Dyar





THE AFTERNOON MODE

WHEN lovely stars step out these spring afternoons they must look their best whether they are representing New York or Hollywood! The girls of the west coast and their Manhattan sisters may argue endlessly as to style but they have one thing in common: they must live up to their own highest ideals of dress. You will note that the Eastern stars—left-hand page—achieve a more formal effect; while the Western luminaries, in league with sunny California skies, seem to prefer a happy informality. Each mood of the mode has its right place.

Upper left: the blonde beauty of Claire Luce is set off by the exquisite maize shade of this smart coat by Isabel with its fox collar

Lenox

Upper right: an example of the 'return to elegance' this spring is the blue flat crepe afternoon ensemble created by Frances Clyne of New York and worn by Lilyan Tashman

Monte

Claudette Colbert's new afternoon frock is of heavy crepe morocaine in the color much favored this season by Patou—nasturtium



Directly above: Billie Dove wearing what might be called 'the classic Hollywood afternoon dress.' Such a frock must be set off by such skies and flowers as California can boast. It is of white scalloped voile.

Fryer

Right: Billie's transparent velvet, squirrel-trimmed wrap is topped by a hat of sheer black tulle with a gold and silver band.

Upper left: Kay Johnson wears a conservative afternoon dress of blue flat crepe featuring the new short sleeves and an unusual neck line.

Hurrell

Upper right: Norma Shearer is radiant in a striking black and white two-piece dress with appliqued gold brocade roses. Note the distinctive sleeves.

Louise

The Sunday Supper Frock

THE mode of the moment — the chic, charming, elegantly informal 'little Sunday supper dress.' It sounds so simple, and it is really so very clever. Every smart girl should have one in her wardrobe, to wear on those Sunday evenings when she wants to be well dressed without dressing formally. East and West unite in approving this fashion, even though each has its own ideas as to its design. Left-hand page, East; right-hand page, West.



Monroe

When Lilyan Tashman, above, came to New York for a vacation, she made for the shops. Lilyan loves her Hollywood but she makes no secret of the fact that she simply dotes on eastern styles, theaters, food, and friends. So she 'did' the Avenue and all points east; and found just the clothes she had been hoping for. One of her favorite discoveries was the frock pictured above; designed by Frances Clyne, it is fashioned of Burgundy-color lace with a foundation of the same color chiffon. Note the 'party length' sleeves, fitted bodice and heruffled skirt.

Right: Claudette Colbert, a darling of the New York stage, is noted for her good taste in clothes. Now that she is in pictures you may expect her to stage little style shows in addition to dramatic displays. She is wearing a gown of gypsy-red lace featuring the new silhouette with the accompanying high waistline. Striking features are the little Chanel belt, youthful shoulder bertha, and the ruffle placed below the hip. This frock was especially designed for Miss Colbert by Shirley Barker, formerly designer with Lady Duff Gordon ('Lucille').



Gerrenner



Hurrell

Above: Joan Crawford reveals one of the reasons why the supper hour will be so important this spring. Joan is wearing one of the new printed-pattern chiffon dresses adopting the high waistline, bloused blouse, and trailing hemline, topped by a hat of black maline.



Left: Kay Francis' black souffle frock meets the demands of the smart spring wardrobe. Soft alluring lines are achieved by the use of ruffles. Note the interesting neckline that creates miniature sleeves over the shoulders, and a cascading cape at the back.

Right: Fay Wray approves the Sunday supper frock idea and exemplifies it in this charming costume. Its long 'drippy' lines are favored by Fay because they give her height. Coarse black net over molded black satin compose this frock. The only trimming is sleeve bows of the net.



Dyar

Dyar

Leure

Right: Claire Luce in a gown by Isabel of gold and rose metal brocaded chiffon. The bodice blouses very slightly into the snug hipline, the skirt is ankle length and straight to either side, but flaunts trailing panels in front and back.

Below: Lilyan Tashman in a gown designed by Frances Clyne. The bodice is simple in front, but decolleté in back with a slight bloused effect. The hipline treatment is rather unusual. The stitched inserts, front and back, meet at the left side and are tied in dripping bows.

Monroe



Left: Ruth Etting in a distinguished evening frock of gold mesh lamé, with a cherry red bow in the back. Miss Etting's gown is longer in the back and quite decolleté. The front is straight and has a slight flare at the bottom.

Below: Claudette Colbert's evening gown is of off-white satin with a slightly blue tinge. The frock is embroidered with rhinestones and seed pearls dyed to match. The smartly tailored Chanel belt is an interesting feature of the gown which carries out the idea of the long body line.

Zerrenner



Evening in Manhattan

New York's
Version
of the Smartest
Formal Feminine
Fashions



Bull

Right: Anita Page has adopted the lengthened hemline for evening wear, choosing a delicately fashioned frock of taffeta and tulle in a flesh pink shade. The waistline is outlined by a narrow sash while the skirt flares in a graceful line to the floor.

Below: Black satin and brilliants make a very safe fashion investment. Kay Francis' gown is of black satin, flaunting a high waistline and an interesting design worked in brilliants from waist to knees. The skirt forms a train at the back and a point at the front.

Djar



Fryer

Left: Dorothy Mackaill hasn't succumbed to the very long evening dress as yet. Although her frock is longer in the back, it is knee length in front. Of eggshell moire, it has no definite waistline. Two flounces and a corsage are the only trimmings.

Below: Estelle Taylor features white taffeta with real lace and marquisette. The gown is very long and very full, with backless bodice of real lace. The skirt is taffeta and starts below the hips and flares at the bottom with an even hemline. Designed by Irene.

Apeda

Evening in Hollywood

The West
Presents Its Own
Conception
of Gowns for
Occasions



Right: Marion Davies' favorite evening wrap sets off her blonde loveliness. It is a luscious concoction of finest transparent velvet and luxurious white fox.

Below, left: Alice Joyce is always pointed to at smart premiers and supper clubs in Manhattan as one of the best-dressed women. Her white, fox-trimmed wrap is stunning.

Below, center: Claire Luce wearing a three-quarters theater coat of black velvet with a collar of ermine. Note the effective white lining of the wide sleeves.

Below, right: this Frances Clyne ensemble worn by Lilyan Tashman is fashioned of brocaded chiffon in tones of beige and brown with tracings of gold. The wrap is flounced.

THE NEW WRAPS

SPEAKING of the clothes of a perfect day, what about the clothes of a perfect evening? Here they are, then — perhaps the most luxurious clothes of all: evening wraps. On this page you'll find the newest from New York, worn by some of Manhattan's beauties.



Pach

Monroe

Apeda

Lenare



And How They Are Worn

IN Hollywood, where there's a smart screen premier every other night, the evening wrap is most important. Picture girls, on their toes in all matters, invest lavishly, wisely and well in that finishing touch to a perfect ensemble, the evening wrap of real distinction.

Louise



Left: black and white is always regal for evening. Joan Crawford's wrap is of panne velvet, showing a wide ermine border with a lavish ermine collar and wide cuffs.

Below, left: ermine and sable combine to make this important evening wrap worn by Norma Shearer. It is Norma's favorite because it can be worn with all her evening dresses.

Below, center: Billie Dove's gold metal cloth evening wrap accents this star's statuesque beauty. Its long lines lend dignity. The collar is a large fox scarf.

Below, right: a short wrap of black transparent velvet, splashed with crystal beads, is trimmed with a scarf of ermine and bordered with the same fur. Worn by Kay Francis.

Hurrell



Dyar



HERE ARE HATS

To top off our offering of east and west style views we give you—hats! And then more hats, the very newest

Now that you have seen the best in fashion that New York and Hollywood have to offer, what is your verdict?



Louise



Zerrenner

Claudette Colbert's New York hat is of sand felt with an insert of satin.



Montoe

Norma Shearer wears a toque of royal-blue velvet with a youthful bow in the back.

Lilyan Tashman wears one of Manhattan's smartest straws, from Frances Clyne.



Zerrenner

Mlle. Colbert still favors the off-the-face mode.



Hurrell

The classic felt worn by Kay Johnson, above, is one of the best bets for spring. It is suitable with the tailored suit or sports clothes.

Green hat, summer 1930 style! Miss Page's has the turn-back flaring brim with a saucy pom-pom trimming at the side. Note the 'lucky chain' necklace.

Bull



Bull

Anita Page's soft pliable straw shows the newer wide brim which will be much worn this summer. It's sweet and feminine—just like Anita.

The new wide-brimmed hats offer no temptation to Norma Shearer. With a smooth forehead like hers she can afford to cling to off-the-face hats like this.

Louise



Do you like this impression of a young lady famous for her flaming rôles?



A brilliant comedienne trying not to look like one. No, not even three guesses!



Don't you like this smiling Romeo? And don't we all?

Foolish Question Number 898

CAN you identify these stars? Well, we hope so! You won't have to turn to the back of the book for the right answers this time. These caricatures are the original work of Antonio Moreno. No, not the film star, but a waiter of the same name in a Hollywood restaurant. Ben Lyon discovered him, and persuaded him to give us a glimpse of these impressions. Thanks, Ben. Thanks, Antonio!



Caught in serious mood. Come now, smile for the ladies.



Star gazing? Yes, but in the right direction.



The boy friend's girl friend. Just teasing.



Is this his natural or his screen face? Yes.



Douglas the poet, the dreamer. There is something princely about him at times.

LAST month it was Joan Crawford, the new Princess in the Royal House of Pickfairia: now it is the Prince himself, her husband. Ladies and gentlemen of the talkie audience, allow me to present Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., playing a new rôle in public—himself. And let it be said at the start that there really is something princely about him at times, though at other times he looks and acts (on the screen) incredibly young. There is an intensity about his face, his gestures and at times his voice which bespeak 'temperament,' the one thing that has gone out of fashion in royalty since the exit of the Kaiser. So we will not call him a prince, but we will call him an artist.

In answer to the questionnaire sent him by SCREENLAND he puts himself down as more the introvert (dreamer) than the extravert (doer) by a ratio of 31 to 21. I do not believe, however, that he was born that way. I take it that he was born an extravert of the intuitive type, with the function of feeling playing a large second. This type, when hard-boiled, makes a good salesman; and when medium or soft-boiled, a good actor. Intuition makes for a quick understanding (as by flashlight) of the lay of the land and the people you meet. Feeling makes for tact, charm, harmony.

A good salesman acts up to his customer, gets his number and puts on a good spiel that fits the man he is dealing with. A good salesman stages different acts for different customers. He must cast a spell and hypnotize the customer into liking and paying for it. He is, in short, an actor, but he differs from the stage actor in that the latter is selling, not a piece of soap or a radio set; a stage actor is selling the spiel itself. He is selling the act.

DOUG,

The Son of a Great Screen Star, the Husband of a Famous Beauty—What Kind of a Boy is This Young Fairbanks?

By
James Oppenheim

An intuitive-with-feeling type usually makes a good stage or screen actor because of his quick understanding of what the public wants, his desire to please, and his gift of charm. Ronald Colman is a case in point. But Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is different. He has, I believe, like so many artists, his wires crossed and tangled. This, without meaning anything unpleasant about it, I have called the *twisted type*. Sensation, emotion, thinking, get all tangled up with the original intuition and feeling and there is an inner tug of war, an almost perpetual conflict, as if the rear wheels of a car wanted to go one way and the front wheels another. Hence the intensity, the feeling of not knowing at times where one is at; doubts, questionings, and 'to be or not to be' in the manner of *Hamlet*.

Such men are up and down, in and out, yes and no, unexpected. Now they are in the dumps; now in the clouds; now gentle, now fierce; now cold, now hot. This doesn't make for practicality and indeed, although Doug, Jr. is not an extreme of the type doubtless due to long self-discipline, answers the question: "Do you day-dream as a steady matter?" with 2, which means *much*, and the question "Are you practical?" with a zero; that is, not practical at all.

Joan Crawford, as you may remember, answered that last question with "I am very practical." Lucky for Doug! I pause to glance at the feminine readers of SCREENLAND and find them, to the last one, looking up with the question: "How about Joan and Doug? Are they true mates? Will it last?" Alack, I am neither a seer nor a

DOUG, JR. ADMITS:

I am a little self-conscious and shy.
I am very idealistic.
I am very jealous.
I like to be alone much of the time.
I am a good actor in public.
I am sometimes a faddist.
I am a one-wife man.

JR.—

A Psycho-Analytic Portrait

prophet. Marriage is always a gamble, but in Hollywood it is a lottery. However, we will place our bets on the bright side; for there is something strong about both these young people, and Doug puts himself down as being 'very jealous.'

But we must let Doug speak for himself. Here are some of his answers:

I am a little self-conscious and shy.

I hate very much to be conspicuous, even at home.

I do much day-dreaming, but am only a little moody. (Joan answered that she had deep moods and long ones.)

I am considered quite deep by others.

I like to be alone much of the time.

I am a one-wife man.

I am very idealistic.

I am very easily in a tense condition.



Douglas the boy, the incredibly young, gay gentleman who won Joan's heart.

I am very often 'up in the clouds.' (Joan said she was fairly that way herself.)

I am very jealous. (Joan, only a little.)

Life is not a game to me, to be played through like a sport. (To the twisted type, the intensity of living precludes taking it easy.)

I am a good actor in public.

I am slow in getting over quarrels, disappointments, losses. (Here again, the troubled intense type.)

I am a good mixer. (3—very much.)

I do not like many people, nor always to be on the go.

I am sometimes a faddist.

As to being realistic and having common sense, only a little.

I am easy-going as a rule (2). (This somewhat contradicts the 'easily tense'.)

I am a little of a go-getter.

My feet are solidly on the earth.

These contradictions the reader may have noticed are due to the fact that the twisted type is often a bundle of contradictions. It is a mysterious type, making a large appeal, as most artists do, to women. The extreme type wants a woman who is a mother, a wife, a nurse, a pal, a vamp, and someone both very practical and recklessly romantic. A tall order! It is a very seductive one to many women; but (Continued on page 129)



His screen love scenes have passion and power. With Loretta Young in "Loose Ankles."

A NEW GIRL

Lillian Roth Left Broadway for Hollywood but She's Still on the Great White Way in Bright Lights

By

John Godfrey

WHOOEVER began this talk about temperamental stage stars?

Whoever it was doesn't know a thing about the Broadway actresses who have uttered words for Hollywood microphones.

Take Ruth Chatterton. She's swell. And Kay Francis. She's a knockout. And Lillian Roth. Well, she's to the stage what Mary Brian, the most regular girl in Hollywood, is to motion pictures.

Lillian is a combination of Clara Bow and Norma Talmadge. Her hair is black, thick and wavy. It looks well combed in its wind-blown way. She has large, brown, dancing eyes and a mouth that twinkles when she laughs. Her dimpled smile is a sensation and she almost always is smiling. Lillian is saucy, vivacious, and lovely. She weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet, 3 inches tall—a slim, but well rounded figure.

First, I'll tell you that Lil was a born actress. Her mother decided it years before her first birthday. And Lillian has fulfilled her mother's dreams. She first made her way in child parts in motion pictures at Fort Lee.



A 'blues' voice, stage training, dancing eyes and dancing feet—all these assets are Lillian Roth's.

She was a child star in the New York production of "Shavings." She talked to producers alone when she was nine years old and arranged her own salary. She was a headliner in vaudeville, imitating John Barrymore, Ruth Chatterton, Lenore Ulric and Helen Mencken. She stood up and sang for the first time in her life before J. J. Shubert and landed a part in his "Artists and Models." She's been a 'blues' singer in Carroll's "Vani-ties" and Ziegfeld's New Amsterdam Roof show. Now, she's a dramatic actress in Paramount's all-color romance, "The Vagabond King." And she croons her 'blues' in "Honey." She's just nineteen.

What a gal! All the boys at the studio throw down their work when Lil approaches. Traffic cops step off their stands to wave to Lil.

She drove her car home one night and parked it in front of her apartment until morning. This being against the law, there was a ticket in the automobile the next day. They say she went to the police station to pay her fine and explained that she had worked late at the studio and was afraid to walk home from the garage where she parked her car. The judge was very sympathetic. He tore up her traffic ticket and offered to give her a police escort to accompany her home anytime she worked late again. So 'tis rumored, but that's Lil!

She was born in Boston, where her father sold watermelons. Since then, he's been in 101 different occupations, selling American flags, postcards, vegetables and other objects. Lillian weighed 135 pounds when she was 15 years old. Now, she has complete control of her weight. She diets and exercises for a few weeks then succumbs to the lure of the chocolate and cake and then again misses a few full meals. That's Lil!

Once a certain actress became too important. Lil stepped up and replaced her in a motion picture. That's Lil!

If anybody thinks that Friday the 13th is unlucky. Look at Lil. It's her birthday.

Another nice thing about this actress is that there is another sister, Ann Roth, a little younger. Before the girls were born, Mrs. Roth had decided that they were (Continued on page 129)



Lillian Roth and Dennis King, both from the stage, in a scene from "The Vagabond King." Lillian has a dramatic rôle in this picture.

A NEW BOY

By
Jean Cunningham

Another Small Town Boy Makes Good in Hollywood. Stanley Smith of Kansas is on the Road to Film Fame

TENTH down the list which records the number of fan letters received by the Paramount stars and featured players is a new name — Stanley Smith.

To those who follow the record, this jump from nothing to tenth place is remarkable because Stanley has been seen in but one Paramount production, "Sweetie."

To the girls at the studio, it is very difficult for them to realize why he isn't first on the fan mail list. He's that way — pleasantly contagious.

Stanley doesn't like to talk about himself. He doesn't admit anything about his relatives. But they were bankers in Kansas City; and bankers usually have money. Nevertheless, he is keeping it a secret. He began thinking about motion pictures when he went to grammar school in Kansas City.

His first distinction was a very agreeable singing voice. It made him a boy soprano in a choir in his home town. Between singing at choir practice, Sunday services, weddings and funerals, Stanley found a little time on the side to think motion pictures. He thought about it all by himself and secretly wrote letters to Cecil De Mille and D. W. Griffith. He outlined his great possibilities and told them of his absolutely certain prospects of becoming a movie star. Very soon, Stanley received replies from the directors. He opened the letters expecting to find contracts and transportation to Hollywood. The letters very courteously acknowledged his genius but advised him to stay in Kansas City.

One summer after Stanley had finished grammar school, his mother and he came to Hollywood for a vacation. In September, they decided to remain in the film city and Stanley enrolled at Hollywood High School. From the very beginning, he was a huge success in Hollywood. He was quite the rage at high school. He was that sort of a boy for whom girls change classes and go to football games. For two years he was the president of the glee club. He sang the leads in three operas.

One of the best things about living in Hollywood for young Smith was the fact that he passed the house of Bryant Washburn every day on his way to school. He greeted the star as he would any neighbor and finally developed a



Stanley Smith, the screen's newest juvenile. His hair is dark blond and wavy and his eyes are blue-gray.

speaking acquaintance.

Stanley's one aim those days was to get into a studio and act. The best he could do was to be Elliott Dexter's assistant secretary. Through somebody's friend knowing somebody else who knew Dexter, the boy became official letter opener for the star when he worked at the old Lasky studio on Vine street. Stanley used to go to the studio every day after school, on Saturdays and during vacations. He asked everybody in the studio for parts. His youth was their excuse for not starring him in pictures. He used to park on the set where William deMille was making "Clarence" with Wallace Reid. Between every scene, Stanley would bring up the subject of a part from some different angle. But the only film work he ever did was as an extra dancing all day. That choked his ambition

for a little while.

A year after Stanley graduated from Hollywood High School, the musical advisor of the institution asked him to return to sing the leading rôle in "Robin Hood" when the leading man was taken ill. (Continued on page 121)



Stanley Smith and Nancy Carroll in a sweet scene from "Honey." It was in Nancy's picture, "Sweetie," that Stanley made his talkie debut.



Left and right: An evening coiffure, elaborate in arrangement. The sweep of hair across the brow suits the beauty of classic features.

This becomingly youthful be used for business or particularly fetching

COIFFURES *for*

Antoine of Paris and New York Explains the Underlying Art which Governs the Arrangement of the Perfect Coiffure



Antoine de Paris, with beautiful Catherine Dale Owen as model, shows SCREENLAND'S feminine readers how to do their hair.

WITH the strong gestures of a sculptor Antoine de Paris used his comb and fingers on the shapely head of Catherine Dale Owen. Like a true artist, he worked in silence, plaiting a lock of hair here, smoothing a strand there, curling a few tendrils at the back, never pausing except to reach for a hairpin that an assistant hairdresser handed to him now and again. Evidently, it pleased him. With a wave of the hand, he said:

"Voila! It is done; the coiffure for evening, for grand occasions."

Catherine Dale Owen, hand mirror in hand, turned her head this way and that, and smiled her approval.

The result of Antoine's work was a little masterpiece! The simple act of dressing the hair which every woman does so casually had been elevated to a place among the plastic arts by Antoine de Paris.

The coiffure for evening so carefully accomplished was as severely simple in line as the coif of a nun yet highly elaborate in its arrangement. To emphasize the pure sweep of Miss Owen's brow, the Parisian had drawn a long smooth strand of hair across her forehead. To accentuate this effect he had placed behind it a large roll of hair extending from ear to ear. From this point the hair was drawn back and then arranged about the nape of the neck and behind the ears in flat little curls.

While the first pose was being photographed, Antoine, punctuating his careful English with nervous gestures of the hands, explained the underlying laws of art which had governed the arrangement of the coiffure.

"Hairdressing, like any plastic art which has anything to do with the face, depends entirely upon the relation between the mass and the mask for its effect. In the art of



combination coiffure may informally. Note the curl at the right.

This hairdress (left and right) stresses the lovely lines of throat and jaw. A coiffure which is formal enough for evening.

OCCASIONS

By Sydney Valentine

the coiffure, the hair must be a frame for the face; not only that, it must be an adornment and a continuation of beautiful lines or a concealment of ugly ones.

"Two things must always be borne in mind when arranging the coiffure: one must follow the natural lines of the head and one must be sure that no straight ends of hair are visible. As you will notice by looking at Miss Owen's head you will see that wherever the hair ends there are tiny ringlets such as you see on a baby's head. But never—never—let these ends be frizzly."

"What about the long dresses women are wearing, M. Antoine, is there any distinctive way of dressing the hair to accord with the new styles?" I asked.

"Yes and no," Antoine answered. "The new dresses that seek grace through length alone are a mistake. They won't last long because they don't fit in well with our modern life. Sooner or later our designers are bound to find a way to achieve both grace and the comfort of shortness. The long dresses of the moment are the result of a romantic reaction. Therefore, any coiffure that we devise to go with them must be of romantic nature."

"Perhaps you notice that I have drawn my inspiration for Mademoiselle Owen's hairdress from Botticelli's paintings. To fit her coiffure to the gowns she wears I have had to look backward for the source of my inspiration. That is not right. The dress designers must make new lines, new styles, so that I and other coiffeurs can devise hairdresses to fit them."

"But long dresses are the vogue at present, and we cannot ignore them. The best way to deal with the problem is to seek out in a woman's dress the period which inspired the designer to make the gown, and in dressing the hair attempt some modified coiffure of (Continued on page 128)



As a sculptor molds his clay, the famous hairdresser molds the coiffure to lines of beauty. Antoine was a sculptor in Paris.

BRAINLESS BEAUTIES

By Cecil B. De Mille



Cecil B. De Mille, discoverer of screen stars and creator of box-office attractions. He says the talkers open an amazing new world to beauties with intelligence and microphone voices and abilities.

BEAUTY, extraordinary physical charm, will always be a major factor in the expressive arts of sculpture, painting, the stage drama, and motion pictures.

Any form of pictorial presentation will always require beauty of form, line and movement. It is possible, however, that these requirements will be modified from time to time to fit new conditions.

Such modifications, as they concern the new art subdivision of talking pictures, is the subject of the present article.

The place of beauty in silent films has been discussed pro and con, from every conceivable angle. The coming of speech to the screen has reopened the topic, presenting to it a number of engrossing new angles.

Certainly it is true that brainless beauty is in a more hopeless position than ever before, while beauty that thinks intelligently and logically has an amazing new world opened to it.

In silent pictures we sometimes had a rather difficult time separating the 'sheep' from the 'goats.'

Pantomimic ability is a very rare possession. You never can tell whether a person has it except by actual tests. For example, for many years I have always insisted on seeing a candidate on the screen first.

This necessity of giving possibilities a test, or even a few month's work, brought about a great deal of wastage. We gave tryouts to many very attractive girls, hoping that they would have enough pantomimic instinct to justify their retention. Unfortunately, however, our percentage of success was painfully small. Present among too many of the candidates was the apparent feeling that our beauties were in Hollywood for what they could get: i.e. Rolls Royces and beautiful homes, not what they could give in the way of effective artistic expression.

Praise turns the heads of beauty in rather a thorough manner in far too many incidents. You would be surprised to know how many gorgeous creatures have just stared at me in contempt when I gently suggested that a little furbishing up of the gray matter would be of help to them in attaining movie success. So many beautiful girls are obsessed of the idea that a perfect figure, a lovely profile, and gorgeous eyes offset mental incapacity.



Above: the girl who came back, Lila Lee. Discovered and presented in "Male and Female."

Left: Cecil De Mille's greatest special, Gloria Swanson.

Right: Leatrice Joy, another De Mille protégée, who played the lead in "The Ten Commandments."



Keep Out!

There's No Place for You in the Sound Studios. But Beauty that Thinks is Always Welcome, Says Eminent Director

To illustrate this point it is only necessary to examine the history of the thousands of beauty contest winners who have come to us from every state in the Union; every country on the globe.

In past De Mille pictures scores of them have been used, and only two have attained any prominence, Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson. These two girls got ahead because they realized that work and brains must be added to beauty before the asset can assume real worth.

Beauty alone, unsupported, was a drug on the market in silent pictures, and it is far more so in the expanded days of the cinema that we are now enjoying.

Motion pictures do just what their name implies; they move. They demand plastic, not static art. A rather pitiable failure in the studios, for example, was that of a young lady whose face has been made internationally famous in the masterly paintings of a great artist. She was a glorious creature, in individual poses. But she had neither the brains nor the inborn pantomimic instinct to carry her beauty, undiminished, through the rapidly succeeding series of dramatic positions required by even the simplest screen story.

Today, under the dominion of the talkies, a great deal of this early wastage is eliminated.

The voice has given us a definite standard for the segregation of the inept.

I repeat a former statement: that unless she has had at least a high school education, and one which brought her reasonably excellent



De Mille in his workshop at the studio: a museum of rare and beautiful antiques and new and novel ideas. The coat of armor worn by Wally Reid in "Joan the Woman" may be seen at the right.

marks for application and scholarship, any girl, no matter how beautiful, is subject to immediate elimination from any roll of movie candidates.

The voice irrevocably betrays the possession of a careless mind or a sluggish one. It takes a certain definite degree of personal application to develop a speaking voice of good breeding and emotional flexibility; and a mind capable of understanding the correct nuances needed for the proper reading of lines in a dramatic talking picture.

If a candidate, on her first visit, seems badly rooted in grammatical errors, slang mispronunciations and inexcusable misuses of the voice, it is logical to assume that she has careless mental habits which would interfere with clean-cut, accurately thought out dramatic interpretations. (Cont. on page 127)



Above: Bebe Daniels, the beautiful tiger-skin girl of "Male and Female," now a great sound star.

Left: De Mille's discovery from the stage, Kay Johnson.

Right: Lois Wilson, a beauty contest winner who also happened to have real brains.



Romance under western skies has added glamour. Joan Crawford's second audible film is an all-talking, all-singing love story laid in—you guessed it—the state of Montana. In the shadows cast by giant trees the lovers plight their troth, to the music of rustling leaves—and an orchestra from the studio.



On Location with Joan Crawford

Making "Montana Moon," the First Musical 'Western' Romance

By Helen Ludlam

CALIFORNIA was sweltering in mid-winter. The thermometer registered eighty in the shade and there had been no rain for more than seven months. Much as I like the warm weather I had a great longing for just a breath of snow air, and so when I was invited to go on the "Montana Moon" location which was at Keen's Camp, a five thousand foot elevation in the San Jacinto Mountains, I was very well pleased. Joan Crawford was the star, then there were Johnny Mack Brown, Karl Dane and the inimitable fun-team of Benny Rubin and Cliff Edwards, more popularly known as "Ukulele Ike."

Well, there wasn't any snow, for the first time in seventeen years at that time of the year. But the air was bracing and clear. We arrived just after the day's work was over. They had to call it a day

early up there because of the light which stopped them at four o'clock. And then the outfit burst loose and played tennis, football, or what have you. Mal St. Clair, who was directing the opus, with Benny Rubin, Cliff Edwards, Johnny Mack Brown and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—oh, of

course, Doug was there—crowded around us to see if they had any mail, for we brought a bunch with us from the studio.

We found Joan in her little cabin. "Helen may come in, but not you, Ralph," she called through the door to Ralph Wheelwright, in charge of publicity for the unit. "Okay!" he laughed, "see you when you're respectable, Joan," and Joan welcomed me arrayed in a fascinating flesh-colored, form-fitting garment which would not have been out of place in a palace, yet which did not seem out of place in that little mountain cabin,



Just a little love scene. Mal St. Clair directs Joan and Johnny while Doug, Jr.—seated, in white—looks on from the sidelines.



The leading man in "Montana Moon" is Johnny Mack Brown. Malcolm St. Clair is the director. Joan Crawford, the star, is at her very best, both optically and vocally. Idyllic love scenes like this help, too. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. went along on the location. He is always just out of camera range.

either, strangely enough.

Joan had been devouring the newspaper accounts of the opening of her first talking picture, "Untamed." The Los Angeles ones weren't so good to the picture, though they were kind to Joan personally. But Joan was depressed. "I get so blue when I read bad notices. Maybe you think I am conceited, but it isn't that, really."

I didn't. There are few people in the world, no matter what happens to be their business, who are not interested to know what other people think of their work. Joan likes to read constructive criticism. It helps her.

"Are you going to be in the hotel or in a cabin?" asked Joan.

"In a cabin. Does someone come in the morning to light the fires?"

Joan laughed. "Someone does not! It's every fellow for himself up here. Doug is an angel and hops out of bed at five in the freezing cold to light our fire. When it is all nice and warm he wakes me up. And if you're not in the dining room before seven-thirty it will be just too bad. Try and get

even a cup of coffee a minute after seven-thirty! But I always take a thermos bottle on the set filled with it, so if you want to sleep late tomorrow, don't worry. I'll give you plenty of java and lunch is at twelve so you won't starve."

"Could you help Nomnie with the dialogue, Miss Crawford?" an assistant called through the door.

"Oh, the playbacks! Come on out and listen," cried Joan scrambling into a great coat of Doug's. And for a long time the memory of that scene will be with me. There on the pine covered mountain top sat the generating wagon with the three-foot square funnel placed on the ground from which came the voices. Nomnie Morris, the script girl, sat on a tiny three-legged stool with her machine balanced on her knees taking down the dialogue as it came over the wire. They change (Continued on page 110)



A location trip which was more like a vacation. Joan Crawford and Helen Ludlam, SCREENLAND'S Location Lady, talk it over.

Left: Helen with Cliff Edwards, Mal St. Clair, Benny Rubin and Karl Dane. They are kidding Karl—as usual.

Anita goes to School

'Rah—'Rah—
'Rah—Anita!



She learned ease, poise, and naturalness from the ebullient Billy Haines. "Take it easy!" advised Bill. "Forget worry and have a good time." Anita obliges as Mademoiselle of Culver City.

Lon Chaney, master character actor, taught Anita Page the difficult art of make-up. Here is Anita proving she is an apt pupil by pretending to be Pocahontas. Where is John Smith?



Anita submerges her own personality in that of a Chinese girl, under Chaney's guidance. Lon was never too busy or too absorbed to stop his own work to help the little beginner.

plete the curriculum.

The school was organized two years ago when a little high school girl, named Anita Pomares, came out of the East to Hollywood to go into pictures. She knew nothing whatsoever about cameras and studios and things of that kind. All she knew was that she wanted to become a movie star more than anything else in the world.

She presented her credentials to the superintendent of the school, sitting in his luxurious office, the likeness of which can be found in no ordinary college. These credentials consisted of good looks, intelligence, determination, personality and charm.

ANITA PAGE has found a school all her own. And what a school it is! Imagine a college with Lon Chaney, Ramon Novarro, William Haines, Nils Asther, Charles King and their brethren for professors.

Then imagine yourself being the only student in the classrooms.

The campus is a many-acred studio in the little college town of Culver City, California. The buildings are huge stages. The desks are make-up tables and brightly-lighted sets. There are no books. And the faculty—words fail me!

Anita found this school for herself. She is the only pupil. Which is a very good thing, considering the future prosperity of the several hundred temples of learning in the country.

Here is where Anita is learning the readin' writin' and 'rithmetic of screen acting, with courses in higher mathematics, logic, philosophy and science thrown in for good measure to com-



Two years ago a little girl named Anita Pomares enrolled at the Metro-Goldwyn acting school at Culver City, California.

A Film Studio is her College. Lon Chaney, Ramon Novarro, Charles King and Billy Haines her Professors

By Keith Richards



A Spanish beauty? But no! It's Senorita Page demonstrating the technique and attention to detail taught her by Ramon Novarro. "Don't forget the hard work ahead of you," warned Ramon.

The first thing this school did was to give her a screen test to certify these credentials. Then she was enrolled as Anita Page and her classroom work was begun.

"Do you remember the way you felt when you started to high school, a big, new building with crowds of new people, entirely different from the grammar school which you knew so well?" It was afternoon in Anita's dressing room and the star pupil was transforming herself from a peaches-and-cream blonde to a dusky Indian maid as she talked.

"That's exactly the way I felt when



Who wouldn't be in Dutch with Anita? She has become a versatile trouser, having learned from Charles King the 'audience feel,' first fundamental lesson in training for the talkies.

Anita's professors are proud of her. She has studied and forged ahead in her chosen profession. Miss Page is made up as little Butterfly. Oh, Lieutenant Pinkerton, how could you?



Oh, How We Love Our Pupil!



And look at her now! She became the star pupil, Anita Page; and her career is a credit to her alma pater.

I first walked into this studio. I was terrified, really. I prayed that no one would see how scared I was. But everyone was so wonderful to me.

"For instance, this," she held out her fingers smeared with a brown, pasty stuff with which she was covering her skin. Lon Chaney taught me all that I know about make-up. My third picture was with him, 'While the City Sleeps.' He was a marvelous teacher."

I almost remarked something about the number of people who would like to be a marvelous teacher to a marvelous pupil. But I didn't. I was too busy watching the birth of Pocahontas and listening to Anita's words.

"I'll never forget one morning when we were working on that picture. I had to cry and cry. Real tears, too. Mr. Chaney said to me while I was resting between spasms: 'Always believe what you're doing, Anita. Sincerity is the keynote of success in this (Continued on page 124)



Mary Lewis, grand opera star who was once a Christie comedy girl, has come back to Hollywood to star in singies.

MORE *and* BETTER

Put on Your Other Clothes,
Your Favorite

By
Grace Kingsley

"G WEN LEE is having a birthday party," announced Patsy.

"Reckless of her," I said, "but when?"

"Tonight," answered Patsy delightedly, "and it's Jack Oakie's birthday, too. They are going to celebrate together at Gwen's house. They're engaged, you know—at least everybody says so."

Gwen had nice, cosy fires all over her pretty home on the side of a Hollywood hill, and we found knots of guests clustered around them when we arrived, with Gwen herself hardly waiting for the maid to open the door to greet her guests. She was looking lovely in a rose silk evening dress, made in long and graceful lines, and was assisted in receiving by her charming mother.

We looked around for Jack Oakie, but found that he had had to work that night. However, he expected to arrive later, so that kept Gwen cheered up, not to mention the rest of us, and he telephoned Gwen from the studio about every half hour, "just to touch base," he explained.

Jack's jolly little Irish mother was there, and we could see easily where he got his bubbling humor and his pep. When we arrived Mrs. Oakie was dancing with Charlie Cross to the music of the radio, but came over to sit on the sofa soon to talk to us.

We learned from others afterward that her wit wasn't all of the light sort, either, since she had taken some extremely difficult examinations, after she was fifty years old, for a high position in the psychological department of a state hospital, and had passed with honor.

Jack's mother told us vivaciously about Jack's childhood: how once when she had a birthday, Jack had bought her two whole dollars' worth of gum drops, and how she still had some of them, quite ossified, and meant to present them to a museum!

We got to discussing health topics, and she said that Jack's health slogan was "To hell with spinach!"

Jack Benny came over to say hello, and when we asked him about his new vaudeville tour, he told us that he was always nervous at every opening performance.

"And you'd think he was as nonchalant as could be!" commented Patsy.

Gwen came over to show us the wrist-watch which Jack had given her as a birthday present. It was studded with diamonds, and had a little legend engraved inside it which she wouldn't let us read.

She confessed that she had given Jack a slave bracelet.

"Engaged?" inquired Patsy, "or just may be any minute?"

"That's it!" blushed Gwen. But she wouldn't tell us just which she meant.

Hal Skelly and Mary Astaire were there, and Wesley



Ruggles, Matty Kemp, Barbara Pierce, Carlotta King, Dick Schayer, James Morgan, Janice Peters, Roger Gray and several others.

Barbara Pierce, who was married about a year ago, says that she wants to go to work again in pictures. She has been interested in charitable work for children, and she says that she won't give up that work even if she does return to pictures.

Dick Schayer sat down to play the piano, looked about, and declared in mock indignation that he was the only song writer ever invited to a party who didn't find his own song on the piano.

"What's the matter with the song?" demanded Hal Skelly cruelly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" exclaimed Gwen. "It was all just an oversight of the hostess!"

And Gwen dug about in her pile of music until she found one of Schayer's songs.

Gwen Lee's mother suddenly exclaimed:

PICTURE PARTIES

Come Along and Meet Stars Off Duty



"Are you engaged to Jack Oakie?" someone asked Gwen Lee, "or just may be any minute?" "That's it!" blushed Gwen. Anyway, Gwen gave Jack a slave bracelet for his birthday and he gave her a diamond wrist-watch and they both gave a party to celebrate. Above, Miss Lee. Left, Mr. Oakie.

"Oh, I meant to have spanked Gwen at 11:30—that's the hour she was born—but I forgot it!"

So after all we didn't learn how old Gwen is. Or rather, just how young.

Roger Gray, who was playing with Jack Oakie in "Hit the Deck," arrived in his professional sailor suit, and was a delightful addition to the party.

Carlotta King sang, while Jimmy Morgan played the piano.

Then Jimmy played some classic music—he told us just to show that he really could read music, and didn't go entirely by ear; after which he obligingly played for those who wished to dance.

A few rugs were moved from the living room floor, and those who could and wanted to dance on a dime space did so. Gwen danced with Hal Skelly, but not for long, as Jack Oakie cut in—over the telephone!

There was a huge birthday cake, which wasn't to be cut until Jack arrived; but there was a lovely buffet supper.



The Duncan Sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, are always invited to sing at Hollywood parties, and they always oblige.

Then Gwen sat down on the floor and opened her birthday gifts, which included some lovely bead bags, a cloisonné compact, some of the new novels, and other charming gifts.

Jack, we heard afterward, did arrive toward morning, when there still remained the cake and a few of the guests. As we went home, we hoped audibly to each other that it would be a long time before Gwen got old enough so that she wouldn't want to give (Continued on page 114)



Lovely Jeanette Loff, who plays with Paul Whiteman in "The King of Jazz Revue," is one of the popular blonde belles of screenland.

HOLLYWOOD'S BRIGHT BOY

Here's Filmdom's Favorite
Juvenile — Eddie Quillan,
Quipping as Usual

By Charles Carter

*We live and learn,
To earn and laugh,
You laugh, I earn,
No earn, no chaff.*

—EDDIE QUILLANSPEARE

WHY are you similar to a snake?"
"I bite."
"That's right." And Eddie Quillan does a fade-out amidst a barrage of old shoes, vases and books-of-the-month.

This twenty-one-year-old wise-cracking son of a Scotchman is the same bright boy in private life that he is on the screen or stage. He has never been known to be serious. You can't squelch him.

Eddie is only one of eleven Quillans, the greater part of which comprised that Quillan Family of vaudeville renown.

It was at the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles several years ago that Eddie was 'discovered.'

He was doing a solo tap dance, at the same time

holding a mirror in front of his face. Brother John came out and asked: "What's the idea of the mirror, Eddie?" And then the serious reply: "Dad told me to be careful and watch myself during this number." Among those in the audience who laughed was Mack Sennett.

Sennett made arrangements for a screen test of the three boys, John, Buster, and Eddie. When the young Quillans viewed the test in a private projection room several days later, they were so disappointed that they pulled up their coat-collars, turned down their hat brims and quietly slipped out of a side door of the studio.

Mack Sennett, however, saw potentialities in Eddie's test and ordered a contract drawn up for him. But when he attempted to get in touch with the boy, he found that the entire family had left town. Their Orpheum engagement in Los Angeles had completed their vaudeville tour.

With the aid of detectives, the czar of comedies finally located the missing boy, brought him back to the film capital and induced him to place his name on the contract. Thus young Quillan was destined to serve a term in an institution that has turned out some of our best-known stars of today. Sennett featured him in eighteen two-reel comedies. It was after this that Cecil B. De Mille selected him for an important rôle in "The Godless Girl," which brought him a contract with Pathé.

Eddie's career, if indicated on a graph, would show a steady trend upward in a straight line, with a comparatively few number of vehicles serving as the steps leading to his present place in stardom. His stage training since he was a mere infant, coupled with the experience derived while working with Mack Sennett, have supplied him with the foundation that is responsible for his speedy rise and present stable position in the talking picture realm.

Has he a high hat now? In a way, yes, and in a way, no. As far as his mental attitude is concerned, he is one of the best all-around guys in Hollywood. Ask any director, carpenter, actor or electrician who has worked with him. Walking around the lot, you will hear a carpenter hail him: "Hi there, Eddie! What's the good word?" And he'll come back with something like: "Salary!"

Oh, yes. I said he had a high hat in a sense. Well, anyone who regularly visits the studio where he works, cannot have failed to see the young comedian strutting around wearing an old, battered, high silk hat cocked on one side of his cranium. Always clowning, this kid! He has a number of things written on it—a la high-school Ford—but the hat is so old and war-scarred

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Portrait of a young man who has sprung a 'fast one' on himself. Eddie Quillan just discovered he can't hand himself a snappy come-back.



Portrait of RICHARD DIX by John Clark. Screenland Magazine insert. 6 April 1939



Photograph by Bob Roberts

*The Most Beautiful Still
of the Month*

From "TRADER HORN"

THE brooding beauty of Africa is in this natural 'set' from "Trader Horn." The tree in the foreground is the flat-topped thorn tree characteristic of the country. At the top, among the brambles, are small tender leaves on which the giraffes feed.



Russell Ball

MARGARET LIVINGSTON, the 'other woman' of many pictures, began her screen career in the serials. Now she is a lovely menace of the audibles, and doing very well.



Ruth Harriet Louise

MOVIE heroine, new style. Kay Johnson comes from the stage with a thrilling voice, consummate technique, and the charm of rich, rare personality. Now in "Mme. Satan."



Gene Robert Richee

A NEW portrait of William Powell—the suave, polished, perfect man of the world, on the screen and off. As detective or racketeer, he wins the sympathy of all, even censors.



Edwin Bower Hesser

MARIAN NIXON, now Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr., will be featured in some new films. From ingenue to real actress is little Marian's success story.



Bert Longworth

A NEW study of Louise Fazenda. We mean that Louise is studying her lines. If you think La Fazenda is never serious, just look at her now. Comedy is hard work.



Anton Bruehl

ANOTHER study. Zasu Pitts is deep in it. Audiences always sit up and take notice when Zasu strolls on the scene. This girl with the melancholy eyes and voice is a real artiste.



BROADWAY was never like this, is
girls now in Hollywood doing
Back on Broadway, they were just ballet
Pacific they're nymphs, mermaids,



the opinion of the Albertina Rasch ballet
special numbers for singing-dancing films.
dancers. Here in the blue waters of the
youth incarnate—and oh, what fun!



Elmer Fryer

HERE is H. B. Warner, one of the most interesting personages on the stage or screen, and one of the most versatile. 'Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief'—he portrays 'em all.



William E. Thomas

NO, this is not a costume picture; it's just the latest portrait of Helen Twelvetrees, one of the youngest, prettiest, blondest and most demure of the Hollywood actresses.



Ruth Harriet Louise

VILMA BANKY worked hard at her English so that she could hold her own in talkers. Now she makes her first all-audible film, "A Lady to Love," in two languages.



Ruth Harriet Louise

GIRLS in Hollywood and elsewhere are busy discussing Robert Montgomery. From Broadway, this young man is something new in screen idols. A gentleman, but oh, so interesting!



Elmer Fryer

A PERFECT example of one little hoofer who made good: Dorothy Mackaill, with a ready-made Follies figure, carved a career in Ziegfeld shows and danced to screen stardom.

De-Bunking DOROTHY

In Which the Real
Miss Mackaill is
Revealed

By Edward Harte

WHAT makes for popularity, anyway? How does the great big inarticulate public choose its white-haired boys and girls from out the throng ambling along into a comfortable, or perhaps uncomfortable, obscurity? What peculiar and distinguished qualities place the favored few in the reserved seats on top of the world while the others, the millions of others, are lucky to find standing room in the subway?

Does Ann Pennington really owe her fame to dimpled knees and twinkling feet? Not a bit of it. Does Will Rogers delight the multitudes because he is extraordinarily wise or excessively funny? Hardly. Does Marilyn Miller draw \$100,000 for a few weeks' work in making the picture "Sally" because she has a corner on dance steps? Not exactly. Is Rudy Vallee a notable singer? Well, you answer that one. In fact, you may answer all the other questions at the same time and with just one over-worked word. You've guessed it. Personality. Now let's forget it for a moment—personality, I mean.

Driving through the flowery dusk on the way to the Beverly Hills home of Dorothy Mackaill, whom I had not seen in five years, I thought of a quite different setting. It was January in Philadelphia, on a cold Sunday afternoon: The entire company of First National players, then working at the old Biograph studios in New York, had gone to Philadelphia the previous day to take part in a radio broadcast. There had been a series of parties and personal appearances in theaters and driving back to the hotel, Dorothy was tired. She curled up in a corner of the rear seat of the car, pushed her hat back at a careless angle and, regardless of the impression created on her fellow passengers, including three newspapermen, fell asleep.

I recalled the incident on this July evening, some five years later, because it had seemed indicative of a nature delightfully free from self-consciousness. In a profession where success depends upon making a favorable impression, Dorothy had dared to be natural.

I wondered if she would continue to be so after five years of Hollywood. Had she developed her own personality, or had she assumed a new one to fit into the colorful crazy-quilt of the Hollywood film colony? 'Going Hollywood,' as they call it, works strange transformations. Trying to become the sort of person that you think someone else thinks you should become may have peculiar results.



Elmer Fryer

Dorothy—devoid of pose or pretense; proving that a girl can be herself, even in Hollywood.

I found Dorothy more radiant, more keenly alive than she had been five years earlier. Her face, arms and neck were evenly tanned and tan is becoming to blondes. She appeared to be in superb physical condition and justified the assertion that she felt splendidly fit.

"Success agrees with you," I said. "Of course," she replied, "why wouldn't it?" and then added with clear directness, "now please don't write a bla-bla interview about me and my art. That sort of thing has been done so much it is the bunk. Let's be on the level."

"All right," I agreed. "After we've had a chat, I'll scoot back to the hotel and write a piece explaining the success of Dorothy Mackaill."

"That's okay with me," she answered. "Maybe I need explaining."

"Or better yet, let's write it here together," I suggested. "Lead me to a typewriter." Dorothy showed the way into the room set aside for her step-father, who is also her secretary, slipped a sheet of paper into the machine and settled herself in a chair beside me.

"We'll call it 'De-bunking Dorothy,'" she said.

"No, that's not the idea," I objected. "Here it is," and I typed:

"DOROTHY MACKAILL—REALIST"

"What do you mean—realist?" she interrupted as I went on typing:

"Just as Colleen Moore suggests a wide-eyed child looking at life through a window of her doll's house, and Corinne Griffith must always be the languid lady, impoverished perhaps, but still the

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Reviews of the



By *Delight Swann*



Greta Garbo and Marie Dressler in Garbo's first talker, "Anna Christie."



Anna Christie

HERE is one picture you will see no matter what I say about it. Who wants to miss Garbo's first talker—the first audible drama by the Swedish girl who has taken American audiences by storm? Greta, accent and all, speaks right up to the microphone. What is the result? Well, let's see. The vehicle is the grim, sordidly realistic play by Eugene O'Neill. It is not pretty. It is not glamorous. It gives the star no opportunity to wear the exotic clothes for which she is famous. In her rôle of the daughter of the coal-barge captain she appears first in a bedraggled suit, topped by a funny hat; then in an unbecoming slicker; and for the most part of the action, in an uncompromisingly everyday rough sweater and skirt. She is no lady of the fine world; she's a girl of the half world. And for the first time, we are permitted to pity the great Garbo. Always before we have been a little in awe of her beauty and mystery. Now she is a deserted child, a wronged girl, a pitiful woman. And I think you will take her to your hearts. Her voice is as unique as she is; the accent not as strong as you expect. She has mastered the new technique of the talkers to an amazing degree. Charles Bickford is very, very good as *Anna's* lover—rich brogue and all.



They don't laugh at the Barthelmess-Bennett love scenes in "Son of the Gods."



Son of the Gods

WHAT is it about Barthelmess? With audiences laughing at love scenes, Dick dares to offer pure, unadulterated romance in large doses in his latest picture. And not a laugh! The tender episodes between the star and Miss Constance Bennett are watched in respectful silence, broken only by a long-drawn sigh or two. It must be Dick's earnest, almost defiant sincerity. Who would dare to laugh at Barthelmess? Here he harks back a little to his "Broken Blossoms" mood. Again he plays an oriental in love with a beautiful occidental girl. Frank Lloyd has directed some really stirring scenes of the racial clash topped by a neat little lesson in brotherly love. One scene stands out as the most startling and unexpected of the month: that in which the girl, discovering the boy she loves is Chinese, strides in to their rendezvous in her smart riding clothes and slashes him with her whip. Again—no audience hysteria. Barthelmess and Lloyd have their own secret of showmanship. Barthelmess is restrained and dignified. And with a gallant gesture he turns over half the close-ups to Miss Bennett. What a glamorous girl! Next to Garbo I think she has more sheer witchery than any woman on the screen. And she is an actress as well.



Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper in the Barrie drama, "Seven Days Leave."



Seven Days Leave

I HOPE you like this picture. I hope you will go to see it and applaud it, and then tell your friends to go to see it, too. Films like "Seven Days Leave" deserve all the encouragement we can give them. They supply all the proof necessary that good things can come out of Hollywood and are coming as fast as the public will accept them. Don't forget the producers will make more artistic films as soon as you, the little old audience, will pay to see them. Here is Barrie, deliciously directed by Richard Wallace, a young poet in celluloid. All the Barrie whimsy and charm are present. If you aren't interested in Barrie, try Gary—I mean Mr. Cooper, whose first starring film this is. Paramount has done a rather brave thing in presenting its tall idol in a picture untainted by commercialism. And Gary justifies their faith in him by giving his first, as far as I'm concerned, real characterization. He is that long, lanky young Canadian in kilties; that boy of the Black Watch in the world war whose leave in London turns into such an amazing and touching adventure. Beryl Mercer's performance is exquisite. Please see this. As long as Paramount continues to produce Barrie's plays so beautifully there is nothing much the matter with the movies.

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects the
Six Most Important Films
of the Month



The Rogue Song

I GIVE you a new idol—Lawrence Tibbett. Although he comes straight from the Metropolitan Opera House, he inspires no awe. He's as hearty and human as our own boys. Bancroft is no more masculine. And his voice—ah, that voice! Rudy may croon, but Larry sings; and his magnificent baritone will sweep you away with him as he carries off his proud princess, Catherine Dale Owen, in this Lionel Barrymore fairy tale. "The Rogue Song" is Lawrence Tibbett. Nothing else matters. And that is fortunate; for the music, with the exception of the ancient and honorable *Melody of Love*, with new lyrics, is not noteworthy; and the direction is old-fashioned; and the sets—words fail me. With all nature at their door, these movie men have borrowed the painted scenery of the operetta stage. Why, in the name of Technicolor? The acquisition of Tibbett was a master-stroke. You have heard screen snatches of Martinelli and other operatic voices; but you are on good terms with Tibbett from the very first scenes of this operetta. And you like him more and more as he sings and swaggers his way through the florid piece. He is robust, with ingratiating blue eyes. For all its merits "The Rogue Song" fairly moans for the master hand of a director like Lubitsch.



Judith Vosselli, Catherine Dale Owen, Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue Song."



Hit the Deck

A H, there, Jack Oakie! If Greta Garbo hadn't beat you to it, you would have won SCREENLAND'S Honor Page this month. Sez you? Yes, sez me. Ladies first, Mr. Oakie. But you have only started. You're acting better and better, and first thing you know you'll walk right off with that page, Garbo or no Garbo. "Hit the Deck" is a swell musical show, a speedy screen version of the popular musical comedy with the same popular songs and a few new ones. The old tunes can stand repetition, particularly when Polly Walker sings them. This girl from the stage is sweet and sincere and she has a voice. She is an excellent foil for the brash and buoyant Oakie. This boy measures up to none of the standards for screen stardom; he isn't handsome; he hasn't much of a voice; his dancing is indifferent. But in the words of the old song, 'He's got that thing,' and that's all he needs. He sets a new style in screen love scenes. He walks in, drinks a cup of coffee, and walks out again. But he comes back—you knew he would. Somehow Mr. Oakie manages to invest the supposedly comic proceedings with a certain engaging reality. The *Hallelujah* number just misses being a big moment. The negro chorus was splendid—and then on came the dancing girls!



A scene from the musical "Hit the Deck" with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker.



Hell Harbor

D O you have that tired feeling? Do you wish you could get away from it all? Then see "Hell Harbor." It will fix you up. It will make you forget all the hours you have spent watching back-stage and court-room and flaming youth films. It's guaranteed to cure the worst case of extreme ennui brought on by an overdose of synchronized boom-boom. In other words, see it. Lupe Velez is the star. The leading man is John, once known as Clifford Holland, who in spite of or maybe because of a bored and lackadaisical technique in the amorous episodes steps right up with the important heroes from now on. There is no other director who can produce melodrama with the easy swing and casual cruelty of Henry King. Lovely belle of the Caribees whose rascally father wants to marry her to Jean Hersholt; young trader who arrives in nick of time and against his better judgment is involved in her family affairs. Somebody's sense of humor has saved the plot by writing in sophisticated dialogue in tense moments. When heroine tells hero he must save her from worse-than-death, he laughs: "Why, they don't do that sort of thing any more!" Just what we were thinking. Lupe is gorgeous—prettier than ever—a small sensation.



John Holland and the lovely Lupe Velez in "Hell Harbor," exciting melodrama.

Critical Comment



Behind the Makeup

PROVING that the old-fashioned movie is slowly but surely biting the dust. There's little of the ancient hokum about "Behind the Makeup." Not that it is a masterpiece, mind you; but it has intelligence, good taste, and absorbing characterization. Robert Milton has let us look into the lives of four people—an egotistical, fascinating Italian actor, a sweet and loyal woman, a faithful clown, and a real vamp—not one of your melodramatic hussies, but a cold-blooded enchantress superbly played, in the few scenes allotted her, by the elegant Kay Francis. The clown, Hal Skelly, loves the nice girl, Fay Wray; but the Italian, William Powell, woos and wins her. Enter the siren—and disaster. Powell's performance is masterly. "Behind the Makeup" is as smooth and mellow as an old novel or old wine—that is, as smooth as I understand old wine to have been.



Their Own Desire

NORMA SHEARER in a Joan Crawford rôle! How do you like her? Norma's latest part is no *Mary Dugan* or *Mrs. Cheyney* but it proves the Shearer versatility. She plays a 'modern girl' whose devotion to her father suffers a severe set-back when he leaves her mother for another woman. And when the 'only boy' turns out to be the son of the same 'other woman' Norma is in a movie heroine's quandary. But you know these modern maidens, or you should by this time. They fight through to happiness, no matter what happens; and plenty does in this picture, including a storm which casts up girl and boy on a deserted if not a desert island. Norma's *Ophelia* scene proves once more that this Shearer girl is a grand actress with great tragic potentialities. Robert Montgomery is just about the nicest 'only boy' in talking pictures. He is always believable.



Little Johnny Jones

MEET Eddie Buzzell in "Little Johnny Jones." I know you're going to like him. While the director hasn't given this pint-sized comedian the opportunities he has had in his stage vehicles, just to have Eddie with us on the screen is something. His performance of the little jockey in the old George M. Cohan classic is splendid, and he gives us at least one poignant emotional scene which is worthy of Chaplin. If you like horse races—as who doesn't—there are plenty of thrills for you. Father and mother will enjoy hearing Eddie sing those old-timers, *Give My Regards to Broadway* and *I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy*. The ladies in the case are Alice Day and Edna Murphy, and I'll let you figure out which one of them is out for no good. But the picture is entirely Mr. Buzzell's. Welcome to our celluloid, Eddie!



Glorifying the American Girl

AS far as I'm concerned all that this picture glorifies is Mr. Eddie Cantor. Not since Chaplin's palmiest pictures has a comedian done such things to me. And I wasn't the only one rolling in the aisles. That audience took a new lease on life when the fresh little fellow walked into the tailor shop and began his forcible selling. The Cantor comedy runs only a reel or so but it's the funniest thing the talkies have produced. The action and dialogue never lag for an instant; it's fast and furious fun. Mary Eaton is the star of the feature picture with its Ziegfeldian trimmings which relates the progress of a pretty blonde from music counter to Broadway bright lights. Helen Morgan and Rudy Vallee, whose voices are their fortunes, appear in the revue. But Cantor's sketch puts the picture over for me. More, more!

on Current Films



Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson

TRAVEL pictures have kept up with the times. You might think the talkies would scare them, but our intrepid explorers are right on the job as usual. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson can talk as well as they can shoot, and do, too. Their first sound film records their latest exploring adventures, introduces the three Boy Scouts who accompanied them on part of the journey; and includes those hair-raising cannibal close-ups you may have seen before in other Johnson epics. Cannibal conversation is not recorded. You can't carry sound equipment into the jungles. But Mr. Johnson's reassuring voice explains the pictures in informal style as they unreel and Osa, the little woman, contributes her very feminine comments. The Scouts are potential leading men and Hollywood will get them one of these days if they don't watch out.



New York Nights

I WAS so glad to see Norma Talmadge on the screen again I'm afraid I can't be too critical of her come-back vehicle. The first Talmadge talker isn't remarkable, but the re-appearance of the star is such good news it disarms analysis. Norma's voice is reassuring. You will like it immensely; it enhances her personality. "New York Nights" as you may have guessed is another back-stage story but don't let that worry you too much. It is more human than most, concerning itself in believable fashion with a song-writer whose lovely wife sticks to him through thick and thin—and sometimes his behavior is very thick indeed. The wife is pursued by a rich rogue but persists in her devotion to the irresponsible boy of tin-pin alley. Miss Talmadge's position on the talking screen is secure. Gilbert Roland is good in a mean rôle.



Navy Blues

I'M all worn out crying for bigger and better stories for William Haines. And this isn't one. So what I can do except tell you that if you are a Haines fan you'll probably weaken and like "Navy Blues" anyway; and if you aren't it doesn't matter. This film is as fresh as a sea-going gob looks. Bill plays a sailor in port on leave who meets Anita Page. No, you're wrong. She falls for him. And she leaves her happy home only to learn that he doesn't take her as seriously as he should. That's a situation for you—the trouble is, this is a Haines comedy; and wise-cracks and heavy drama don't mix. Clarence Brown, one of our best directors, isn't as versatile as all that. Just to relieve your minds, there's a happy ending. But if you don't like "Navy Blues" don't blame the hard-working star or his luscious leading lady.



Men Without Women

HERE is that picture you have been looking for—a 'drama that's different.' It's enacted by an all-male cast; not a skirt of any length listed. And it writes a new definition of that good old adjective 'gripping.' John Ford has directed with understanding and irony this suspenseful story of fourteen men trapped in a stalled submarine at the bottom of the sea. Believing they have only a few hours to live the crew reveal their hearts and souls. Here is real drama, daring, powerful. It holds undivided audience attention in a single setting for an hour. "Men Without Women"—with apologies to Ernest Hemingway who first thought of the title—should not be missed. The acting is superb, with Kenneth McKenna walking off with first honors and Frank Albertson a close second. A great big bouquet for John Ford.

REVUETTES *of*



Lilies of the Field

Corinne, how could you? This picture is far from worthy of an orchid lady's talents. It's a slow-moving talking version of the more or less familiar stage play and will do little to enhance the star's reputation. Corinne Griffith's delicate beauty and dramatic reticence are out of place in this tawdry tale. An effort to make the star just one of the girls never quite comes off. She remains as aloof as ever. As the wronged wife who turns show girl when her child is taken from her she gives a sincere performance but it isn't a Griffith rôle. Corinne dancing on a table at a wild party, or as the figurine in a mechanical ballet, is a waste of Corinne. An exquisite jewel deserves a Cartier setting. This certainly isn't one. Better luck next time.



It's a Great Life

Oh, it is, is it? Yes; say the Duncan Sisters. Well, maybe they never saw "Broadway Melody." Back-stage life with its joys and sorrows was all right then, but I'm a little fed up with it by this time. No fault of the lively hard-working Duncans or the personable Larry Gray. They do their best vocally and comically, and that's pretty good.



The Locked Door

Howdy, old-timer! Seems incredible that anyone could take seriously the old plot of the pretty wife who doesn't tell her husband—and then she is mixed up in a near-murder and he finds out. And after all, there was nothing to tell. Barbara Stanwyck, pretty and well-behaved, deserves a far, far better chance. As for Rod La Rocque, he is badly cast.



The Night Ride

If you can believe Joseph Schildkraut in the rôle of a breezy reporter involved in melodramatic underworld doings, you can believe anything. Somehow he doesn't look comfortable in such sordid surroundings. The handsome Joseph and pretty Barbara Kent are overshadowed by the performance of Edward G. Robinson as a racketeer—here is real acting.



Spring

Two reels of the most delicious nonsense ever concocted. Just a series of synchronized animated cartoons by Walt Disney, but what cartoons! All of nature's wild flowers and birdies and froggies and buggies indulge in hilarious dances to celebrate the vernal season. I've heard this short subject receive more applause than the feature. You'll love it.

OTHER PICTURES

The Bishop Murder Case

Here is your old friend, *Philo Vance*, again—but how he has changed! You'd never know him for the same sleuth—and indeed, he isn't. Formerly played by William Powell, his present portrayer is none other than the suave Basil Rathbone. I like both actors so I can't complain. Either one is perfectly all right with me. This S. S. Van Dine murder mystery has been produced in first-rate style. In fact, I can think of few other mystery dramas in which the identity of the murderer is so skillfully concealed until just the right moment for revelation. Rathbone is surrounded by such charming players as Leila Hyams and Roland Young. I can't help wishing that Mr. Young will have a real chance to click on the screen. He is really a rare comedian.



The Lone Star Ranger

For lovers of Zane Grey's western novels, this screen version of his popular book should satisfy. There is gorgeous scenery of the Rainbow Arch country of Utah, shot on the spot; plenty of authentic action; stalwart George O'Brien; and pretty Sue Carol as the young eastern girl who comes west and finds love, adventure, and complications. A good western.



The Aviator

Edward Everett Horton has fallen heir to the imposter rôles Douglas MacLean used to do. Here Eddie plays a chap not at all aerial-minded who is forced by circumstances to take the air. Amusing in spots; and there is always Patsy Ruth Miller to enliven the proceedings. But why doesn't some smart director give Patsy a real chance to show what she can do?



Up the Congo

Grace Flandrau, the writer, and Alice O'Brien, the explorer, know their Africa. This travelogue is an interesting visual record of native life and dances and wild animals at play and bay. A talking reporter lectures as the film unfolds. Of absorbing interest to those who go in for cannibals and things like that, but not of sensational appeal.



Sugar-Plum Papa

Andy Clyde plays Sugar-Plum Papa—you're laughing already—wait, Daphne Pollard plays his social climbing wife and Harry Gribbon, their son. Harry is the fall guy; Mama wants him to marry the not-so-pretty Princess. But Harry has already set his heart on marrying Marjorie Beebe, the maid. After a theme song, many laughs and complications all ends well.

Have You a

Charm is a Decided Asset Today
and Its Upkeep Should Be Care-
fully Provided For



Mary Brian demonstrates correct methods of eye massage. This is one of the things that should be done every day for beauty's sake.

minute of her day. She arose at a certain hour, allowed herself so many minutes to bathe and dress, so many minutes for breakfast, for bed-making, for dusting, and so on through the day. I never knew a woman who accomplished more—but I always wondered how she managed when a neighbor dropped in or the telephone rang

unexpectedly or her husband came home half an hour early or an hour and a half late.

System is good, efficiency is splendid. A time for everything, yes. But oh, let's make it a bit elastic lest we lose out on a lot of things we ought to know and do and have.

This is what I would suggest if I had my way about it. To the housewife I would say: "Broil the chops, dust the rooms, but save some time for beauty." And to the professional and business girl I would say: "Paint a picture, write a book, perfect yourself in the art of being the best secretary in the world, but set aside some time,

ABUDGET for beauty? Why not? We budget everything else or if we don't, we should, according to the efficiency experts. So much for food, shelter, clothes, car fares, recreation and extras. Then we borrow from food to buy clothes and from clothes to buy a bargain in chintz and from recreation to get a marcel we didn't expect to have or a new shade of powder we want to try out! At least we do if we're that kind of person, and most of us are. And we never are quite able to keep ourselves supplied with the necessary aids to beauty.

So, I repeat, why not a beauty budget? So much for beauty. After all, beauty, charm, personality, whatever we call it, is an important phase of our existence and the necessary expense attending it should be as carefully provided for as any other.

Not only should we have the necessary aids to beauty—we should have time for beauty, too. That's what I mean by beauty budget. I don't mean an inelastic, strict routine that you can't get away from. System is good but it may be carried so far that it becomes tyranny.

I once knew a young housewife who budgeted every



Studio and location work are hard on the hands. Mary uses a good oil on the nails to keep them from becoming brittle.



Alice White inventories the stock of beauty the mirror. She may find that her beauty evident there's nothing

Beauty Budget?

By
Anne Van Alstyne

every day, for beauty."

The modern girl doesn't sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam. Whether she has to or not, she works at something. She's in business or the professions or she does club or philanthropic work or goes in for athletics. No matter what she does, good grooming is important.

When, a few years ago, a few brave souls turned from school-teaching to learn typewriting, they did not realize that well-kept hair and hands and skin had anything to do with attaining success in the new world into which they had ventured. They wore white tailored waists with decent black skirts which came well down to the ankles. Powder and paint were not used, at least by 'nice' girls. If a girl starting out on a career of her own had taken the pains to make herself as charming as the average business girl does today she would have been set down as—well, whatever they called a vamp in those days.

Today, charm is a decided asset in the world of business

After a long day at the studio beneath strong lights, Mary Brian gives her eyes a rest treatment. Rested eyes are clear, beautiful eyes.



and of careers. Not mere surface beauty, but the vital, radiant beauty that has its beginning deep down within us where things are real, and shining like a white flame through a well-ordered, contented mind and a beautiful body has its perfect fruition in the face of its owner. And this beauty supplemented by exquisite care, grace of manner, charm of voice and keen intelligence will make for her advancement in any line of work.

Whether she works for money, for fun or for the good she may do, time is a precious consideration in the life of the modern girl. All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl; it detracts from her efficiency and also from her charm. How to be efficient, healthy and charming—that is the problem.

There are twenty-four hours in the day, so let's get at the problem by dividing the day into thirds. Eight hours for serious purpose, eight hours for sleep, eight hours for rest and recreation.

Since sleep is essential to good health and to beauty, we can't steal that time for beautifying, and we can't steal from our working hours. So let's take it from our play—
(Cont. on page 108)



aids on her dressing table and herself in supplies need replenishing but it's quite wrong with Alice herself.



Billie Dove, one of the most charming and exquisitely groomed girls in pictures, adds a few finishing touches to her manicure.



The vivacious Lily Damita, now in a Broadway musical show, will be back in pictures soon.



Right: Derek Williams, who plays one of the three leads in "Journey's End," is slated for the screen.



Below: Oscar Straus, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier," arrives to write music for movie operettas.



IN NEW

Stars Who Bask in Broadway's Bright Lights

double shift: studying in the day time, playing at night. It was a marvelous experience."

Derek's aristocratic English background, his slim, good looks, with wavy brown hair, perky nose and clear eyes, make him a good bet for talking pictures.

Williams had been playing in London but a short time before he was given one of the leads in the English company of "Journey's End," and later was brought to America where he has been enjoying the sights and sounds of Broadway.

Several moving picture companies have tried to procure the services of Derek. For, in addition to his decided dramatic ability, he is the fortunate possessor of a pleasant singing voice of tenor range, with a fine deep baritone quality. Williams expects to work for Oscar Hammerstein in a musical talker if Gilbert Miller, the well-known theatrical producer, will release him from his stage contract.

This sound film of Oscar Hammerstein's will bring back to the screen one of our old time and well-loved favorites, Dorothy Dalton, Mrs. Hammerstein in private life. Dorothy is still very pretty, still has her dimples and charming smile. So with such an unusual Anglo-American alliance, we have something new to look forward to in the way of singing pictures.

* * *

"'Oh, Hymie, Nils Asther and I are engaged!'

"That's the way Jakie broke the news to me. I was going over some songs when she rushed in and sprung it on me. I was so surprised all I could say was: 'Gee, that's great. Here, tell me—what key shall we sing this song in?'

"I COULDN'T play around all day shooting pheasants—or golf—with nothing real to do," said Derek Williams, the twenty-two year old nephew of the Marquis of Queensbury. Williams is the youngest of the three leads in the New York stage production of "Journey's End," the most popular of all war plays.

"After I finished public school, Winchester," Williams continued, "I persuaded my people to let me go up to London to study for the stage at the Royal Academy. Here I was extraordinarily lucky, for while I was studying, I got my first job on the stage. So I worked in a



Fairchild Aerial Surveys Inc., N. Y. C.

YORK

By Anne Bye

"Jakie looked at me a little sadly: 'Aren't you glad, Hymie? I'm so happy.'

"'Sure, I'm glad,' I answered, 'but here, tell me what key shall we sing this song in?'"

Of course, you know that Hymie and Jakie are the nicknames of the famous sister team, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan.

Hymie (Rosetta), the older and cleverer, has always looked after Jakie (Vivian), the younger and prettier, since their mother died when they were young children playing marbles on the steps of the Los Angeles kindergarten. For years, the Duncans have toured this country and Europe, during which time Hymie has always been the leader, the business manager, and the one to whom Jakie brought all her troubles and joys. And that's no stage fiction, either. The love between these two sisters is something rare and beautiful.

"I want Jakie to be happily married," Hymie continued, "I want it more than anything else in the world. But when she sprung it on me sudden like that, I had to be banal or I would have wept on the spot.

"Any girl who has had a sister to whom she was really close will understand. I felt like I was losing my right hand or a piece of my heart. But I'm used to the idea now. We'll both keep on in our work, just as we are now. And I'm sure we'll be all the happier for this change."

The romance of Jakie and Nils has endured a long time. When Nils first came to America, he played with Jakie and Hymie in "Topsy and Eva." On location they fell



Evelyn Laye, star of "Bitter Sweet," the Noel Coward operetta, is the theatrical toast of the town.



Left: Hymie and Jakie—in other words, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, in town for a vacation.

Below: lovely Claudette Colbert, who plays with Chevalier in "The Big Pond," is teaching him slang.



in love. And it was here that Jakie taught Nils the English alphabet. But soon Nils went back to Sweden. He couldn't write to Jakie in English, and she couldn't write to him in Swedish—or Esperanto—so the romance waned.

However, true love being what it is in story books and on the stage and screen, the lovers have been re-united. Miss Duncan seems thrillingly and unsophisticatedly happy. She is sure a greater actor never lived than her Nils. She admires his dark handsomeness, his sense of humor, his dramatic ability—oh, just every- (Continued on page 107)

Come to a Barbecue

Hollywood Girls May Be Good Cooks, but Ken Maynard Says the Boys Aren't So Bad, Either

WHEN Hollywood tires of the formal there are always the great open spaces to draw famous picture stars back to nature. That they don't object to being 'drawn' was proven recently when Ken Maynard gave a chuck wagon dinner at the 'Happy Valley Ranch.'

It also proves that a man can get up just as good a meal as a woman can and not only 'get it up' but cook and serve it and do it exceptionally well. Despite the fact that men are accused of being in a rut when it comes to eating, a man-planned meal doesn't lack variety; and if it does, it makes it up in quality.

It's true that most men's favorite dishes are ham and eggs, beans, steak, roast beef, cheese and pie. Try to take one of these established favorites away from him and he's as lost as when you try to take an old hat away that he's grown used to. Place before him a delicious and optically pleasing new pudding that you've put time and thought into the making of and he's more than



An open-air cafeteria. Line forms to the right, free from all culinary duties for

KEN MAYNARD'S

Home-Made Ice Cream

Beat the yolks of four eggs thoroughly, add a cup and a half of sugar and two pints of sweet cream; or one pint of cream may be used and one of rich milk. Put in double boiler and cook about four minutes. Fold in the beaten whites of four eggs. Let cool, add one teaspoonful of vanilla or any preferred flavoring. Let mixture become thoroughly cool, then freeze in an old-fashioned freezer.

likely to look at it dubiously and say, "Isn't there a piece of that apple pie left over from last night?" But even though men do stick to the old dishes, no one can deny that when they cook a meal they do it well, as all those who were fortunate enough to be included in Ken Maynard's party will testify.

Major W. T. Hanford and E. Avery McCarthy were co-hosts with Ken. Mrs. Avery assisted in receiving the guests, sixty-five in number. These included Bebe Daniels, Mrs. Kenneth Maynard, Grace Norton, Virginia Lee, Mrs. Stuart Holmes, and Mrs. Robert Armstrong. Among the men present were Ben Lyon, Lew Cody, Al Rogell, Charles Christie, Gus Edwards, S. W. Strauss, Claude King, George Gros-smith, Sam Hardy, James Crawford, William David-son, Robert Armstrong, Al Christie, Alan Hale, Laurence Grant, Vivian Guy, Reginald Denny, David Torrence, and George Barraud.

The menu was barbecued steaks, ranch fried pota-



Ken Maynard, the perfect host and cook, dishes up. Can't you smell those savory beans and sizzling steaks? Ho, hum, for a barbecue party!

with Ken Maynard

By
Emily Kirk



or is it the left? Anyway, Mrs. Ken Maynard, this one day, is having a good time.

FAVORITE RECIPES

Apple Pie

To two cups of flour use one-half cup shortening. Work to a paste, adding enough water to hold together. Roll out, line pan with dough, and slice apples into pan until filled. Add one cup of sugar, more if apples are very sour. Place dabs of butter over fruit, sprinkle with nutmeg and flour. Put top crust over, punch tiny holes in top and bake about forty-five minutes.

toes, baked beans flavored with onion and garlic, lettuce salad, home-made ice cream, and apple pie. A regular man's meal? Yes. But there were ladies present, remember, and if you think they didn't appreciate it, just ask them.

The barbecue took place near a spring of cool water. Long tables were arranged for the guests with tin plates and cups, kitchen knives, forks and spoons and paper napkins. Pitchers of milk were placed at intervals. The sizzling steaks over the coals whetted the appetite while the table was being set, also during the meal giving promise of 'more.' The food in covered dishes was placed on a long table near the fire and each guest took his plate and helped himself.

To barbecue a steak a wood fire is allowed to burn low and form a huge bed of coals. Iron grates are then placed over it and the steaks, well seasoned, are laid on the grates. When the steaks begin to brown they are turned with long forks to the other side,

and this portion is allowed to cook. After turning two or three times the steaks are pronounced done. Generous dabs of butter are rubbed on the steaks and allowed to melt while being served.

With the steaks were served fried potatoes such as those of us who grew up on farms throughout the United States know well—the kind that one can consume unlimited quantities of, particularly in the open air. They are simply potatoes peeled, sliced and put in frying pans with hot fat, then salted and peppered and allowed to cook until done, turning from time to time to allow all the potatoes to brown. An onion cut in bits and fried with the potatoes adds flavor and zest.

While the meal was in progress a cowboy band played fiddles, banjos—all the instruments this same band plays while Ken is making pictures. During the meal Bebe Daniels stopped the show at one point because one fiddler stopped playing to watch Bebe go back for a second plate of beans.

(Continued on page 121)



Bebe is telling Ben she wishes he would learn to cook as well as Ken. Bebe stopped the band during dinner by going back for a second helping of beans.

The STAGE

New Plays which May
be Fitting Vehicles for
the Screen

By
*Benjamin
De Casseres*



Jack Donahue and petite Lily Damita. What Jack and his pals do as "Sons o' Guns" will amuse you mightily.

"Sons o' Guns"

"SONS O' GUNS," with wild and woolly Jack Donahue and the petite and libido-inspiring Lily Damita, produced by arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn, is likely to play to S.R.O. for many months. And then you'll see it as a talkie-singie. It's about how Jack was a society golf-player when the war broke out. Being shamed into it, he became one of the sons o' guns during the summer when many of his friends remained at home in bathing suits having a good time. What Jack and his pals did Over There will never be found in any war-book; but will amuse you mightily. The music will never cause even the ghost of Victor Herbert to stir with envy.

"The First Mrs. Fraser"

"The First Mrs. Fraser" is by St. John Ervine. But I want to talk about Grace George because I did not remember much about the play when I left the theater, but

I was chock-a-block with delightful memories of Grace George, both as woman and actress.

If there is a finer, more finished, more artistic, more intelligent portrayal of a female character on Broadway at the present time—or at any recent time—than Grace George as *Janet Fraser*, the widow of a Scotchman, the mother of two ridiculous sons (*Ninian* and *Murdo* by name, so help me Ervine!), and who is besieged by her first husband and yet another fellow (played inimitably by Lawrence Grossmith)—if, I say, there is an actress on the American stage today who can for one moment compare with Grace George in convincing simplicity, the art of motionless suggestion and subtly nuanced word-values, I would not be overjoyed in having some one prove it to me by naming her.

Grace George is a superb artist without artifice or theatricality. When you leave "*The First Mrs. Fraser*" (an entertaining trifle—nothing more—as a play) it is Grace George that walks home with you. A. E. Matthews was comic and self-conscious as *James Fraser*, the burry



From "Waterloo Bridge." Glenn Hunter as the soldier boy, and June Walker as the girl of Waterloo bridge give superb performances.

in REVIEW

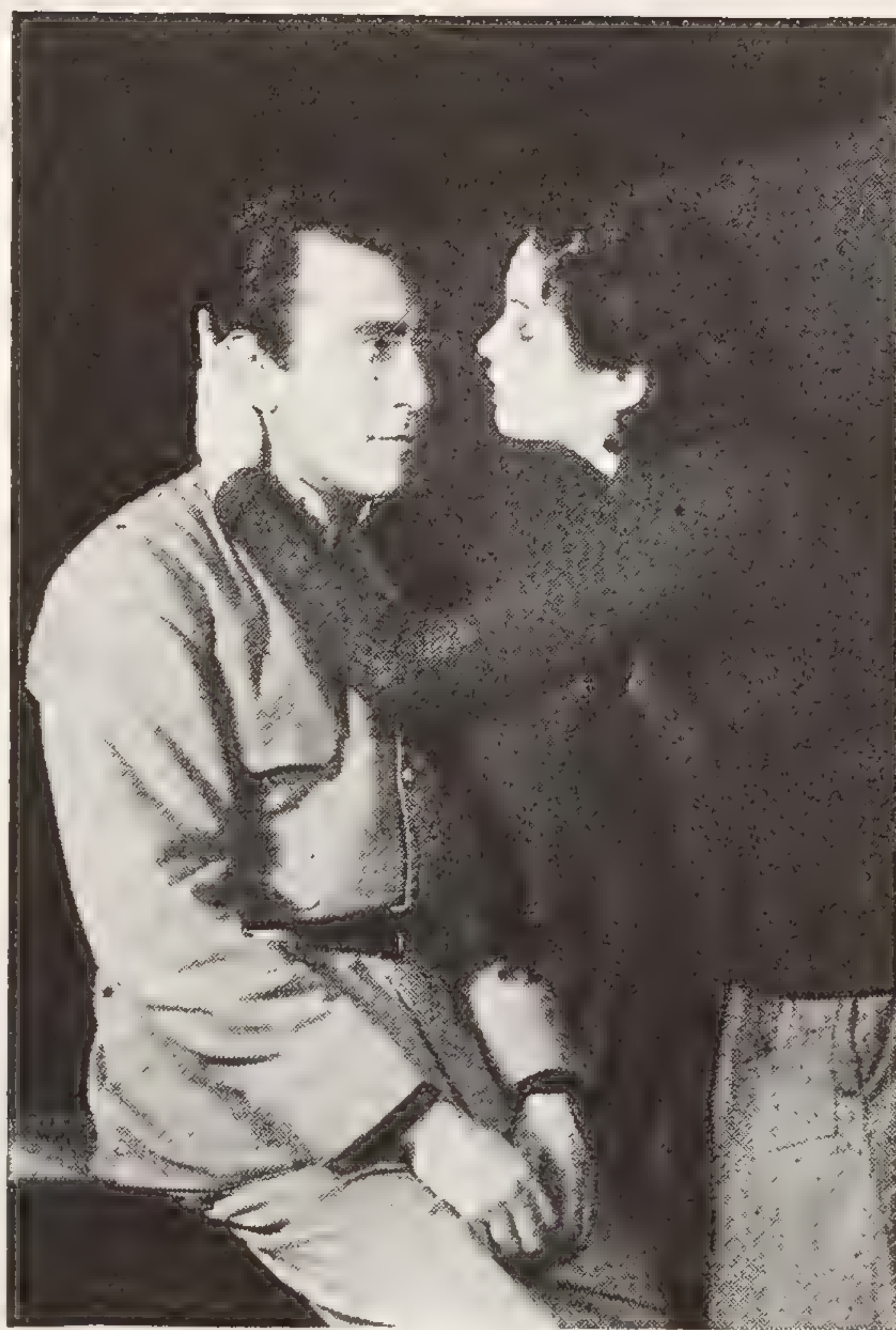
Scotchman. But Ninian and Murdo—I had no idea that Mr. Ervine was so subtle!

"Red Rust"

"Red Rust," which the Theater Guild studio (the Lunts, Digges, Westleys and Fontannes in the egg) put on as an experiment to show the world (that is, New York) what they were doing among the kids, was the surprise of the season. It made a hit.

And that is not the only surprising thing about this fascinating drama of Red Russia. "Red Rust" is Russia laughing at itself, kidding itself, pointing out to the world its disillusion after ten years of as insane an experiment as was ever attempted this side of the moon. That was, to me, the biggest surprise of all. "Red Rust" was written by two Russians and has been done in Moscow without being suppressed—which shows that toleration and civilization may be possible among these most fanatical and diabolical of peoples, an introverted race of cosmical bellyachers.

On a background of Lenin's



Herbert J. Biberman and Gale Sondergaard in a scene from "Red Rust," a fascinating drama of old Russia. A Theater Guild play.

tomb and the Kremlin we are shown in many scenes the pure Babbitttry of Bolshevism: we have free-love Babbitts, anarchistic Babbitts, idealistic Babbitts, Marxian Babbitts, nihilistic Babbitts and, above all, the splendid figure of the hero, *Terekhine* (played finely by Herbert J. Biberman), who preys on women, deserts his wife, kills his sweetheart, cringes before punishment, loves life and spouts platitudinous rubbish just exactly like any capitalistic bunk-bawler.

"Red Rust" is a complete exposé of the Lenin hokum, and as such is a blessing to those who believe, like myself, in the capitalistic organization of society. And I salute the two Russians who wrote it—also the Guild and the splendid cast that interprets.

"Children of Darkness"

"Children of Darkness," by Edwin Justus Mayer, is the most finely written play of the season—a literary gem, a carefully thought-out, perfectly wrought sardonic comedy built around as fine a collection of gentlemen as ever slit a throat, (Continued on page 128)



"The First Mrs. Fraser": Grace George, with Carol Goodner, the 'second.' A splendid vehicle for the inimitable Miss George.



Philip Merivale and Rose Hobart in a scene from "Death Takes a Holiday." A fine play and one you will not soon forget.



Basil Sydney in "Children of Darkness" with beautiful Mary Ellis who gives the most convincing performance of her career.



News And Gossip Straight
from the Studios

*We have been heels over
head about Nancy Car-
roll for some time, but
it's news that she is that
way about us.*

from
Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD was thrilled to hear that Charlie Chaplin and Lon Chaney would at last break their silence and emerge in talking pictures. It is true about Lon. His new contract calls for one talker and he has decided to take the plunge. His first will be "The Unholy Three," according to present plans, and will go speedily into production. He starred in the silent version two years ago. But Charlie spent some time framing up his denial of the report and many dollars on cable and telegraph money to flash that denial over the world. Charlie declares that he has built up his reputation on pantomime and that talking pictures would utterly destroy the illusion he has so carefully created. Charlie isn't ready to give in yet, and it is a question whether he ever will.

* * *

Russell Gleason, son of that famous pair, Jimmy and Lucille, is coming right along on his own. He is playing Muller in "All's Quiet on the Western Front," in which Lew Ayres plays the juvenile lead and Louis Wolheim runs true to form. The company is on location at Balboa and army regulations and rules are in force. It is just like a real camp. "I suppose," said young Russell, "that they will give the story a happy ending and have Germany win the war."

* * *

"Garbo Talks!" We've noticed the M-G-M publicity

department working themselves up to this sensational line, all that appears on the twenty-four-sheet billboards out here, for some months. We'll wager if the public were asked they wouldn't know whether they cared if Garbo talked or not. They'd go to see her anyway. But by the time they read about *how* she talks and *why* she talks and all the rest of it they won't be able to get a good night's sleep until they hear for themselves. And Greta makes good in a big way.

What a curious combination she is. She is turning out to be a real artist. Her word is law at the studio in which she works. Everyone takes her seriously. Yet she trembles like a child lost in the dark at the mere thought of meeting a stranger. The other day while taking a walk on a very quiet street, all dolled up in goggles and flat-heeled shoes, someone recognized her and said, "Why, that's Greta Garbo!" She almost broke into a run to escape the possible gathering of a crowd from neighboring houses.

* * *

When Herbert Brenon directed a picture in which Richard Dix and Betty Compson appeared some visitors came on the set. This upsets Mr. Brenon unless he knows who they are and why they are there, but this time he felt in a jovial mood and decided to give them something to talk about. "Now, Betty," he said, "please give me expression twenty-five in this, and Richard, I want thirty-four from you. No, that's twenty-one, Betty. I want twenty-five.



Olive Borden demonstrates signals in the sound studios. "Cut: meaning sufficient take, or stop," says Olive, looking very lovely and efficient.

That's fine, Richard—well, it might be a more definite thirty-four—yes—that's fine!"

"Isn't that wonderful?" whispered one lady to another while the actors restrained their mirth with difficulty, "he directs by numbers!"

We must have our little jokes out here.

* * *

Nils Asther, who started with such promise, will finish his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the conclusion of his present picture "The Sea Bat," and it will not be renewed. Mr. Asther speaks with an accent and Metro thinks it has enough to worry about without taking on the responsibilities of a foreign accent. So here's a good bet for another company. Nils is a fine actor and he is charming, too.

* * *

A few people on the Metro lot were struck dumb to see Gloria Swanson pay a visit to Mr. Cecil B. De Mille! Now you boys and girls who are bright at putting two and two together—what do you make of that? We never were much good at arithmetic ourselves but it looks as though it might add up to 'picture' to us. Maybe Gloria thinks Mr. De Mille can help her with "Queen Kelly," or maybe her erstwhile director has an idea for a picture in which she will star. Anyhow, something's in the wind or Gloria would never have made that visit.

* * *

Over on Paramount's stage three, Mary Brian and

Richard Arlen are making love to each other again in "The Light of Western Stars," by Zane Grey.

"You should see the way we played our first scene together," Mary laughed.

"The script called for us to walk on the set slowly, hand in hand," Dick went on. "I grabbed Mary's wrist and off we went. 'Say, where's the fire?' our director shouted. You feel awfully self-conscious when you first do love scenes on the screen. When a girl twines her arms around you and you grip her in a bear-like hug you think desperately to yourself, 'Well, I suppose it's all right but it sure looks funny.'"

Dick tells a story about the team work he and Mary have been doing on so many pictures. In "The Virginian" Mary was supposed to be in love with Gary Cooper. During one of the love scenes Dick noticed that she kept looking over at him between scenes and later said to him, "Dick, do you know I feel as though I had been cheating a little!"

* * *

Clara Bow started off on her vacation to New York behaving rather like an ostrich. She put on big goggles thinking they covered everything. But there was the wild red hair curling in a million ringlets; there were the cute socks and bare legs; the hat with the funny feather; a baby doll tucked under one arm and—well, just nobody who had his sight would think it was anyone but Clara,



Olive continues demonstration: "Interlock: start camera motor and sound recording motor at same speed," she commands. Below are more signals.



Turn 'em over: start motors.

N. G.: Kill—do not print.

Out: no good—applies to sound or camera.

Fine: director says scene is O. K.

Cut: sufficient take. Stop.



Jean Bary is blissfully unaware of Frank Fay's admiring glances. Both play in "Bright Lights."

even though she did push through the mob declaring that "she didn't even know who Clara Bow was!"

Repeated rumors that Clara was through at Paramount are denied vehemently by that firm. Box-office returns still show that Clara leads in popularity. And box-office talks with any producer. Clara made up her mind to two things; she was going to get thin and she was going to take a real vacation. The first of these she has achieved. She weighs 120 pounds. And now comes the vacation. She is going to wave to the tall buildings in New York and then hurry back for her next picture which is already in



A few million dollars worth of talent: conductor Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld; producer Arthur Hammerstein; director Paul Stein; composer Rudolph Friml and Lois Moran.

preparation by the scenario department.

* * *

Famous line, Number 36:

"What are you doing now, Fred?"

"We are preparing to start preparations to shoot," responded Fred Niblo.

* * *

"If you want to get into a studio and have no entrée," Bernard Granville, who had been here three days, advised a friend who had been here two days, "just walk briskly through the gate and if the guard stops you, say 'Technicolor' and keep right on walking!"

* * *

Nancy Carroll wants SCREENLAND readers to know that the reason she couldn't come across with her copy this month is because she went to Honolulu on a vacation. She can't rest in Hollywood so she and her husband, Jack Kirkland, stepped on a boat and sailed away. She'll be back soon to play in "The Devil's Holiday." Phillips Holmes will play opposite her. Poor Phillips is another victim of the dyed hair craze now flooding Hollywood. He has to play a Kansas farmer. Well, that's what we were told when we asked how come. And who are we to question? We only stopped in Kansas a week.

* * *

Gary Cooper just bought a new dude ranch in Kingman, Arizona, which his father will manage for him. He is going to import a lot of buffalo from Montana which will not be for game. There are a terrible lot of acres on it—just how many we have forgotten. But having this ranch



After a year's absence Milton Sills returns to the screen in "A Very Practical Joke." His wife, Doris Kenyon, sings and talks in "Strictly Business."

has been an ambition of Gary's for a long time and he can't help looking pleased about it.

* * *

All the old timers were lined up on the Metro stage one day during the taking of their picture by the same name: De Wolfe Hopper, Weber and Fields, William Collier, Fay Templeton and the rest. Polly Moran walked up and down looking at them critically, then went over and tapping Harry Rapf on the shoulder said anxiously: "Harry, you'll have to shoot this picture soon!" Why, Miss Moran!

For the first time in a good many years Cecil B. De Mille is making a picture without Peverel Marley as cameraman. The reason is a good one. Pev has turned actor. He is in vaudeville with his wife, Lina Basquette, as her dancing partner.

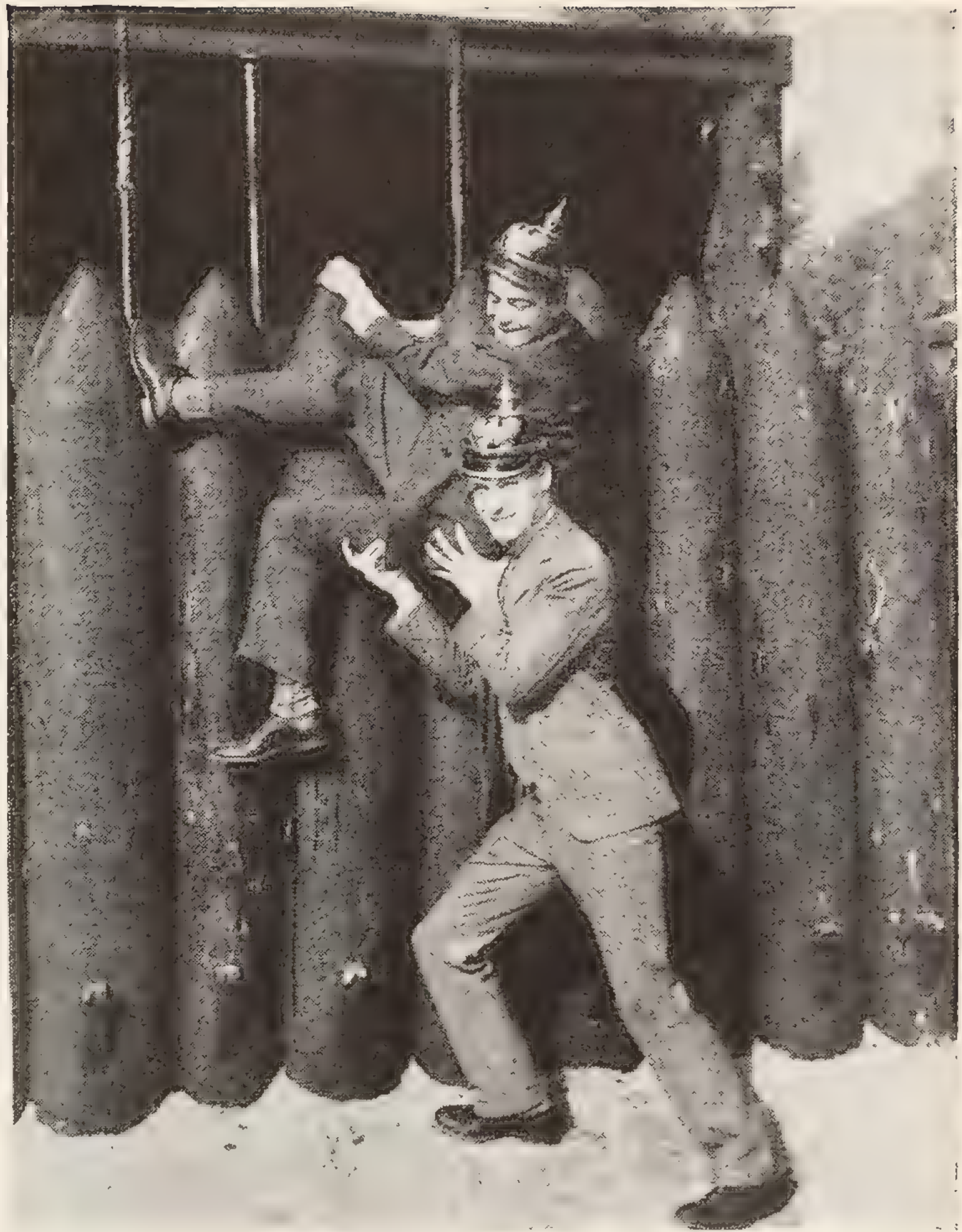
* * *

What a surprise Reginald Denny sprang on everyone. Few people knew that Reg has a voice, but not much escapes the watchful eye of Cecil De Mille in the way of talent. It seems that Reg sang *Prince Danilo* in "The Merry Widow" in London and was featured in "The Pirates of Penzance" and "The Mikado." Also, he was a familiar figure on the Winter Garden stage. Knowing all this, Mr. De Mille engaged him to play the leading male rôle in "Madam Satan," which will not be exactly a musical comedy but rather a comedy with music.

* * *

Just when we were expecting something exciting to be announced about June Collyer and Buddy Rogers he starts going around with Claire Windsor again!

Buddy and his family, meaning his mother and father, took John Craig Hammond's house in Beverly for a few months. They likewise inherited Mr. Hammond's two prized Filipino servants, Edicio and his brother. About the fourth morning, a Sunday, Edicio didn't show up for breakfast although it was nearly eleven. Mr. Rogers went to the garage over which the boys have their rooms and called. No answer. He went up and found the boys unconscious. Because of the cold they had turned on the gas heater and not opened the windows. Mr. Rogers



Lew Ayres and Russell Gleason of the "All Quiet on the Western Front" cast try out their spiked helmets.

Both boys were out of danger in three or four days and back at work in ten.

* * *

A strange thing happened to Arthur Lake during a recent trip to New York. He dreamed his favorite dog Bummer was dead. So strong was the impression left by the dream that after fretting all day he actually called Hollywood that evening. The housekeeper answered the telephone. "How's Bummer?" Arthur asked immediately. "Well, I don't like to tell you, Mr. Lake," she began. "I know," replied Arthur. "Bummer's dead."

And he was.



The fierce-looking gentleman is director Fred Niblo after Buster Keaton got through making him up. Buster thinks he did a good job. Niblo isn't so sure.

called Buddy and they both worked over the boys until the firemen came with the pulmotors. The doctors at the hospital where they were taken said Buddy and his father saved the boys' lives.

Mr. Hammond went to them as soon as he heard of the accident and his was the first face Edicio saw when he recovered consciousness. "Oh, Mista Hammond, my Mista Hammond," he sobbed. "You tell me be good boy and the first thing I do I no can get Mista Buddy Rogers' breakfast!"



Three famous pace-makers of the American show world and the son of one of them. Left to right: Joe Weber, William Collier, Low Fields and William Collier, Jr.

"Women always buy cheap stocks," declared Mervyn LeRoy when Bernice Claire told him she had invested in a new company putting out a device to be used in the picture business. It was selling for fifty cents a share. "I'll tell you a good one to buy, Bernice, Mustache Cups, Inc. Beards are coming in again!"

As for Mervyn, he's off stocks for life. "I don't care if they go to four thousand a share, I'm not buying any more of them."

* * *

Bodil Rosing was explaining to us the meaning of names in her country. Now over here Jane is Jane, and that's that. But in Denmark and a few other countries names have significance. For instance Bodil, pronounced Boadhill, means *healer of battle wounds*, and her friends say that Bodil has healing hands. Her two daughters are named Tove (Mrs. Monte Blue) and Saime. They are pronounced Töve and Sime. Tove means *dove* while Saime means *lake with a thousand eyes*.

We don't know what Bodil looked like when she was eighteen but she is certainly a beautiful woman today. She is essentially a mother type and the fan letters she receives from people who long to be mothered are very touching. Some are old people and some are young people, but all are heart-hungry and reach out to one who they think will give them good advice. And she does. Bodil answers all letters she believes sincere.

She has just finished "Hello, Sister" for James Cruze, with Olive Borden and Lloyd Hughes.

* * *

No wonder they don't get on very fast in the art of picture making in England. Here we work people to death and there they don't work them half enough. According to Irving Asher, who ought to know since he was general manager for a British film company, they saunter to work at ten in the morning. Tea is served at eleven-thirty, lunch from one to two, tea at four and home at five-thirty!

* * *

Carmel Myers is finding out that it is difficult to be a good wife. When she and her husband, Ralph Blum, made their first trip together he gave Carmel two bundles which he had packed himself, not taking any chances. "Now this one goes in the trunk and that one in our suitcase for the train," he said. "Yes, darling," replied Carmel and taking them to her maid explained that "this one went in the trunk and that one in the suitcase for the train." And Carmel never will know what happened but when they got on the train 'this one' had mysteriously gotten into the suitcase and 'that one' must have been put in the trunk! And poor Ralph hadn't a clean collar or a shirt to his name until they reached Chicago where he crashed the baggage car and opened his trunk.

* * *

This bit of news came to us one day about Ruth Roland from rather an unusual source. You know how that bathroom faucet sometimes loses a washer—well, ours isn't a bit above doing it so we sent for the plumber. He told us



J. F. Hanley, movietoner, plays his own melodies to Mrs. Hanley, Therese, and baby Mary Jane.



A big strong man and a very small pet. Monte Blue on the set between scenes.

Below: an attractive foursome—Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray, Grant Withers and Loretta Young. Hail, bridegroom, hail the bride!

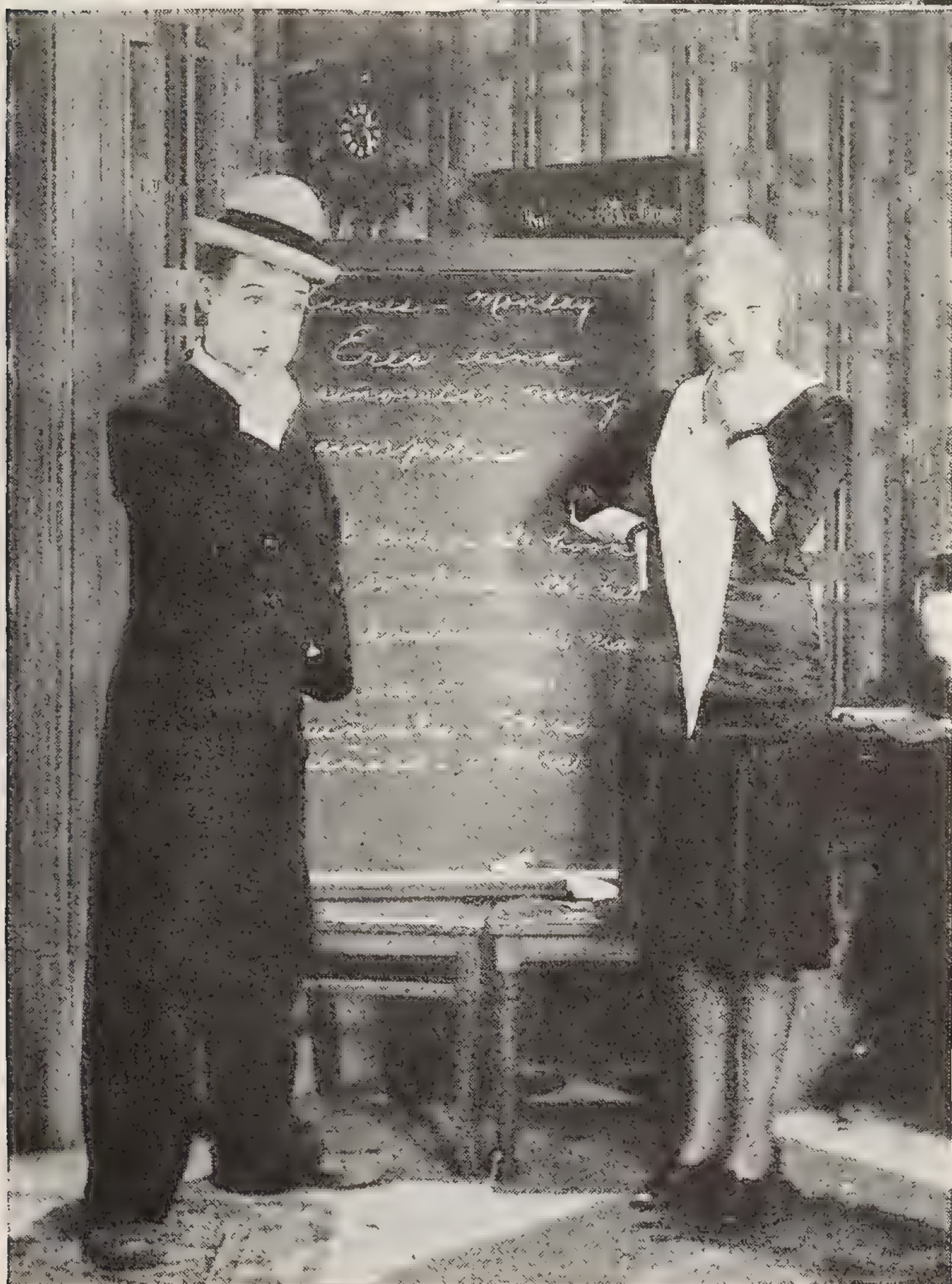




A popular character actor at home: J. Farrell MacDonald, his wife, daughter, and yes, the dog.

Ruth Roland, 'lost' in Screenland. Ruth returns to pictures in "Reno."

Below: "The 'mike' was bad enough," says Harry Langdon to Thelma Todd, "but oh, this Spanish!" Harry's comedies will have Spanish versions.



that at Christmas time when he was doing a job at Mrs. Ben Bard's he was surprised to see a truck at the door and a lot of bundles being thrown into it. From the house boy he discovered that Ruth Roland had bought shirts, pants and blankets for over a hundred veterans at the Old Soldiers Home at Sawtelle. And not a word about it to her press agent, either.

* * *

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels are scheduled to play together in "Smooth as Satin," Bebe's next, and this time it looks as though it would take. Ben is just winding up a two months' engagement in "The Boomerang" at the El Capitan Theater in which he plays the love-sick youth in a convincing manner that has won him much praise. Tom Moore and Kay Hammond are the other headliners in the piece. The production schedule overlaps the stage run a bit so for about a week Ben will be doing day and night duty.

* * *



Betty Pierce, who fascinated New York for over two years as Tondeleyo in "White Cargo," has been signed to play a prominent part in "Smooth as Satin" with Bebe and Ben. It will be Betty's film debut and she says she has never dreaded anything so much in her life as her first day at the studio. To step into an unknown world, work with a strange medium where people use familiar terms that are unfamiliar to her—"Oh, a first night is a picnic compared to it," she declared.

However, Betty has personality plus and she'll get along. She is the sort of person you like immediately. She has a piquant little face with red-gold hair that curls in ringlets all over her head, and her voice is beautiful with a resonance and carrying quality that should record very well.

The day before she started on the RKO picture, Universal called her. It seems that her test with them was fine. "When are you through at RKO?" Universal wanted to know. "Why, I haven't even started yet," gasped Betty. "Well, let us know soon as you can—ahead of time," said they. Betty is 'over'!

* * *

Loretta Young is Mrs. Grant Withers, and that's all there is to it! You know Grant Withers and Loretta Young, who have been engaged to each other for months, suddenly eloped in a plane to Yuma, Arizona, and got married. Loretta's mother met the homecoming plane and told the young couple in words of one syllable that there was to be nothing to the marriage. She declared her daughter to be too young, but said that if when Loretta became of age they still felt the same way about it then she would have no further objections. Both young people bowed to her will. Loretta went home with her mother. Then Grant and his bride thought it all over and decided they couldn't live without each other, so Loretta went to join her nice new husband. Who says there is no real romance in Hollywood? Mr. and Mrs. Grant Withers are 'at home' in a duplex apartment, which though spacious and modern is nevertheless just a cosy little love nest.

Their Own Travelogue

Mary and Doug Co-Star in
"Around the World for Fun"

Below: This famous couple have been photographed in almost every country in the world, but never before have they found themselves thus silhouetted against Egyptian skies.



S. S. Cathay, enroute from Port Said to Colombo. Doug's binoculars don't focus right or something. "Don't worry about it," says Mary. "We're on vacation."



Mary is acquiring a nice coat of Egyptian tan, while Doug tells himself he's glad they brought along their good warm coats. You never can tell about weather.

Below: Among the temples and tombs of Luxor. Jack Pickford (left) is shooting a bit of Egyptian atmosphere. What a location!



We had hoped Egyptian donkeys would be more picturesque. If we were Mary and Doug we wouldn't feel safe just holding onto his ears.



In a vast outdoor museum. Doug looks as though for half a cent he'd start clambering over the ruins just to see if they're real.

THE BEST LINES

of the



Month

Margaret Padula and Polly Walker in "Hit the Deck."

Crisp Dialogue from Current Films

From "Hit the Deck":

Looloo (Polly Walker): "He—he kissed me! It was a beautiful kiss!"

Lavinia (Margaret Padula): "Well, sailors ought to know how to make 'em beautiful—they get enough practise."

Mrs. Payne (Ethel Clayton): "But, dear, you only saw him once."

Looloo (Polly Walker): "It's not the times you see a person that counts. It's what happens when you do see him."

From "Their Own Desire":

Jack (Robert Montgomery): "Haven't you a heart at all?"

Lally (Norma Shearer): "Something's beating."

Jack: "That's just a big muscle that pumps your blood."

From "Behind the Makeup":

Marie (Fay Wray): "Yes, I know—I understand."

Hap (Hal Skelly): "Yeah! Women believe everything an Italian tells 'em. Tell 'em the time of day in Italian and they think it's poetry."

From "Glorifying the American Girl":

Gloria (Mary Eaton): "Now, Buddy, you've been reading your fairy tales again—and the little Princess waited for her little Prince Charming! No, darling, not for Gloria. I want to do things and go places before I settle down and raise a lot of little passengers for the subway."

ASK ME

An Answer Department
of Information
about Screen Plays
and Players

By
Miss Vee Dee



Clara Bow is a great favorite with Miss Vee Dee's readers. Clara's next talker will be "The Humming Bird."

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

FRANCES from Portland, Oregon. Will I make room for you, cowboys and everything, fightin' hand and foot, to say nothing of tooth and nail? You think I'm scared, don't you? Sue Carol, whose real name is Evelyn Lederer, was born October 30, 1908, in Chicago, Ill. She has brown eyes, dark brown hair, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She had been married and divorced before becoming the wife of Nick Stuart. Some of Nick's pictures are, "The River Pirate," "The News Parade," "Girls Gone Wild," "Joy Street," and "Why Girls Leave Home." Audrey Ferris was born August 30, 1909, in Detroit, Michigan. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born December 7, 1907, in New York City. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1908.

Ellen W. of Haverhill, Mass. No, it's not true that Clara Bow died two years ago and another girl has taken her place; so take out the little hanky and dry your tears. Zasu Pitts, the girl with the soulful eyes, plays with Edmund Lowe and Constance Bennett in "This Thing Called Love." Ramon Novarro's new film, in which he sings and talks, is "Devil May Care" with Dorothy Jordan.

Joan from East Orange. You want a snappy answer, do you? That's my idea of a dig, but well dug, withal. Marceline Day played opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Road to Romance." Billie Dove and Ben Lyon appeared together in "The Tender Hour." Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894, in St. Paul, Minn. Neil Hamilton played opposite Olive Borden in "The Joy Girl." Joan Crawford was born on March 23, not May 23. Greta Garbo's real name is Greta Gustafman.

Miss Josephine of Victoria, B. C. Can Adolphe Menjou talk? Sure, he's a fine talker. Could anything be grander than his spoken lines in his last American picture,

"Fashions in Love?" He was born February 18, 1890, in Pittsburgh, Pa. He has dark blue eyes, dark brown hair, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 147 pounds. His wife is Kathryn Carver, who is also in pictures. Read the swell story about Adolphe in this issue.

Nancy of Warren, Ohio. You are not the only one who is 'that way' about Lane Chandler. Come on, Lane, show us some talkie stuff—we know you can do it. You may write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. He was born June 4, 1901, in Culbertson, Mont. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has blue eyes and red hair. He has appeared in "Red Hair" with Clara Bow; "Love and Learn" with Esther Ralston; "The Big Killing" with Mary Brian; "The First Kiss" with Fay Wray and Gary Cooper; and "The Wolf of Wall Street" with George Bancroft and Nancy Carroll.

Shirley O. of Coldwater, Mich. Do all girls use make-up? My observation is, most girls use it because they haven't the face to go without it. "The Office Scandal," "The Shady Lady," and "Thunder" were Phyllis Haver's last screen appearances. Raquel Torres played with Monte Blue in "White Shadows of the South Seas." Lina Basquette played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Wheel of Chance." John Barrymore's new picture is "General Crack" with Marian Nixon. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Seuer.

Future Star from Surry, England. Glad to meet you. So I'm a sure cure for the blues. Right-o and that's what they all say, but how can I prove it? William Powell was born in Kansas City on July 29, 1892. He was educated in Pittsburgh, Pa., and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall, and weighs 168

pounds. He spent 10 years on the stage and has been in pictures since 1921, his first rôle being with John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes." His latest release is "Behind the Makeup" with Fay Wray, Kay Francis, Hal Skelly and Paul Lukas.

Virginia from Hornell, N. Y. Tumble out of the old mahogany four-poster and listen to this about "The Vagabond Lover" with the croonin' singer, Rudy Vallee, Sally Blane, Marie Dressler and Rudy's Connecticut Yankees. Miss Dressler's work is a knock-out and believe me I'm not waiting for a street car when I say that. Charles (Buddy) Rogers was born August 13, 1905. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall



Gary Cooper looking sad. Cheer up, Gary, we all like you better than ever.

and weighs 175 pounds. He played with Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl." His latest release is "Half Way to Heaven," with Jean Arthur.

Opal H. of St. Joseph, Mo. So you read my offerings in the 'show me' section of the U. S. A. Now I have to make good. Laura La Plante was born November 1, 1904, in St. Louis, Mo. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her husband is William Seiter, the director. Her new film is "La Marseillaise" with John Boles. Betty Arlen is not related to Richard Arlen. His real name is Richard van Mattimore.

Ruth W. of Kokomo, Ind. The height of something or other is reached when a bevy of high-school girls go into conference. Am I right? Don't tell me. John Boles is under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. "The Little Angel" was the working title of "A Lady of Chance." No, James Murray is not a cameraman, just an actor and a darned good one at that. It's hard to keep track of the various hues of hair the stars work under but just now Clara Bow's hair is red.

Alma H. from Little Rock, Ark. Thanks for the vigorous boosts you have given my lines—give till it hurts. Ronald Colman appears in "Condemned" with Ann Harding, that sweet-enough-to-eat young person. "The Marriage Playground," with Mary Brian, Fredric March, Lilyan Tashman, Philippe de Lacy, Anita Louise, Little Mitzi and a dozen other players, was adapted

from Edith Wharton's story, "The Children." Little Mitzi is the new child wonder, who has been given a long-term contract with Paramount.

Mattie of Tenn. Edna Wallace Hopper doesn't know how to grow old—she looks 20, 30 or 40 and boasts of some 60 odd years, so what's the answer? Thomas Edwin Mix was born January 6, 1887, in El Paso, Texas. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He has been married twice. You can reach Corinne Griffith at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Her latest release is "Lilies of the Field."

Katherine of Alabama. What wrong number do you call to get the right number? Stand by while I look it up but don't keep your fingers crossed. May McAvoy was born in 1901 in New York City. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 4 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 94 pounds. Malcolm MacGregor was born October 13, 1896, in Newark, N. J. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. Billie Dove was born May 14, 1904. Her latest picture is "The Painted Angel" with Edmund Lowe.

Geraldine G. of E. Liberty, Pa. My department is open to all. No age limit, so come on, children, brother and sister fans, and hearken to your great-auntie Vee Dee. Sally Blane played opposite Tom Mix in "Horseman of the Plains." Dolores Del Rio was born Aug. 3, 1905, in Durango, Mexico. Her latest release is "Evangeline"

with Roland Drew and Donald Reed. Address her at Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Cal. You can reach Sally O'Neil at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sylvia of Texas. Of course you may ask me the ages of the stars but I'm not always able to 'tell on 'em.' Some own up to it, others admit it. John Gilbert is 38 years old. He was married to Ina Claire on May 9, 1929. Jackie Coogan hasn't made a picture since "Buttons" and "The Bugle Call." He has been in a military school since touring the states in vaudeville. Gary Cooper appears in "The Virginian" with Mary Brian, Richard Arlen and Walter Huston.

Elizabeth E. of Easton, Pa. You are a great reader of SCREENLAND, are you? That's fine, for I love to meet the great and the near great—in fact, we celebrities must all stick together. Clara Bow has red hair and brown eyes and weighs 110 pounds. Her latest release was "The Saturday Night Kid."

Miss E. S. of Medical Lake, Wash. You want me to find your movie sister for you. Georgiana Sands, where are you? I have located stranger things than movie sisters through my "Ask Me" pages. Gary Cooper's real name is Frank J. Cooper and he has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. He gets his fan mail at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Gary's latest release is "The Virginian."

In New York—Continued from page 93

thing! And if she keeps that up, I can't predict anything but a happy married life for her.

* * *

There's no getting away from it, that was a swell luncheon party that Warner Brothers threw for Oscar Straus, the Viennese composer of "The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Waltz Dream," the other day at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York.

More than a hundred composers, including Henry Hadley, George Gershwin, and John Philip Sousa, and writers were sitting around the enormous horse-shoe shaped table when Mr. Straus was called upon to make a speech.

Now lots of speeches had been made, some superfluous and wise-cracking. But Straus rose and quite simply said: "I am happy to be in America where the Warner Brothers have invited me to write music for talking pictures, a medium in which I am much interested. I thank you all for coming here to meet me." Then he sat down.

Oscar Straus is a man in his late fifties, with a humorous detached smile. He seems delighted to be in this country and makes no secret about it. Mrs. Straus, who accompanied him, is a pretty, plump woman who wears her clothes admirably.

The high light of the occasion to my mind, however, was the sincere and earnest speech which Harry Warner made. He told, in few words, how his late brother, Sam, had envisioned this wonderful invention, the Vitaphone. How he had worked to have it accepted, and how he died before he saw the fruition.

Maybe I'm a sentimentalist, but I felt proud as I looked at Warner. Proud that in this day and in this country, the Warner Brothers have promoted an invention which

will bring happiness, beauty and education to the millions of people throughout the world. And one of the best steps in this direction was inviting Oscar Straus to America. If he can recapture one tenth of the lyric quality he put into "The Chocolate Soldier" so many years ago, the original operetta he will write, in my opinion, will bring back to us that refreshing musical quality which is rarely heard in this day of monotonous jazz and openly pirated operatic and symphonic themes.

* * *

What a girl Claudette Colbert is!

The other day, over at the Paramount Studio in Long Island, I had a talk with her while she was working with Maurice Chevalier on his new picture "The Big Pond."

Claudette, as you perhaps are aware, was born in France and came here to America as a young girl. She soon went on the stage and has appeared in many Broadway successes.

She is one of the most magnetic women I have ever met. Exceedingly pretty, black hair, black eyes, smooth olive skin, and the most svelte—there's no other word for it—figure I've ever seen. It's thin but it's round. The perfect figure for present-day frocks. She wore a white beaded gown, closely fitted to waist and hips. And the contrast between that and her olive skin was something to rave about.

Between shots at the Long Island Studio, Miss Colbert teaches Mr. Chevalier American slang, and it is most amusing to hear Chevalier at it.

"French may be the language of poets," Miss Colbert explained, "the language in which you can get the finest nuances or shades of emotional feeling, but really to tell the world what you mean and tell it

quickly, nothing is so expressive as American slang. Don't you think so, Mr. Chevalier?"

"You 'ave said a mouthful, Claudette," Chevalier replied.

* * *

It is seldom that any one person can cause New York to rear on its hind legs, but at the present writing, one girl has caused this staid old town to describe such an undignified posture. That person is no other than Evelyn Laye, the extremely beautiful star of "Bitter Sweet," the English operetta by Noel Coward, imported to Broadway.

Her beauty is the kind that appeals to nearly every type of person. And her lovely voice matches her charm. Soon she is to be seen on the United Artists lot where she will make her first talking picture for the Ziegfeld-Goldwyn combine.

* * *

Lily Damita is one of the sights of New York. She's seen every now and then along the main stem in those exclusive night clubs where it costs you twenty-five dollars before you even get your coat checked.

Lily has been playing in "Sons o' Guns" with Jack Donahue and threatens to become the toast of the town, like her namesake Lily Langtry became, so many years ago.

Everybody falls for this Lily. It's not her beauty, which she has in abundance; it's not her dramatic ability, with which she is certainly gifted; it's that tremendous vitality which oozes out of her at every turn of the head.

But we're going to lose Lily soon. She is to return to Hollywood at the close of her stage engagement to make another talking picture which like "The Cock-Eyed World" will probably knock our hats off. Manhattan will miss her when she goes.

Have You a Beauty Budget?—Continued from page 91

time, and make it as pleasurable as possible. It need not be a great deal of time, but it must be spent systematically and well.

No, I can't plan this for you, girls. Conditions vary, and so do girls! What one needs to specialize on, another girl may slight. And while one girl may do her special beautifying stunts in the evening, another will find it more convenient to do them in the morning or afternoon. I can only give you general suggestions which you may adapt to your own need.

Decide what things you need to do most for beauty's sake and do them so regularly that it becomes a habit. The actual care of hair, hands, skin and teeth need not take more than a half hour a day if you set aside an extra half hour on certain days or evenings for special tasks.

About once in two weeks, take inventory of your beauty supplies and plan to replenish them. With everything at hand the every-night beautifying process may be more quickly accomplished. Have at hand a jar of cleansing cream, and one of skin food, squares of cheese cloth or a supply of cleansing tissues for removing superfluous cream, an astringent or skin freshener, witch hazel, lotions for sunburn in season, a good hand lotion or cream, an antiseptic salve or lotion, tooth paste, a mouth wash, manicuring articles, an eye wash, eye cup, hair tonic, a jar of absorbent cotton, a shampoo liquid or powder, clean hair brushes, a depilatory and a good deodorant.

If you have a weekly manicure, massage, shampoo and wave at a beauty parlor, plan to have it all done at one sitting if possible. This saves time and simplifies the daily beautifying process.

If you take care of your own hair, as many girls like to do, take a half hour every other week, for a shampoo and thorough scalp massage. The following week, take a half hour to use a good tonic and to give the hair an extra brushing.

Use a liquid, powder, or a good soap shampoo, as you prefer. Wash the hair once in two weeks, thoroughly rinse and dry with warm towels rather than with intense heat, and your hair will keep in fine condition. If your hair and scalp are very dry, have an oil treatment at least once a month. There are excellent tonics that help stimulate the production of natural oil. Scalp massage helps, too. And if your hair and scalp are over-oily, a special preparation will remedy this condition.

Hair must be shampooed often to keep it live and healthy and the scalp must have a certain amount of massage every day. Various devices for massaging the scalp have been devised, but a girl's own fingertips are about as successful, if used briskly, as anything invented by man. The usual method is to rotate the finger-tips over the scalp, moving the scalp covering all over the skull. Two or three minutes a day should be given to this, and after the shampoo, the scalp should be massaged until it is loose and pliable, live and glowing.

Once a day the hair should be brushed well for two or three minutes. Once a week it should be brushed thoroughly for at least five minutes. At this time, a tonic, dry or oily according to the need of the hair, and cleansing in quality, should be applied to various partings in the hair until the scalp is quite damp. With a clean, dry towel, rub the scalp and hair until dry. Then, with a clean brush, brush the hair thoroughly, brushing it up, down, and from various partings until it shines with

renewed luster. The most accomplished hairdressers are stressing the natural softness and luster of the hair. This may be achieved by a once-a-week special treatment and a little care every day.

About the trend of styles in hair dressing, it's interesting to wonder just where they come from. But whether they come from a Parisian stylist or a New York hairdresser, or a picture star with a flair for individuality, it's lots more important to know whether we can wear them after we get them. Take a little time to experiment with a new mode before adopting it for your own.

Once a week, unless you have it done regularly by an expert, give your face a scientific treatment. A treatment based on healthy cleanliness and building up of tissues. Make-believe, as the children say, that you are comfortably seated in a beauty salon and go about the treatment step by step just as the beauty expert would do.

First, apply a cleansing cream to face and neck, using an outward and upward movement. Wipe off with a soft cloth or cleansing tissues. Repeat the process until the face is thoroughly clean. On other nights, this cleansing may be followed by soap and water. But on this one night, use only cream.

Warm a generous quantity of thick, nourishing cream and smooth into the face and neck. The warm cream is soothing and restful and sinks into the pores of the skin until it is completely absorbed.

One of the popular phrases of the beauty salons is 'getting up your circulation.' Whether they want your hair to grow strong and vigorous or your face to bloom with youthfulness, they first set about stimulating the circulation. This means local stimulation in the case of the face and scalp, and even though you have not the skilled fingers of the professional you can, with practise, become quite efficient at this task.

With the fingers of both hands work firmly with a kneading motion at the back of the neck where the spine begins. You'll be surprised after a couple of minutes to feel taut nerves relax. Then place the second and third fingers (using both hands) under the ears and, with a lifting move-

ment, press firmly; this starts sluggish blood to circulating. Next, beginning at tip of the chin with finger tips pressing upward firmly, work along the jaw to the ears.

Beginning at base of throat, use a sweeping upward and outward movement with both hands over the entire neck. Repeat ten times. Beginning at either side of the chin (with tips of second fingers) use little rotary movements to the corners of mouth, then to the nose to prevent down-in-the-mouth lines from forming. With both hands use a gentle sweeping movement over cheeks, upward to temples. Under the eyes, where wrinkles come first, usually, use plenty of cream and pat and smooth gently in, over and under the eyes.

In treating the skin, keep in mind its delicacy; don't subject it to shocks. Don't rub or pat too vigorously, but gently. When you have finished this treatment, take a piece of absorbent cotton, dip it in cold water, press out all the water and saturate it with an astringent or skin tonic. Now slap the face and neck with this dampened pad until the face and neck is in a warm glow. This is most refreshing, removes every trace of cream and leaves the skin soft and fine of texture.

If you are going out, you have only to apply a very little foundation cream and a dusting of powder. If you give this treatment before retiring, leave the face clean and free from cream this one night.

On another day of the week, give the eyes special attention. I shall not give detailed directions as I already have done this. But let this day, or night, be rest time for the eyes. Don't sew or read or write. Use an eye wash several times. Prepare soothing eye pads and give your eyes a long rest. Go to bed early and make up all the sleep you have lost the past week. Rested eyes are beautiful eyes.

Hand beauty is an important asset. If the hands and nails are given a thorough treatment once a week they will need only a few minutes attention daily. On the special hand night, use a bleaching cream, if necessary. If the hands are very dry, give them a warm oil treatment. Give the special hand massage that tends to make the fingers slender and shapely, and a few exercises to make them more supple.

For the home manicure, simplicity of method may be satisfactorily followed. A good manicure once a week, and the necessary attention every day will keep the nails in good condition. On special hand night, remove all stains from the nails. If the nails are brittle and crack and split, soak them in warm oil for a few minutes.

And, to complete the time budget, allow some time to devote to small details of dress. Follow the same routine with your clothes that you do with your beautifying and attend to the hundred and one little things that clothes require to keep them looking fresh and chic.

It need take little time in the morning to bathe and dress if you give a half hour to beauty before you retire; and if your gown, shoes and hose are in readiness.

A pleasant voice, charming manners, exquisite daintiness should enter into your ideal of beauty. These things no one can give you, but they are the things you have entirely within your own power to cultivate and possess.

Do you want to know more about charm? Write to me. I'll be glad to answer any questions. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.



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First sweeping HOLLYWOOD...then BROADWAY

and now the EUROPEAN CAPITALS...

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YOU can keep *your* skin exquisitely smooth just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do...

Long ago our own charming Hollywood stars discovered that for attractiveness a girl *must* have soft, smooth skin—and that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its very loveliest!

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this fragrant, white soap.

And now—in France, in England, in Germany—the European screen stars have adopted Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin.

In Hollywood alone 511 lovely actresses use it.

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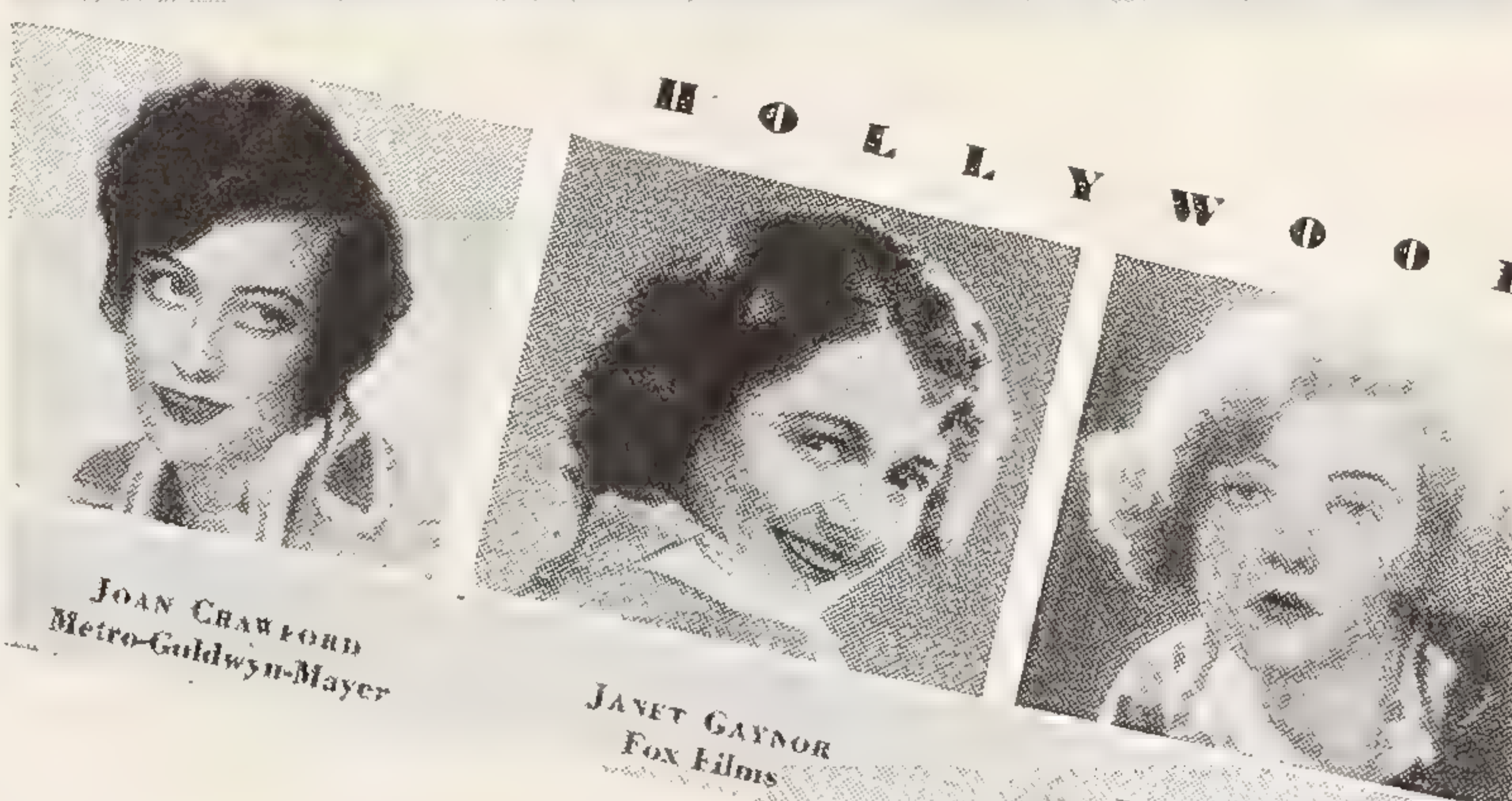
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HELEN HAYES
"Coquette"

MARILYN MILLER
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LENORE ULRIC
"Mima"

ANN PENNINGTON
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On Location with Joan Crawford—Continued from page 61

it so often that the script is never any help, and the script clerk must keep an account of every spoken word.

A few feet away, a dozen or so cowboys squatted about an open fire rehearsing their songs. Benny Rubin led them. Then Joan's voice over the sound track sang the theme song. It sounded very beautiful there in the still air among the giant pines with the sky overhead flaming a thousand shades of scarlet and purple.

"When the wind is sighin',
In the big pine tree,
Mornin' an' noon,
What do they croon—"

Yes, nature was very grand at Keen's Camp! Joan and I sat on a narrow iron-bound case made for holding camera plates and listened to it all—Joan prompting Miss Morris in the words she couldn't catch.

We went back to the cabin shivering a little and had a grand fire blazing when Doug came in. He was rubbing his nose a trifle thoughtfully, and with good reason as it turned out. "For five days, ever since we have been up here," he said laughing, "we have been playing football. Everyone not in the game was afraid we would get banged up, but not one of us got even a scratch. Tonight we start a simple game of baseball and in fifteen minutes I get a whang on the nose that makes it bleed for five minutes. Can you imagine that? It was nearly dark and we couldn't see the ball very well."

After Joan had assured herself that the wounded member wasn't broken her mind turned to her own woes.

"Nobody likes me, Dodo," she said, referring to the newspaper reviews scattered over the bed. Doug sat down on the edge of it.

"I do," he said cheerfully.

"Well, you're all that's necessary, darling," laughed Joan.

Dinner was a lot of fun. Joan and Doug, Mal St. Clair, Johnny Mack Brown, Karl Dane, Benny Rubin, Cliff Edwards, Ralph and myself sat at one big square table. On the menu appeared "Rabbit a la Karl Dane." It seems that Karl and some of the boys had gone bunny hunting the night before and shot about a dozen which they presented to the hotel. And how they were cooked! Such meals! The best I have had at any restaurant in California.

Cliff and Benny kept everyone convulsed by their impromptu gags. But they were the kind that have to be told with gestures. Words alone could not do justice to them.

After dinner we were all glad to see the huge open fire in the hotel lobby. The fireplace was six feet wide and required two men to stagger under one of the logs for it. Six of these giants were blazing merrily when we filed out of the dining room.

"Gosh, that fire's hotter than a Shubert revue," said Cliff Edwards edging away from it.

"Well, that's not a bit too hot for me," said Joan shivering a little. I felt the same way about it so we both hugged the fire all evening. Joan had a good-sized wool rug which she was embroidering. And if you don't think Joan can embroider you ought to get a close-up of that rug. It was perfectly done. She has made several and loves to work on them.

"Are we going to have our contest tonight?" asked Johnny Mack Brown.

"Sure thing," said Mal St. Clair. "Cliff and Benny have to rehearse the cowboys

but we can start and they can come when they are ready." The rehearsing was done in the center of the room, the whole hotel being turned over to the Montana company. Joan had to sing the theme song for them several times, which she did from her place by the fire.

The game they were playing was flapper. It is played in this way. Put one foot before the other, heel touching toe, until five steps are measured from the chair in which the player is sitting. At the end of the five steps place a felt hat on the floor, bottom up. Then from the chair you throw, one by one, a deck of cards trying to get as many as you can into the hat. There is quite a trick to it, but this whole bunch were experts at it. Johnny Mack Brown won the first contest, tossing forty four into the hat, and I think Mal St. Clair won the second.

We all turned in early. "Be sure and lay your fire before you go to bed," cautioned Joan. "Then all you have to do when you wake up is touch a match to it and get back to bed till the cabin is warm. You don't know what a help that is!" she said darkly.

I thought if it was any colder in the morning than it was right at that moment I should never be able to live through it. The cabins were so cute and comfortable though, each with a bath and electric heating appliance that kept a supply of hot water always on hand. There were also plenty of pure wool blankets and a sheet iron stove—what more could one ask for?

Next morning Benny Rubin insisted upon giving me one of his pancakes and some bacon until mine arrived. "I never ate such pancakes," he declared. "In the Brown Derby you get three heavy pancakes for four dollars. Up here you get ten light ones for five cents." And it didn't matter that he was exaggerating a bit—we all knew what he meant. They certainly were delicious—would melt in your mouth, and I'd like to know where they got their bacon. It was swell! I think they must grow it themselves.

We had to climb a fence and cross a gully to get to the location nearly a quarter of a mile away, but the air was so wonderful you could have walked ten miles and not have minded. We passed a cow pasture with about five hundred head of cattle and I never saw anything cuter than those cows. They were all so interested and every one of them followed us with their eyes and seemed to be perfectly fascinated with our goings-on the whole of the day. They looked like a bunch of pansies as they stood there staring at us with their big brown eyes and sad faces.

It was supposed to be a cowboy's camp under the pine trees and Johnny Mack Brown brings his bride, Joan, as a surprise to his gang. Benny Rubin plays a medicine man, *Dr. Bloom*, who was rescued from a desert death in a rickety old Ford by Cliff Edwards. And, of course, Benny is constantly getting into hot water. He just can't learn to be a regular cowboy.

There seemed to be a conference going on among the principals and their director. "Look at the difference in my script, just overnight," declared Benny Rubin, referring to the changes in dialogue that came daily from the 'front office' of Metro Goldwyn Mayer.

"Listen—The Doctor rides down the cliff, forcing horse on haunches to make

it.' How do you like that? Right from the script I am reading it to you!" Benny shook his head.

"You'd better tie yourself on, Benny," I laughed.

"Tie myself on! I won't even get on," exploded Benny. "Me that's never even led a horse by the bridle. I should slide one down a cliff on his haunches!" And amid roars of laughter Benny scuttled off to rehearse the cowboys again.

"What are we going to say in this scene?" Cliff wanted to know. "I introduce Benny to Johnny Mack and Joan. What do I say? 'This is Dr. Bronx from Bloomchitus, New York?'"

"No, his name's *Bloom*. *Dr. Bloom*," said Karl Dane.

"Well, I don't have to get it right."

"Why don't you say, 'This is Dr. Bronchitus from Bloom, New York,'" said Mal. "No, that's no good," he added.

"Well, anyway I can say, 'This is Dr. Bloom from Bronchitus, New York?'" And that's the way it stood in most of the scenes. I must confess that every scene was a little different, and in the rehearsals all of us were convulsed at some of the remarks. But when they came actually to take the scenes they tidied up the dialogue a little.

The sun was so warm and the air so balmy that we all felt very lazy until Mr. St. Clair snapped us out of it. "Come on now, a little action," he said, as much to wake himself up as to get us started, I thought.

With a tremendous effort Cliff Edwards pulled himself to his feet yawning. "I could stretch a mile, only I'd hate so to walk back," he complained.

"Murder him, somebody!" shouted Karl Dane. "Hey, let my skinned elbow alone," he winced. Poor Karl is always getting banged up. He teases easily and the studio gang have a lot of fun with him, and he'd break himself to pieces on a dare. The bunch are always having to look out for Karl.

"All set?" called Mr. St. Clair.

"Wait a minute, Mal," cried Cliff Edwards coming back from his stretch and reaching for his cartridge belt, "Wait a minute. Ah has to get mah boom-boom on!"

"Now, all you boys, when you hear Miss Crawford's voice, turn around and look toward the direction from which it comes. You never heard her before and you wonder who it is," Mal instructed them.

Karl Dane was struggling with a monstrous chunk of tobacco which taxed the capacity of his jaws to the very limit. He had the look on his face of a small child who has taken too large a mouthful of candy—eyes sort of scared, as though he wondered whether he was going to make the grade without an accident.

"And to think," one of the grips remarked slowly, "that if it hadn't been for his accomplishments with the weed, Karl Dane might never have become a motion picture actor!"

The scene was supposed to be by moonlight but by camera tricks scenes taken in the sunlight look better than those taken at night. Poor Benny and Cliff were facing the east and having to look up at Johnny and Joan who were on horseback, the brilliant morning sun streamed full into their faces. Their eyes began to water and finally Benny gave up altogether and shaded his eyes with his hand. "What would you



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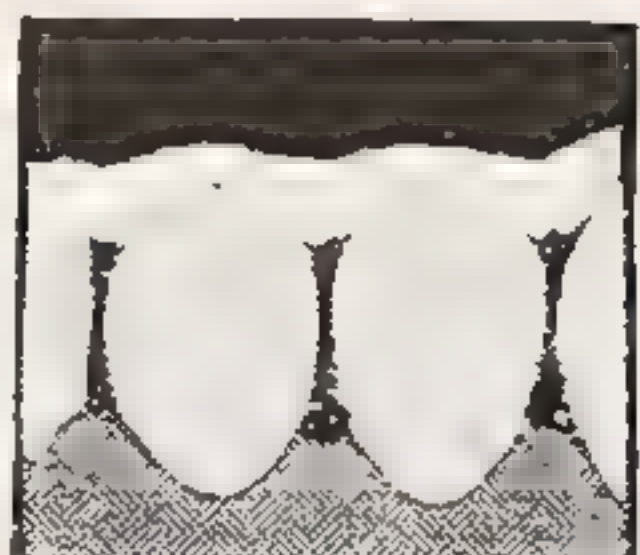
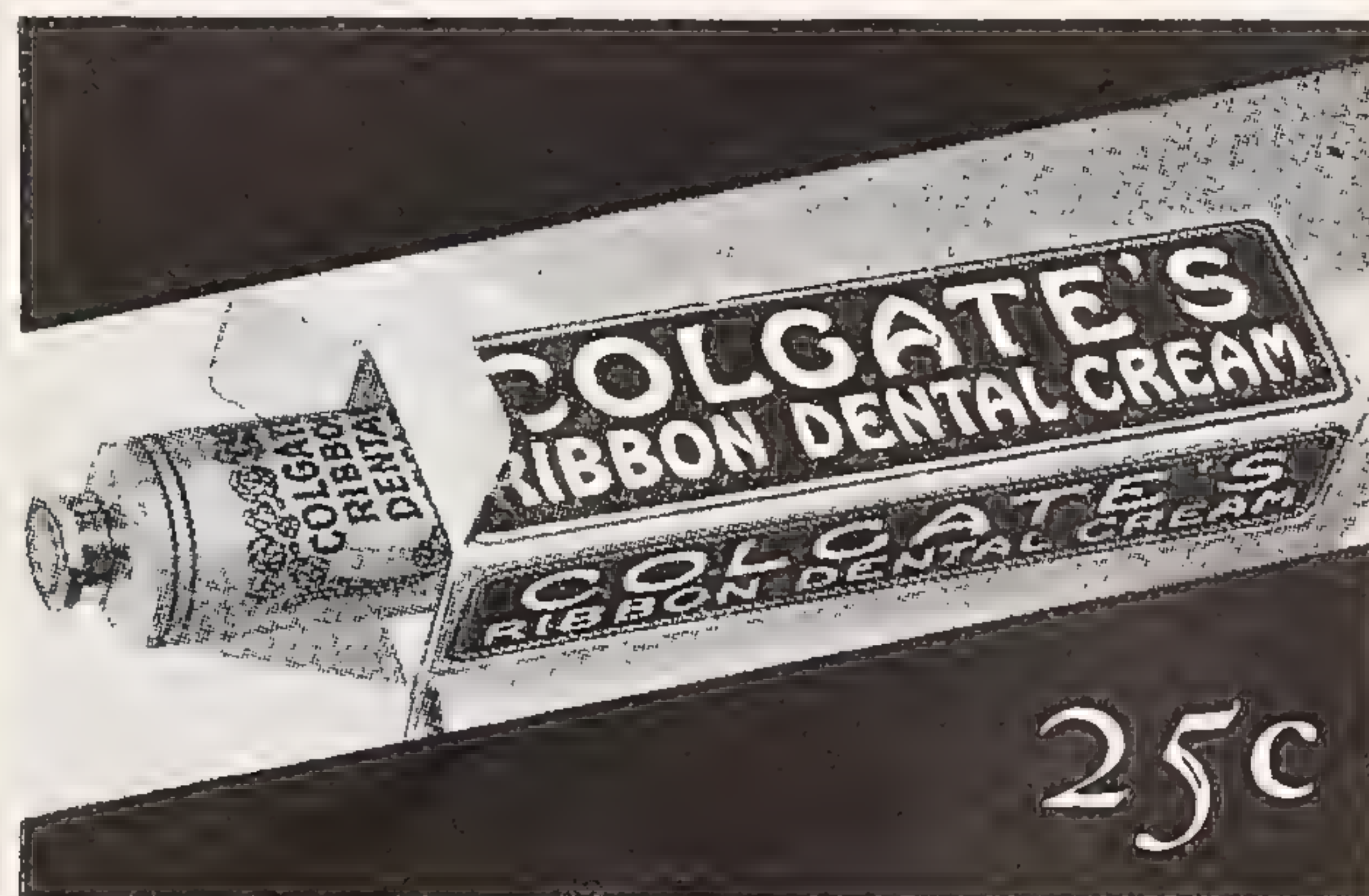


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



be shading your eyes from the moon for, Benny?" asked Mal St. Clair.

"Say, that's murder up there. You can take another scene but I'd have a swell chance getting another pair of eyes," declared the sufferer.

"Put a gobe! on the sun!" shouted Johnny Mack Brown who looked so much like Dustin Farnum in the outfit he was wearing it actually gave one a turn.

There was an important football game going on in Los Angeles during the afternoon and after much discussion as to how it could be managed, it was decided that Doug listen in on the hotel radio and after each score run out and signal to us. If a scene was going on we would give him a signal to hold everything, and if 'okay' he was to shout what the score was. Doug certainly was a busy boy that afternoon. He looked very handsome, too, in a pair of corn-yellow linen trousers and a blue shirt with a neutral tie around his waist secured by a neat knot which is the latest thing in belts out here for sports things.

After work was over everyone scattered. Some took walks up through the mountains, the sad-faced cows watching the hikers attentively every step of the way. Some played games and some took naps. Joan gave herself a shampoo. Always when she is working she has a shampoo two or three times a week so her hair will always look

the same throughout the picture.

George Sweeney, the property man, is a born comedian. They gave him a bit to do in the picture and the actors declared they were going to the bat for him when they got back to the studio. "He's got a wife and three kids. It would be a god-send to him to step in on the big money," they declared.

There are real cowboys in the picture picked from the ranches 'round about Keen's Camp. No small ranches either, though one of the cowboys said a seven thousand acre ranch was just a 'Fair-sized ranch.'

The cowboys' voices are the only ones doubled in the picture. The boys who sing didn't know anything about ranch life and the cowboys, although they have plenty of songs that they sing among themselves, knew nothing of ensemble work and would have died of self-consciousness had they been asked to perform before the camera. Some of the boys were very young, only twelve or thirteen years of age, and some looked as though they were well along in the seventies or eighties. But young and old they were all quick on the draw and tough as new beef. I don't mean tough in the sense of being common. Some of them gave evidence of having had a very good education. But tough in the sense of being hard-boiled and knowing their way around. They sometimes have cattle rust-

lers to deal with.

Mr. St. Clair told about one of them going home and entertaining his family and friends with accounts of his experiences in the movies. One of the older men couldn't understand about the love making between Johnny Mack Brown and Joan. Finally he called his wife and said to the boy, "Here, show me." The cowboy, nothing loathe, put his arms about the lady and kissed her.

"Not sure 'nough," chuckled Johnny Mack. "What did she do? Did she like it?"

"Like it? She loved it!" cried Mal.

We played a lot of jokes that evening. It seems that if you double up your elbow and bang a book right square on the bone you won't feel it. And you can also take the loose skin on the end of your elbow and pinch it as hard as ever you like and you won't feel *that*. The elbow, apparently, is a very remarkable part of one's anatomy.

After dinner the flapper contest continued and several tables of bridge sprang into existence, while some of the boys went bunny hunting again. But I had to be in Hollywood next day so shortly after dinner, I reluctantly started on my two hundred and twenty-five-mile drive home. But there was a full moon, and oh, how beautiful the world looked!

Hollywood's 6 Most Beautiful Women—Continued from page 27

and all the rest of it. Just listen to this and believe it or not, but it's true. This young enthusiast brushes all such 'bosh' away with one contemptuous gesture and gets \$500.00 a dozen for pictures which he takes with a little Eastman kodak that was given him when he was ten years old and which cost about five dollars when new! He usually does his own developing and printing and enlarges his pictures to eight by ten and eleven by fourteen inch sizes. The two pictures of his beautiful sisters, Nancy and Baba, were taken with this camera.

But five hundred dollars a dozen!

"Well, I suppose it is a lot—but I can get it so why shouldn't I ask it?" he said when he thought I might be going to faint.

His sisters, Nancy and Baba, are two of the loveliest girls I have ever seen. The fair one, Nancy, is especially appealing. Mr. Beaton told me she expected to visit Hollywood soon, but when I asked if it was to start a picture career he laughed a little awkwardly and said he didn't think she'd be allowed.

But to get back to his own work, some of the backgrounds he uses for his pictures are simple in the extreme. Silvered paper roughly pasted on a base of cardboard giving it a bumpy, uneven look. Orange oil cloth over which he throws a rumpled piece of white glazed tarlatan; lengths of chintz and cretonne of unusual design are also used and he throws them over a door or tacks them on a wall or anything that happens to be handy. Lighting never meant anything in his life until he came to Hollywood. His usual method was to take a time exposure in a sunlit room. Even out here he took time exposures and that is not an easy thing to do in Hollywood. After hours before the motion picture camera the film players are tired and it is very difficult for them to hold a pose long enough for a time exposure. Hollywood photographers snap their pictures as fast as possible, otherwise the publicity departments would never get

half they needed to fill the demands of the press.

To please *Vanity Fair*, to whom he is under contract, Mr. Beaton used an eight by ten camera which he declared was 'too awful.' But for reproduction the larger plates are better because they can be retouched to greater advantage.

You still may want to know why Mr. Beaton's opinion is important? Well, a young man who has photographed so many lovely ladies from all parts of the world, and whose life has been devoted to the study of beauty, must be something of an authority, mustn't he?

When he decided to compile a book on beauty, taking as examples fifty of the world's loveliest women, with a chapter descriptive of the type of each one of them, he thought such a book would not be complete without including some of the Hollywood girls. He came out to California with John Emerson and Anita Loos, was a guest at Marion Davies' house for a week-end, and the other ten days he photographed madly, dozens of Hollywood beauties and interesting types both male and female.

He has a very odd way of working. With his little camera he perches himself upon a stepladder, or sits on a desk or kneels on the floor, sometimes lying flat on his stomach better to steady the camera which he holds at an angle of forty-five degrees. He did these strange things to try for unusual camera effects and from the look of some of his studies he certainly achieved his purpose. In Hollywood, working with the unwieldy still camera, he could not be quite so erratic. "But I am having a lot of fun with lights and that is something I have never tried before," he told me.

I spent an afternoon at the United Artists Studios watching him photograph Edmund Lowe, Dolores Del Rio, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin and Mary Ellen Berlin, their daughter, and Mary Loos, Anita's young niece. Truth compels me to state

that Mary Ellen Berlin did not share her parents' respect for the young photographer. She was too polite to say so, but she thought having to hold still for longer than a second a terrible waste of valuable time.

"Look in the camera, Mary Ellen," implored Mr. Beaton.

"What for?" she wanted to know, and with some reason when you come to think it over; for after all, a camera isn't a very exciting thing for a little girl of three to gaze at for any length of time.

A point of light striking the camera lens gave her mother an idea. "Look, darling, at that star. Look very closely and you may see two stars. Think how wonderful that would be."

Mrs. Berlin was kneeling on the studio stage with one arm about her little daughter. This didn't seem right to Mary Ellen—why, she was as tall as her mother! "No, mother, you be the big one," she said crouching down so that her mother towered above her.

But when all four of them had about reached the breaking point some fine pictures were taken of the young lady.

"Oh, Cecil," said Ellen Berlin after her small daughter had been sent home with a nurse. "Do take one of Irving and me together, will you? We haven't been taken alone since we were married and everything was so hectic then."

The pictures of the group were taken in front of a ten-foot parallel with a strip of rose cloth under white glazed tarlatan thrown over it for a background. There was a prop light on the side and the only spot used was held over the subject's head by a long-suffering electrician. Considering the strain he was under, kneeling on a parallel and holding a fifty pound or more lamp over the edge of it for ten and fifteen minutes at a stretch, it was no joke. But he was so interested in Mr. Beaton's method of working that he didn't mind a bit and several times reassured Mrs. Berlin, who was sitting directly beneath it—had he lost

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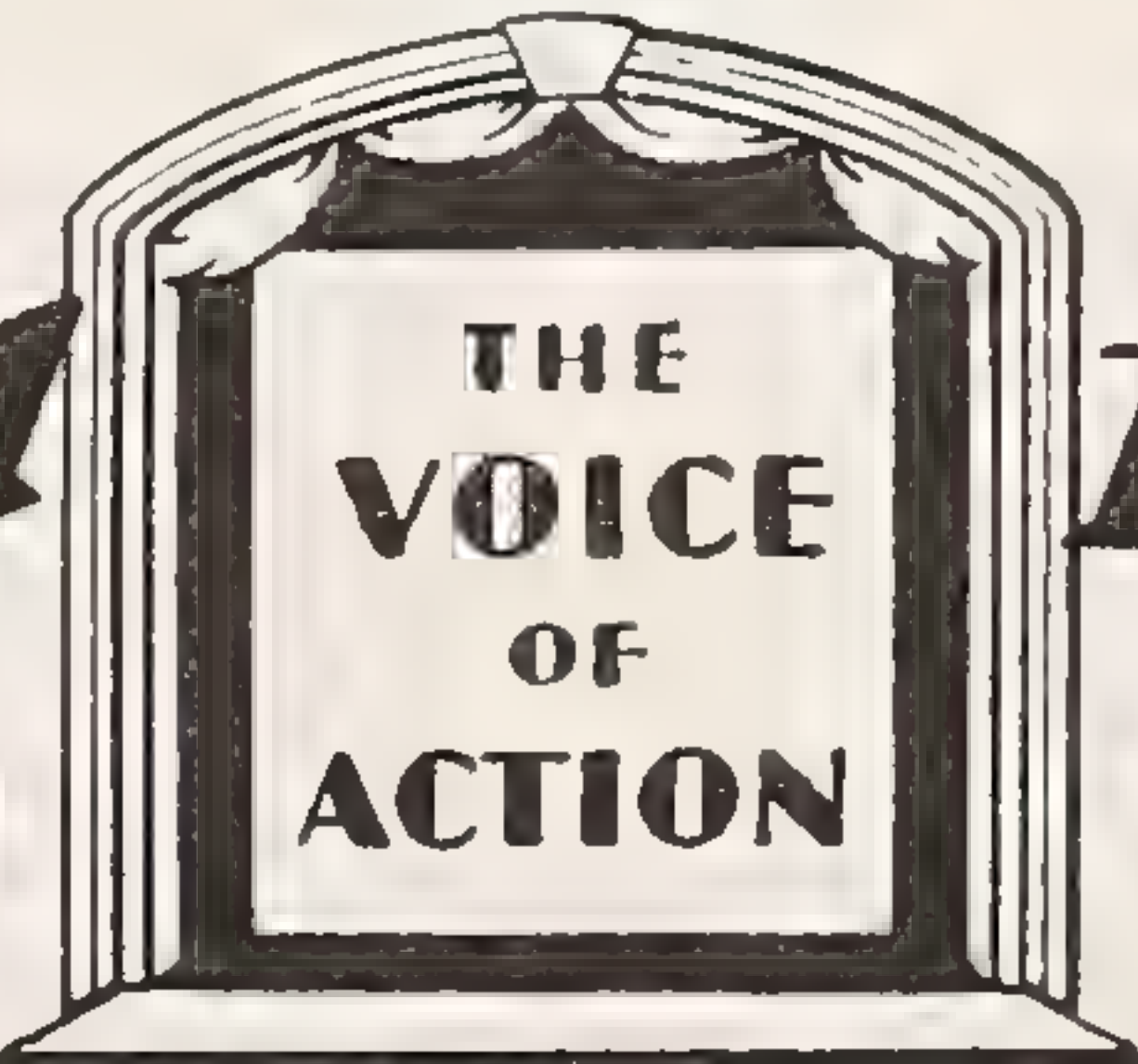


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his balance she would have had an ugly blow.

The electrician was much interested in the lighting Mr. Beaton used. "All the Hollywood photographers burn the place up with light," he told me. "I have always thought that soft light would penetrate as effectively as hard light so I am very eager to see how these pictures will turn out. Mr. Beaton uses so very little light one would almost call him an extremist. Of course we have to take snaps and a great deal of light is required for them, and Mr. Beaton is taking time exposures. I'll bet some of these things are beautiful."

In his turn Mr. Beaton was much surprised by the courtesy and co-operation of the electricians and carpenters whom he had always heard were a 'hard lot.' "They are marvelous," he said.

Dolores Del Rio was taken sitting on the ledge of a balcony with a geranium to lend atmosphere and color.

"What an extraordinary place a studio

is," exclaimed Mr. Beaton. "Here I have, without having had a thing arranged for me, the exact settings I need for all these people. Even to the sea for Edmund Lowe." Eddie came in the sailor outfit he wears in "The Bad One" which co-stars himself and Dolores. The 'sea' was a miniature used as a back drop for the balcony from which Dolores was taken. On the same level with the balcony had been a room with a wall, a mirror and a good bit of furniture upon which Mr. Beaton had asked Irving and Mrs. Berlin to pose for their portrait taken together. The only backgrounds he supplied himself were the lengths of tarlatan and oilcloth which he used for Mary Ellen.

So, all you people who think you must have a gold pen before you can write, a Rolls Royce before you can learn to drive, and an up-to-date, de luxe camera before you can begin that photographic career, pause a moment to consider that this English lad has climbed right up into the big money with nothing to help him but a

cheap little camera and a tremendous eagerness to express something in himself that threatened to stifle him unless he did give it expression. And that eagerness and that sincerity put it over for him.

He has, too, a tremendous belief in himself, not that he thinks he is such a great artist, but he is convinced that all honest effort is worthy of respect. And it never occurred to him that it would be a difficult thing to gain entrance to the sacred portals of the movie studios. Had not the doors of palaces been thrown open to him? And neither did he have difficulty. But he can thank Marion Davies and Anita Loos for that, for these two young women believe that he has a great deal to give, and they sponsored him out here.

Yet the one whom I think he most wanted to meet, that mysterious, alluring lady, still holds mystery and allure for him. Because she would not break her rule and could not overcome her dread of meeting a stranger even to be photographed.

That one was Greta Garbo!

More and Better Picture Parties—Continued from page 65

a birthday party!

"You take the high-brows and I'll take the low-brows!" sang Elsie Janis, burlesquing the old English song that Corinne Griffith used as a theme song in "The Divine Lady."

She was directing her singing to Mary Lewis, the grand opera singer, who has come west for pictures, and who was giving a party at her lovely Beverly Hills home.

"Well, I'm thinking," remarked Patsy, "that Mary gets both high-brows and low-brows. You know she was a Follies girl before she was a grand opera singer, and she's never forgotten how to be gay."

John McCormack was there; and so were Elsie Janis' mother; Zoe Akins and John Colton, noted playwrights, who are seen about everywhere together; Nils Asther, Georgie Grandee, Frances Starr, Edmund Breese and his wife, the Duncan sisters, Rosetta and Vivian; Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere; Kenneth Thomson and his sweet wife, Alden Gay; Edith Taylor Thomson, who has been an actress and a theatrical manager all her days and who used to manage John McCormack; Gus Edwards and Armida; Seena Owen and Roland Drew—they came together, and Roland seemed much devoted; Harry Tierney and Jack King, musicians and composers, and many others.

Miriam Seegar, wife of Mitchell Lyson, was there with her husband. Miss Seegar is an opera singer, lately come into pictures. She was Richard Dix's leading lady in "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

She told us that she had lately had an operation performed on her nose. She is very lovely and always was.

"I knew her in her pre-classic-nose days," confided Patsy, "and I never saw anything the matter with her nose."

However, Miss Seegar told us that it was a quite impossible organ for the screen before the operation.

Edmund Goulding was there and entertained us with some brilliant imitations of noted singers. At least, he said they were imitations, but we found that they were really delicately shaded burlesques, and most amusing. We instantly recognized Chaliapin, John Charles Thomas, and others. Goulding has an excellent voice, and Ouida Bergere declared that he should be put out of the Authors' League for being able to

sing so well!

McCormack's daughter Gwen was there, and we heard that she had a beautiful voice, but we did not hear her sing.

Reginald Sharland had come as our escort. Suddenly we heard: "Oh, Reggy!" "Oh, Basil!" And Mr. Sharland and Mr. Rathbone had all but embraced.

Sharland is from the London stage, and has just been playing a lead in a talking picture. The two knew each other well in the London days, but they hadn't met since coming to Hollywood.

John McCormack, by the way, went home early, as he had to play in his picture next morning. We had hoped he would sing, but he didn't, but he cried out "Bravo" at everybody else's performances.

Zoe Akins is a most amusing person. We were sitting on a big divan in front of the fire, chatting—Ouida, Zoe and I—and Ouida was telling us about a big costume party she meant to give.

"I'm going to come as the Leap Year Bride," Zoe explained comically. "I did intend coming on a bicycle built for two, but everybody I invited just gave me one look and begged off, evidently thinking they might have to do all the pedalling. So now I mean to come as the Queen of Java out of respect to my Javanese chauffeur."

The Duncan Sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, arriving with their brother Harold, said hello to everybody, and, of course, were at once invited to entertain us, which they did most amusingly.

"You must go and see our picture to the end," remarked Vivian, after Elsie Janis had laughed at the Floradora sextette burlesque, which is included in their picture, "It's a Great Life."

"Oh, you're just doing a trailer!" Elsie Janis called out with a grin.

Vivian told us about Elsie, when she first came home from the war, where, you know, she went right down into the trenches to entertain the soldiers.

"Elsie was present at a big public meeting in New York when medals were being handed out," Vivian explained. "A man who was making the presentation was puzzled somehow about Miss Janis' identity, famous as she was. He stumbled along: 'Miss—er—' 'Just call me Elsie,' Elsie Janis called out."

Mrs. Janis inquired kiddingly of Vivian and Rosetta whether they were relatives of

Isadora Duncan, but Vivian, quite equal to the occasion, retorted: "No, we're the other Duncans!"

And Rosetta, always clowning, called out: "What's that? I can't hear a word without my glasses!"

Then the Duncans sang *Remembering* from "Topsy and Eva;" and Elsie chimed in with the do-do-dos, after which Elsie sang *Somebody Else*, beautifully.

Buffet supper was served, and Mrs. Janis asked for a second helping of olives, whereupon Elsie accused her parent of working for a big olive firm.

Then Rosetta trotted out a monocle and stuck it in her eye, and Elsie exclaimed: "You won't be able to see a thing, but you'll have a lot of fun!"

Mary Lewis danced for us in that fascinating way of hers, and when it was very late we decided to go home. Rosetta Duncan wanted us to come to her house at Santa Monica and have breakfast, but we decided a little sleep is necessary, even in Hollywood, so we went home prudently, though we found it very hard to turn down Rosetta's fascinating invitation.

She said that her colored cook was wonderful, but, in case Chloe had gone to bed, that her chauffeur was a good cook, too.

"WHOSE home," I remarked to Patsy, "is so homey as Glenn Tryon's? Lillian, his wife, manages to make even one of these modern Italian and Spanish trick houses seem like 'way down east, doesn't she?'"

"Please," said Patsy, "don't be forever giving it away that you were brought up in a house with double parlors and only one bathroom!"

Glenn and Lillian were giving a party at their home in Benedict Canyon Road, which, with its quaint and handsome Spanish and Italian houses, looks like a bit from the old world.

Lillian was looking lovely in a rose-colored evening dress, and she wore a diamond necklace which had been Glenn's Christmas present to her. On the way upstairs to take off our wraps, as Lillian was escorting us, she showed us how the necklace came apart, to leave a pendant, with the two side pieces to be used as bracelets if she desired.

May Boley was one of the first people we met. She had just had a birthday, she



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said, and Richard Carle and his wife, dear friends of hers, had given her a silver caviar set.

"I'll just have to remodel my house and reconstruct my whole life, in order to live up to that set," May smiled in her droll way. "You see, I live very simply, in a bungalow court, and I'm sure that set will resent such surroundings."

Paul Page was there with his lovely bride, Ethel Aliss, who recently left the New York stage to go into the talkies. She isn't beautiful, but she is pretty enough, and very charming and intelligent. I hear, too, that she photographs beautifully. She is a characterful young person, and she and Paul seem entirely happy.

"It was pretty bad," remarked Paul, as Ethel and I sat on a divan chatting, and Paul sat on a footstool at our feet, "the way those rumors got around when Ethel and I were separated—she in New York, I out here in Hollywood—that I was engaged to a lot of other girls. Ethel would hear about it, and then I'd have to spend a week's salary in one day in wires and long-distance telephone calls."

"Well," remarked Patsy unsympathetically, "you should have announced your engagement."

"We were a little superstitious," explained Ethel, "afraid something might hap-

pen to spoil our happiness if we talked about it."

Paul had just been making a submarine picture, and had been sailing around in submarines; said he was crazy about them.

"Yes," Ethel put in with a comical pout, "I'm afraid I may have to set up house-keeping in one!"

That handsome, charming Walter O'Keefe was among the guests. He and Jeanette Loff have been much devoted of late, but Jeanette got cross at Walter about something—nobody knows what—and so their romance has been off.

"But I'm going over to see her—she's having a party tonight, too—just as soon as I leave here," he told us, "and I'm going to try to get her to make up with me."

"Paul Bern," Patsy confided to me afterward, "has been paying an awful lot of attention to Jeanette. But, somehow, my heart is just set on Jeanette and Walter making up."

Both Paul and Walter, we learned, had been in business life before going on the stage, and knew each other well.

"Yes, we made a dishonest living in business before taking up acting," Walter kidded.

Richard Carle, famous musical comedy and operetta star, and his wife were there; and Tony Brown, Larry Ceballos and his

wife, Max and Jack Wagner, and ever so many others.

Walter O'Keefe told one on Glenn Tryon. He said that Glenn went to Mexico, a few years ago, with two pearl-handled revolvers on his hip, determined to be a revolutionist. They took the revolvers away from him at the border, but he went on and joined the revolutionists anyway.

"Anyhow, I learned to speak Spanish," grinned Glenn.

"Well, then, sing us a Spanish song to prove it!" demanded Larry Ceballos.

Whereupon, Walter played for him and Glenn sang *Adelita*, which, he explained, had been the bandit Villa's favorite tune!

Buffet supper was served, and as we ate it, May Boley told us how she used, when she was playing "So Long Letty" on the road with Charlotte Greenwood, Sidney Grant and Walter Catlett, to cook dinner for them at her apartment, wherever she happened to be, and then go down to the theater and play the rôle of the cook-wife, which you remember if you ever saw the play.

"I used to tell them I seemed never able to get away from that rôle," she grinned, "but they only said callously that my cooking only helped to keep me in the atmosphere!"

No Real Beauties on the Screen?—Continued from page 19

"The reason for it, I think, is this: America has evolved a composite idea of everything—even beauty. Movie producers, magazine editors, newspaper publishers have given us the composite picture of the 'typical American girl.' The Harrison Fisher girl and the James Montgomery Flagg heroine were what the producer, the editor, the publisher wanted. And the Harrison Fisher girl and the James Montgomery Flagg heroine are still the type demanded today by the publisher, the editor, the producer. The beautiful, innocent miss with the vacant eyes and the sterile brow! Of course, now she is slimmer and her skirts are shorter. But it's like the old sausage gag. You can slice it thick or you can slice it thin, but it's bologna just the same.

"To illustrate this point better, let me tell you of an experience I had some years ago. A magazine gave me a commission to illustrate a story of an English actress, on her way to America, who fell in love with a parson.

"I got an English model of the actress type and a man model of the clergyman type and drew them and carried the sketches in to the editor.

"They won't do at all," he told me immediately.

"But they are true representations of an English actress and a clergyman," I answered.

"What the devil do I care!" he replied angrily. "Look at this and this," he ran quickly through some past issues of his magazine. "That is what I want.

"I took a good look. Then I went home and copied a Gibson girl and a Gibson man and took them back.

"That's it," he gave me a big thump on the back. "That's exactly it. That's what the people want."

"But it wasn't. It was what he and a hundred other editors had taught the people to want.

"From that day on, I gave up illustrating, and it's a good thing I did, for I was a rotten illustrator. But I learned that day what twenty years' later experience has con-

firmed: the great art here in America is commercial art. To paint a beautiful picture is useless. Collectors are buying them to beautify their homes. But for the great mass of people it has no utility. Nothing has any substance here that can't bring a quick money turn-over.

"So far has this proscribing of what we shall eat, wear, drink and think gone, that no American girl who wants to be popular will dare to be a type—something different from the usual idea of beauty. All women on Fifth Avenue look exactly alike. They may be blonde, brunette or red-haired but their clothes, their hats, their furs, their shoes, bags, gloves, accessories, and I am sorry to say, often their minds, bodies and souls seem all etched in similar strokes.

"Of course, now and again, you do find a girl who dares to be an individualist. But she has been swayed so long by popular influence that when she does dare to be a type, the result is rather sickening. Like a madonna in long jet earrings. She just can't put it over.

"The reason there are no beautiful women on the moving picture screen—with the possible exceptions I mentioned—is that *no woman is beautiful until she is thirty-five*. But so terrible is the tired business man's fetish for youth, taught him by producer, editor and publisher, that most movie actresses have lost out by the time they are thirty-five, or are so frantically busy trying to cover up their first approaching signs of age that they have nothing left to pour into their work.

"However, recent signs are encouraging, for I know at least three American cinema stars over thirty who have, in the last six months, given the only artistically mature performances of their careers. And they are all women exceptional in temperament, character and mind. Women who have learned to realize that they must succeed because of their maturity, not in spite of it.

"Most Americans think I am joking when I say no woman is beautiful until she is thirty-five. And yet, I am wholeheartedly sincere. I never painted but one young

girl in my life. And that only recently. I painted her because her face showed her to be the perfect personification of universal motherhood. And the madonna type, because it is the basis of civilization, is as ageless as eternity.

"No, I positively dislike painting young girls. They have nothing to give out except a certain fleeting prettiness which all young girls possess between eighteen and twenty. But this prettiness which is merely the flush of youth expires when the girl goes into her twenty-first year and only revives if that person's life teaches her the proud lift of throat and head—even in defeat. The calm tolerance of brow—even though distorted with pain. And the steadfast clearness of eyes—even if blinded by tears.

"The most beautiful woman I have ever known is an old Breton peasant, nearing seventy. She has no possessions in the world but her Breton cap and dress, and an old cotton umbrella which she grasps as firmly on sunny days as on rainy. She has been the mother of twelve children, six sons who are all drunkards, and six daughters who are girls of the streets in Paris. And yet, this woman is beautiful. Life has not bowed her, and death will not conquer her. Her eyes are still clear, her head is still high, and her lips still preserve the tender twist of humor and hope.

"Naturally, feeling as I do, you can understand why little beauty exists for me on the screen. However, three women in pictures interest me enormously as an artist.

"The first is Alice Joyce. She, to me, is truly representative of American beauty, not the fragile, immature wisps of femininity which magazine covers covet. Miss Joyce stands out as far in my mind above other American screen stars as the evening star does over the Woolworth building. She is what the French call *une belle femme*. She may not be physiologically perfect in figure and facial structure. But she has everything a woman should possess. Sweetness, strength, courage, refinement—she gives us mental, spiritual, aesthetic stimulation.

"Whenever her pictures are playing on the Boulevards of Paris, I am one of the first to visit the theater. And secretly, as I sit in the little French cinema houses, surrounded by Gallic audiences, I feel always a thrill of pride, for I know that there on the screen walks a type of true beauty. True American beauty.

"The second screen star whom I consider really beautiful is Lily Damita. Lily, I know, is only in her twenties, but she has beauty for me, because being a war child of Europe, the hard work and trouble she has suffered have distilled in her a real beauty—a flame which I think will last as long as Lily breathes.

"Lily's mother was French, her father Austrian. You can realize what that meant during the war. Cousin fighting cousin. The mother distrusted by the father's family. The father's family isolated by prejudice and hate. Lily was only a convent child at the time the war broke out. Through many countries she danced and sang, entertaining soldiers and officers, seeing the whole bloody holocaust of the world at an age when other girls are just commencing to conjugate irregular French verbs.

"I first ran into Lily in Paris, shortly after the armistice. The editor of *Le Journal* was heading a beauty contest, the winner of which was to be sent to America with a short contract to a certain moving picture company. I was one of the judges and certainly Lily was by far the most beautiful young girl there. As a matter of fact, the others weren't even pretty, to my mind. But Lily did not win the contest. For some unknown reason the editor of *Le Journal* would not have it. Lily came in second—and how she cried! Such feeling, such emotion, such tempestuous grief.

"I felt so sorry for her. At that time she was just a poor little dancer. The dressmaker Jenny was supplying her with clothes, as many Parisian dressmakers do. She had no worldly assets but her beauty.

"Although I went home saddened, now I am very glad Miss Damita did not win the contest. Winners of beauty contests never seem to get anywhere. The name of the girl who won this contest I do not even recall. But Lily out of her grief and chagrin, worked on, and reached the top. And certainly in 'The Cock-Eyed World' and 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey,' Miss Damita has added a page of flaming beauty to the catalogue of the world's loveliness.

"Bebe Daniels is the third woman in pictures who brings out a real artistic interest in my heart. I didn't formerly consider her possessing the elements of beauty when they used to star her in hoydenish, comedienne rôles. But since I saw 'Rio Rita,' she makes a tremendous appeal to me. When I heard the voice she has evolved, saw the dramatic technique she has developed, I was amazed. And as I studied her I said to myself: 'Here is a beauty I have overlooked.'

"You'll laugh when I tell you what made me decide she is a beauty! It is a little break in the upper part of her nose which gives character to her entire physiognomy, making what would otherwise be a merely pretty face, a face of intrinsic loveliness.

"It's always that way with beauty. Out of imperfections, perfection. Out of grief, success. Out of mortal clay, a certain godliness which does not admit old age, which refuses to be appalled by death; and this certain godliness, for lack of a better name, I call true beauty—the ageless beauty of the mind and soul."

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Hello, Public—Continued from page 31

into bed—dead to the world, but not for long.

On that bed there was what I learned to call a musical spring. Every time I turned over the coils, in these springs snapped and gave out a sound like a circus calliope. So when I finally fell asleep around seven o'clock it seemed only a moment until my maid had knocked on the door and said: "We're due for rehearsal at the theater in twenty-five minutes."

When I got to the little theater, I found there was no orchestra.

"But I've got to have an orchestra for this act. I've just naturally got to," my manager said.

The theater manager who had had a pretty tough year was willing to do anything in his power to help us, so out into town he went and within an hour had organized an orchestra.

And what an orchestra!

The first member I saw was the trombonist. He walked in in overalls, carrying an old trombone, all taped up. And I heard him mutter as he sat down where the pit is supposed to be: "Well, this is better than greasing cars in the garage at ten above zero."

I afterwards learned that he was a mechanic from the local garage, taking time off to hold up the orchestra.

Next in was the violinist. He sold electric light fixtures. The piano player followed after him. And this man was a pianist with a love for his art which almost proved disastrous. As I shall tell you later. In ordinary life, the pianist was the soda squirter, at the big time drug store on main street.

We were all ready for rehearsal but there was no piano for the stage. My manager conferred with the movie theater manager. "But we've got to have a baby grand. With the backdrops and beautiful costumes, an upright piano will throw everything out of proportion."

"But there isn't but one in town. And that belongs to the undertaker," the harassed theater manager replied.

"Get it," my manager answered. "Get it—at any cost!"

By this time, it was almost the hour of the evening performance. My maid and I hurried down under the stage where the kind manager had rigged up a dressing room of sorts. It was pretty cold for my California blood. And there was no hot water. However, on a little electric heater, my maid warmed some for me to wash in. And I was just heading for the bathroom with a pail of warm water in my hand when the largest rat in captivity skidded out of the bath room door.

I have always heard that rats will attack people. And I was literally frozen with fear. But instead of that rat attacking me, he must have thought I was going to attack him—for he turned a flipflop and ran.

My nerves, by this time, had the better of me. And if I could have found a fast freight outside of that stage door, I would certainly have hopped it back to Hollywood. I was literally sick with fear.

Perhaps, you all don't realize how it is learning to sing. Your teacher stands by you. And just her physical presence is a great moral help. She acts as a *Svengali* to your *Trilby*. Well, I couldn't bring my teacher with me, and here I was alone on the Iowa prairie. And if I didn't make good—well, that would be the end of little Estelle!

My, how you can pray when you get in a tight place. And believe me I did. With cold fingers and a trembling tongue I gave Amy Macpherson a race for her money.

Somehow, my maid poured me into my white lace dress and I hobbled up the dark steps to the stage.

I heard the orchestra playing the overture. But strangely enough I didn't hear my accompanist play the opening bars of my first song—which was the cue for me to come on. But I did hear a strange whisper, "Come on, come on!" he was shouting as he sat behind the baby grand, perspiration streaming down his face.

I made my entrance, had a nice little round of warm applause, and waited for the opening bars of my song. Nothing happened. I saw the accompanist pressing down the keys—still nothing happened. Finally with a mighty effort, he played the first few bars of my song, and how they jangled, and I opened my mouth to sing. But before I could get out a single note, I heard an awful crash. The piano had fallen to pieces!

"Don't leave the stage," the accompanist hissed. "Stay where you are." And I did, trying to smile, while giggles were mounting rapidly in the audience.

The accompanist rushed off of the stage, down into the orchestra pit, leaped onto the piano seat and started to play my song from there. But the local pianist clung to his art. He refused to leave the piano bench. And so while two large bodies struggled to occupy the same spot at the same time, I put on my first professional song.

How, what or why, I don't know, but finally it was over. The audience applauded and whistled—I took eight encores. And then fell back in the wings, crying with laughter and fright and nerves.

My poor accompanist was little better. And I learned what had happened.

When the theater manager went to the undertaker to hire the piano for the performance, the undertaker was tuning it. Nothing loathe to make a few extra dollars, he let the theater manager have it, neglecting to say, however, that part of the instrument was tuned in the upper register and part in the lower. Also that he had taken the screws out of the pedals.

When my unfortunate accompanist hit the first few bars, the resulting sound was awful. When he tried the pedal to see if he could sustain the chords once struck, the whole piano dissolved in his lap—the pedals came off, the piano lurched to the side and it was then that he made his flying leap for the orchestra pit.

After three days in Atlantic, we played Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Sioux City, and points south north and east, working gradually towards New York where I played the Palace Theater, following it with engagements in Yonkers, Brooklyn, Flushing and Newark.

It didn't take me long to settle down into the life of a vaudevillian. We used to make all our jumps by motor car because often in the middle west it was the quickest way between two points. After we closed out in one town, we would get into the automobile about twelve o'clock at night and motor to our next week's or split-week's engagement.

This night driving I enjoyed most of all. Sometimes it would be through the wheat belt. Again through the dairy country. And as we got south, we came to the oil fields.

There, all day and all night, like sentinels, the oil derricks would be outlined against the skies, with their sturdy little pop engines chucking away, and once or twice we had the great luck to see a big gusher of crude black oil burst over the top of the derrick and flood the countryside. A flood which oftentimes meant untold riches to farmers who a week before had been scratching the soil to make a bare living.

I enjoyed shopping on my tour, too. Since I left Hollywood when it was very warm, I had no heavy coat. The first night out motoring in Iowa I almost froze. So early the next morning I went down to the main emporium in Atlantic to buy a coat.

The best coat in the house was forty dollars. And it was a fine, thick warm coat trimmed with good black fox fur.

That was a revelation to me! A movie actress becomes so accustomed to luxury, to paying high prices and shopping in smart shops, that to discover a fine substantial coat at such a reasonable sum rather restored my sense of values. And that's what a movie star needs most of all—to have her sense of values restored; to keep in actual daily touch with the millions of people before whom she hopes to bring her pictures.

Often, at night, or early in the morning, as I would arrive at various little towns, I would find it hard to sleep. I had a temporary attack of what the doctor called a nervous heart, brought on, I suppose, by nerves and worry. In Hollywood, I always feel well and as healthy as a horse, but with these new conditions, not being sure of myself or my voice or my stage training, at unexpected intervals my heart would start to pump most disquietingly.

The only way I could stop it, would be to lie quietly in bed. And read.

I have always loved poetry. There is a warm, lush beauty about words which fascinates me. And as I would lie on those hard Iowa or Kansas beds, there was one particular poem from which I often used to read. I'm sure you remember the words from "John Brown's Body" by Benet:

"Since I was begotten
My father's grown wise
But he has forgotten
The wind in the skies.
I shall not grow wise. . . .

For money is sullen
And wisdom is sly,
But youth is the pollen
That blows through the sky
And does not ask why."

It was on this tour that I peculiarly realized that money, and fame and worldly wisdom are not necessarily the levers which lift people to happiness. I saw—I encountered thousands of people with no fame, little worldly wisdom and less money. But they had achieved a certain durable kind of happiness from doing their daily job well.

They taught me how to do my stage job well. For often I was tempted to quit—right off short—and go back to the Hollywood I love better than any place on earth, to the movies which mean more to me than any single quality in life. But I stuck it out because the tradition of the stage is 'on with the show.' And these Iowa and Kansas people were teaching me an even better tradition—is was 'on with life.'

That's what we need to learn in Hollywood—on with life. Changes come, shifts,

upsets, the rooster of today is the feather duster of tomorrow. And then again the feather duster of today may be the rooster of tomorrow. For nobody can tell what will come out of this new ferment of talking pictures.

Many of the great figures of moviedom of yesterday have been forgotten today. And many of those forgotten yesterday have staged a tremendous come-back today. It is a process of development and adaptability. The movie star of yesterday who is content with her pretty face and a pretty figure is bound to be carried into oblivion tomorrow. But the movie star of yesterday who takes all she knows of the pantomimic art and combines it with a desire to learn this new technique of talkies; who tries to develop her singing voice, to adapt her speaking voice; who takes to heart the fact that youth is only the pollen that blows through the sky, and realizes that at the first touch of maturity her youth must be transmuted into finer, sturdier qualities—she is apt to become the real trouper who will advance farther and farther each year into the hearts of the educated, discriminating audiences which talking pictures have brought about.

Hollywood's Bright Boy

Continued from page 66

that one can hardly read the "Beware the woodpecker," "Insert coin here," etc., which decorate the headgear.

More than one person has attempted—and vainly—to get an insight into Eddie's 'other self,' if he has any. The self that isn't continually joking and clowning; maybe a sentimental side. But it is like breaking down a barbed-wire entrenchment with only your bare hands for tools.

I took a chance on the subject of matrimony, knowing him to be one of the few younger players who is not accused of being engaged, or appearing at parties with this and that actress.

Yes, he would marry some day, if he could find the right type of girl—and one who would have him.

"Why, you shouldn't have any trouble finding a girl to marry you," I told him.

"Oh, yes I should. The trouble is that I'd want a wife with a sense of humor. She'd have to have one, of course, to marry me. But I mean, I'd want one whom I could clown and joke with and she wouldn't think I was a darn fool. No, she couldn't be dumb. If she were dumb, my jokes would be lost on her. Naturally, I don't like that in any audience, much less my wife. On the other hand, if she were real smart, she would probably throw something at me every time I made a wise-crack. And no one likes that type of an audience.

"What I would want is a wife who could stand up under the gaff—and like it. One who wouldn't think I was too wise. One who would be indulgent with me in these weaker moments. Humor me, as it were. Where could I find this type?"

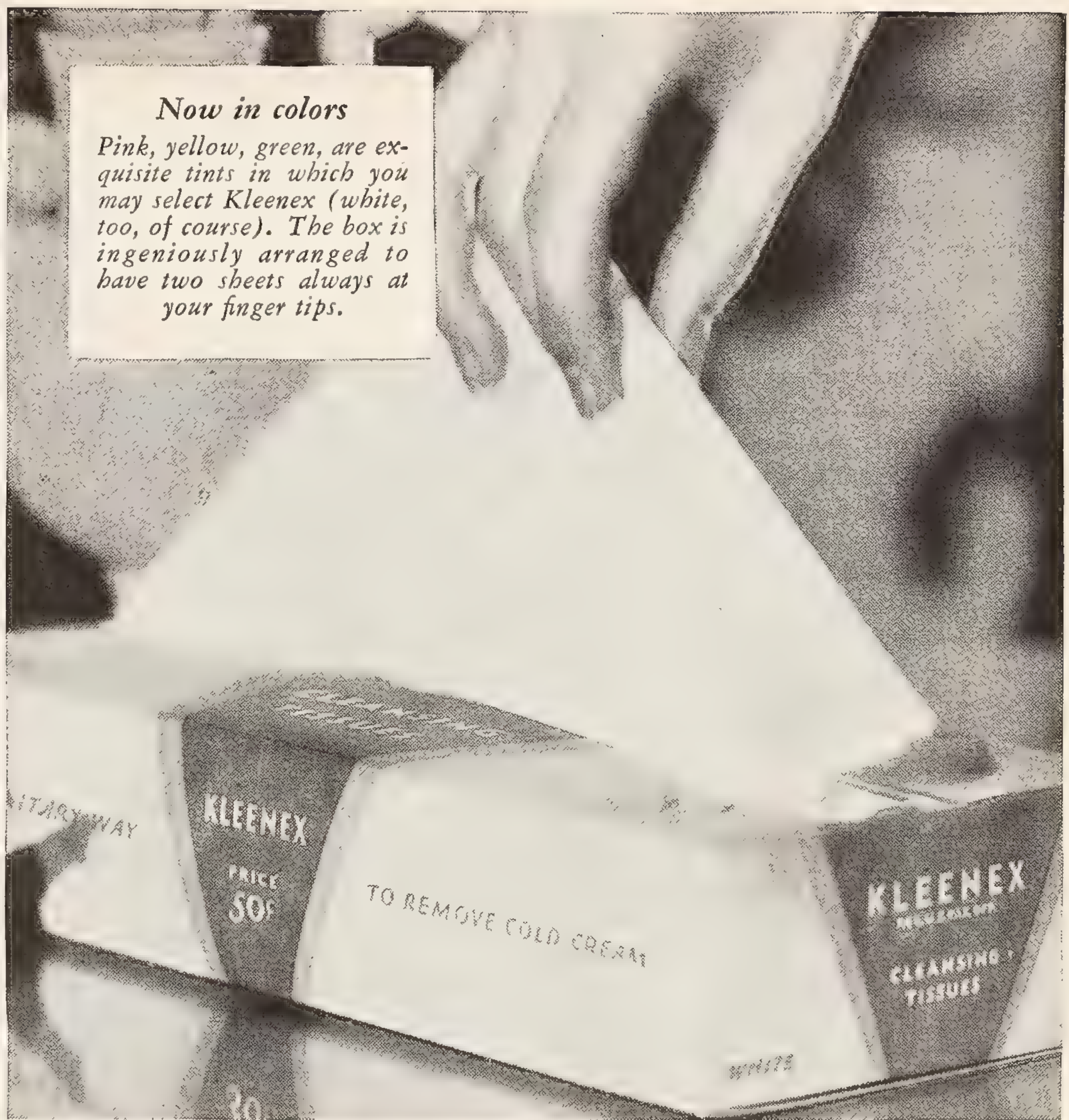
"In most any asylum," I vouchsafed, thinking of some of his jokes.

"I guess you're right. Maybe an ex-nurse who used to work in an asylum. The kind who is accustomed to hearing all the dodos declare they are Napoleon."

I don't know whether he was kidding me or not. Maybe I had penetrated that wise-cracking epidermis of his and was listening to young love's yearning—and maybe I hadn't!

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De-Bunking Dorothy—Continued from page 83

languid lady, so Dorothy Mackaill is a realist—a go-getter."

"Have it your own way," Dorothy intruded. "Well, you are a realist, aren't you?" I argued. "You face facts with a what-the-hell determination to get what you want out of life, anyway."

"Think back, a long way back—to England when you were only thirteen years old and obsessed with the notion that you belonged in a chorus instead of a school. You said 'what-the-hell' to parental authority and became the spryest chicken in the 'Chicken Walk' at the London Hippodrome."

"Again, when you wanted to come to America you were not frightened by stories of chorus girls unable to step out of their Rolls Royces because they did not have enough money to buy shoes. Now, supposing we go ahead with the story of how Dorothy Mackaill built up a personality." "Okay," said Dorothy. "Make it snappy," and I started typing once more:

"The confident young woman, of Scotch-Irish parentage with no friends in America and only a few bills in her pocketbook, occupied a room in a cheap theatrical hotel located in New York's Fighting Forties. On a hot morning in the late summer, she sat on the edge of her bed scanning the theatrical news as was her wont. A bottle of milk and a plate of crackers were on a table beside her. She read that the Shuberts were about to revive 'Floradora' and remembered that the girls in the original sextet had either killed or married their millionaire boy friends. She looked at her last pair of silk stockings drying on the window sill and decided that the chance was worth taking. She had little to lose and everything to gain. Being a realist and a go-getter she moved the damp silk stockings to a sunny spot on the window ledge so that her meeting with Mr. Shubert might be hastened. Her mind functioned that way—thought, action, snappy, just like that. No time wasted at the wishing well. Yes, she got the job."

I stopped typing. "What next?" I asked.

"It's your turn."

"Next came 'The Follies,'" Dorothy talked while I typed:

"I had a devil of a time getting to Ziegfeld until one day I sent in my name as 'Dorothy Mackaill of London.' The 'London' fetched him. He sent for me and looked me over. He liked my voice and okayed my legs."

"What's that?" I interrupted. "Accuracy, remember."

"All right," she corrected. "He liked my legs and okayed my voice. Anyway, I got the clothes Jackie Logan had been wearing and a place in the 'Midnight Frolic.' They gave me a song that in those days was considered racy."

"Edwin Carewe, the director, was out in front one night. He liked my face and my legs and said that in his racket the voice didn't matter. This was long before talkies, you know."

"Any movie experience?" Carewe asked. "Sure," I answered. "Two flops in England."

"You can't scare me," he said. "You're just the gal I want for a picture called 'Mighty Lak a Rose.'"

"Sounds sort of mushy to me," I said. "Never mind that," he came back. "What do you say?"

"I believe I told him that if the price was right I would be there with the make-up. The picture went over big and so did I, but that's old stuff."

Dorothy stopped talking and we both lit cigarettes. Beverly Hills is such a serenely quiet place on a summer, or any other evening, that I resented the intrusion of a radio someone had turned on in another part of the house. I opened a French window and looked out. Now, of course, the velvety lawn should have been bathed in moonlight, but there wasn't any moon. I couldn't see a thing, and grumbling, "What—no moon?" returned to the typewriter. "Read this," I said, and began hitting the keys with Dorothy looking over my shoulder:

"You will observe that up to this point in Miss Mackaill's career, two traits of char-

acter are plainly evidenced—determination and direct action. She knew what she wanted and looked at the goal, not the difficulties. Psychologists would term her a 100% extravert, meaning a person who does things. She never feels inferior, therefore, does not assume to be something that she is not. In a community addicted to strained posturings, she is free and easy as—as—'Hop-and-Go-Fetch It!'" Dorothy suggested. "Fine," I said and went on typing:

"It will be seen that at the basis of Miss Mackaill's personality are qualities entirely in accord with present-day standards. Determination, directness, frankness, and, oh, yes, fearlessness, rank well among the ideals of the whoopee youngsters who end by rocking the baby to sleep in a three-room flat furnished on the installment plan. In her most successful pictures, Miss Mackaill has played exactly the sort of young woman thousands of girls would like to become. Swimming, tennis, horseback riding—she excels at them all, and, of course, she possesses considerable beauty."

"I wondered about that," came a voice from over my shoulder.

"Yes, considerable beauty," I went on. "But she owes her popularity first of all to her personality—a peculiar, elusive combination of qualities that make an individual stand out from the crowd."

I stopped writing and turned to Dorothy. "You see what I am driving at. Technical efficiency in any line is not hard to find. Plenty of dancers, singers, actors, are technically proficient as the popular favorites. But they don't register."

"Sure, I understand," broke in Dorothy. "In one way or another we are expressing personalities that the public falls for. What's inside—the character stuff—has a way of coming out."

"Exactly," I exclaimed.

"Now I'm going to ask you one," said Dorothy as she glanced at the desk clock.

"If it takes you two hours and a lot of fancy words to figure that I'm hard-boiled, how long would it take you to explain Lon Chaney?"

"Let Us Alone!"—Continued from page 21

much money for Paramount. The fans do not always like to think of their stars as being married. They like the stars to be free, so they can dream over them."

"Although it is hard for us, I suppose there is much sense and logic in what Mr. Schenck says. Miss Bow is soon to make 'The Humming Bird.' This will be a spectacular picture with a real story for her. She will have a chance to do the best acting of her career. And she wants to be free from all marital responsibilities until that picture is finished."

"So far as I am concerned, I should like to be married tomorrow. Miss Bow is here in New York now and I would like nothing better than to get up tomorrow morning early and hurry down to City Hall, procure a license, and get married. And then, to the country, away from all this hurly-burly, all the endless clamorings, questionings, and conjecturings. But again, even about me, Mr. Schenck says: 'Not yet. I have tied a million dollars up in your picture, "Puttin' on the Ritz." And I want you to give me every advantage in making this picture go over big.'"

"No matter which way we turn about this marrying business, we seem hindered."

I suppose the only thing to do is to wait—a little while. But it is harder than ever now with Miss Bow here in town on vacation, and nothing to stop us except the wishes of a man who has been a real friend to both of us, and the advice of our business colleagues.

"Newspaper interviewers keep asking me: 'What are your feelings toward Miss Bow?' I think: 'Is nothing sacred in this man's town?' And then I struggle on and try to tell them what I think. I can't make myself understood. Everybody knows when a person really cares, he fumbles his words; he can't express his meanings; he gets inarticulate. Why, sometimes I feel like an animal in pain, not able to tell where the misery hurts me."

"I feel this way because I look on Miss Bow as you would look on a beautiful statue. I want to keep her as she is. To protect her and carry her away from everything that would trouble or worry her. And when I see the papers coming out with their fantastic stories, I feel I can't wait. I'll have to marry her and run away with her some place where nobody can get at her. I want to hold her—to keep her for my own. Away from sordidness, from specu-

lation, from notoriety, from petty gossip."

"Clara herself is very witty about the whole thing. She just laughs it off and says: 'Let's set a date ten years from now. And then if we go off and get married tomorrow, it's nobody's business.'"

"I think that's the policy we'll have to adopt. For when you're at the top of the ladder, nothing seems sacred from the press. But at least, there should be twice in a woman's life when she might be kept inviolate. First when she prays. And second when she chooses the man with whom she wishes to share her life and herself."

"If people will leave us alone, we'll finish our next pictures and then we'll be married. Just as every girl and every man dreams of being married: in a church, with music and flowers and candles."

"But if people keep hounding us, I shall just get up early some morning, take out my roadster and motor Clara to some little tucked-away town. We'll be married there. And we'll keep it a secret. We won't tell the world unless the world will give us a break and let us get married in our own way, at our own convenience."

A New Boy

Continued from page 55

A scout for Lenore Ulric saw the youth in the performance and suggested him for the juvenile who sings and plays in "Kiki." He played the part in San Francisco with Miss Ulric and later was given his favorite part of Lieutenant Moore in "What Price Glory."

With ambitions to become a success on the stage, Stanley decided to have training in stock companies of the west. He played one season in Houston, Texas, and two seasons in Omaha, Nebraska. Upon completion of his stock training, Stanley visited his mother in Hollywood. Bryant Washburn sent him an invitation to take a film test. Washburn directed it and Melbourne Spurr was the photographer. When weeks passed and nothing came of the test, Smith signed for the leading juvenile rôle in "The Royal Family," a Los Angeles stage production.

In the same play was Fredric March. Two film companies were approaching Smith for his services. And March was faced with the same situation. On the strength of the Washburn test, Pathé signed young Smith to a contract before "The Royal Family" left for the San Francisco engagement. During the run in the Bay City, another film company tested Fredric March in the ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel. Before the latter organization could decide, Paramount acquired the March signature on a contract.

While Smith was waiting for his first picture, "The Sophomore" to begin production he accepted a part in the stage production, "Little Orchid Annie." After "The Sophomore" at Pathé, Paramount borrowed him for the lead opposite Nancy Carroll in "Sweetie." His singing of *Sweeter Than Sweet* prompted flappers to exchange their stamps for his pictures.

"Sweetie" resulted in Smith's getting the lead in "Honey," Nancy Carroll's new musical romance. And "Honey" has resulted in a Paramount contract.

Gary Cooper, who plays western rôles to perfection, would like to sing. Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, who sings, would like to play in 'westerns.' So Stanley Smith, who sings so very well, wants to play straight dramatic parts. That's the truth.

Smith is quiet, well-mannered and a combination of Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers. His hair is dark blond and wavy. His eyes are blue-gray. He weighs 155 pounds and is almost six feet tall. His favorite sport is swimming. And he's not married!

Come to a Barbecue with Ken Maynard

Continued from page 95

When every one had eaten until they could eat no more they all sat about the smoldering fire and unanimously declared that never had they eaten a more excellent, satisfying, well-flavored meal than this one. But when they tried to convey to Ken their appreciation of him as a perfect host and master of the fine art of cooking he declared that he doesn't think of it as a fine art at all. He's just 'handy,' he says, and independent—as every man ought to be.

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Movies in the Air—Continued from page 8

left its initial Manhattan house.

Back to "What Price Glory," the radio played no small part in popularizing *Charmaine* which Rapee had written while he was musical director for S. L. Rothafel (Roxy) who, too, owes his international reputation to his airwave programs. Radio has been an important factor in putting every theme song ever written over to the public. Remember, *Charmaine* and those songs were written at a time when the movie officials still held a resentment against radio as an intruder. They were still obsessed by the fear that radio receivers would keep the public in the home and away from the movie theaters, forgetting that the herd instinct will never permit any isolated form of entertainment to keep men away from one another. While the opportunity offers itself people will always herd together; the increased movie patronage is the best example of that.

The theme song has come to be a despised part of the audible films because of the indiscriminate use of them during the stuttering days of the talkers. Directors felt it imperative to put a theme song in every picture they made and not being adept at the insertion of music into talking films or the discreet use of a musical background, their presentation of the theme song was often so obvious and ill-timed as to be distasteful. Which brought maledictions down upon every kind of theme song.

That period in the talkies can be likened to the early days of radio when program directors were so anxious to get entertainment, any twenty-five-dollar a week song plugger could have a featured place on a metropolitan air bill. Their renditions were often a handicap instead of a help in exploiting a song, but it was not until much later that the song publishers learned that their wares deserved a special setting and then the big orchestra leaders were recruited to blaze the trail of the new musical hits. If in your recollections of favorite jazz numbers or waltz songs of a few years back you can associate certain pieces with certain musical organizations, you have a right to surmise that the leader often got his share of profits for plugging a song. They had an arrangement for a cut-in on the royalties, sometimes with the composers and sometimes with the publishers. Many of the biggest orchestras in the country, and some of the most important radio artists have contracts with music publishing companies and must include certain of their songs in the broadcast programs.

The amalgamation of the music houses with the film producing companies has added another direct link to this chain of mediums by which the public in certain pictures is stimulated and box-office totals rolled up.

An example of what a radio reputation will do for a talkie is Rudy Vallee's "The Vagabond Lover." Regardless of how much any individual liked or disliked the picture itself, everyone must admit its commercial value, judging by theater returns

from all over the country. He is still the outstanding success of a broadcasting campaign. He hasn't played in the west nor in the south. His orchestral career has been confined to a few cities in New England and to New York where his night club first brought him attention. But it was his radio broadcasting that secured for him contracts that bring his salary to many thousands of dollars a week. There are those who say that he is just a passing fancy, that already interest in this megaphone sheik is waning, but there are still thousands of women evidently sufficiently interested in "The Vagabond Lover" to pay admission prices to hear him. The picture wasn't a spectacular success in New York, surprisingly enough, since his personal appearances at the Paramount Theaters on Broadway and in Brooklyn brought new records to both those houses. But recent reports from the south and west concerning the reception of this film are amazingly satisfactory to the producers. His crooning voice must have penetrated every hamlet and town most effectively, judging from the way they're flocking to see the Radio Pictures presentation.

Movie producers are beginning to find out that while radio artists are not generally suitable for film careers, a voice that goes over well on the radio will record favorably on the talkie equipment. Graham McNamee's voice as the unseen announcer in Universal's newsreel is just as pleasant to hear on the screen as over the radio receiver. The trouble is that many of the beautiful voices of the air were meant for an unseen audience, and film fans are still desirous of having their heroines beautiful and their heroes the popular idea of a sheik.

Naturally, some of the old movie stars will go on in spite of their voices and not because of them. Janet Gaynor has a cute little voice, not at all remarkable, but her whimsical appearance and her charm more than make up for any vocal defects so that "Sunnyside Up" is playing to S. R. O. business in every state.

Lottice Howell, who will be seen with Ramon Novarro in his new picture, is the newer type of screen player who has been chosen particularly because of her beautiful voice. Dorothy Jordan is another of Novarro's supports who has an individual vocal quality which marks her for success.

After all, the movie companies have stolen a march on the radio industry. The films, instead of suffering from the newcomer, have absorbed what they needed for improving themselves and for creating a new and wider interest in films. Not only have they applied broadcasting technique to vocalizing their pictures but they have drafted whatever technical and entertainment talent they needed; just as they have drawn from the stage and musical world such figures and genius as should keep movies the most popular field of entertainment, and should make celluloid the most important medium of artistic expression in the coming years.

The winner of the Rudy Vallee contest which appeared in the January 1930 issue of Screenland will be announced in the May number of the Magazine, out April first. Watch for it!

Solving the Menjou Mystery

Continued from page 23

visit was decided upon to settle the matter.

As I have friends who raise wonderful dogs for pleasure I suggested that I was sure they would be delighted to present him with a nice dog. He was pleased with the offer but said that as the kennel had both the dog and the money he would have to stick to them until he at least got something that barked and wagged its tail. He would get something, he said, even if it had to be two cheap dogs!

I can't imagine the elegantly smart Menjou out walking with what one would call a 'cheap dog'—can you? And what robbers they were at the kennel, he complained. Well, that's the fatal result of what is known as 'class.' The world over, the movie people are supposed to be rolling in limitless wealth. Add to that the glamour of the Menjou personality and you can realize how the kennel people lost all sense of hold-up proportions.

During the telephone conversation I had a chance to look about the salon of the Menjou apartment. Quiet, good taste was all about; a thoroughly perfect setting for this artiste. Photographs and a miniature of a beautiful blonde lady showed that he had tried to fill the place with Madame Menjou's presence—even though at that moment she was on the other side of the ocean on business. On seeing my interest in the ex-Kathryn Carver, Menjou showed me some interesting snapshots of their travels in Italy and France. Then we continued our film talk.

"In another year, I am sure most of the films will be in color. With the talking and sound effects so well perfected there was something lacking. The scenes and people seemed hollow and dead when done in black and white. With the colors all this has changed; with them one has everything. The living people seems to be before you. Some of the last color films I saw in America were wonderful. Of course, all this will cost a great deal. Actors will have to work for less money. All must be on a saner and more level basis. With good dialogue and colors there will be little need to fill out a picture with the usual spectacular scenes, cabaret midnight orgies and the like. With lines to be spoken and dramatic and comedy situations to be worked up with the dialogue, there must naturally be cleverness in that dialogue. Hence, the quality of pictures will be raised to a much higher level. All that must be!"

There is an interesting enthusiasm in all that Menjou says. It colors all his remarks. Never once does one see the blasé, ultra-sophisticate that is so often his screen characterization. He talks rapidly and brilliantly in the French and English that we spoke. He speaks fluently, English, French, German and Italian. He said that he knows enough Spanish to 'get by' in a rôle and with a little study would be fluent at it.

While in most of his screen characters Menjou has been identified with French parts he, himself, is distinctly international—but with that is the added color of a continental personality. Just as he fitted thoroughly into the French salon where we sat, I am sure he would be just as well framed by an English country house or an Italian villa.

"The one person who is independent of the many changes and revolutions caused

by talking films is Charlie Chaplin," Menjou went on. "He is completely apart. His pantomiming is international and speaks a universal language in its mute eloquence. Sad or funny, he has his audiences in the hollow of his hand. It's noticeable here in Europe on seeing his films. There are practically no sub-titles—only the usual ones at the start to plant the story. Naturally, in talking films that would be the same. He could remain mute and the other characters could talk, if they must!"

"Chaplin makes so few pictures he can watch the hectic whirlpool around him and calmly go about his own way profiting by the mistakes and successes of the others as he sees fit. He is the real, world-wide genius, unique among the vast film crowds. I do hope he will not be influenced and eventually fall for a talking picture. When I left California he was firm about it and I feel sure he will stand out. He is truly the only one, I believe. Every other artiste will have to stand or fall according to their talking film qualifications. But all through this will wander the quaint little figure of Chaplin—a real creator of genius and a law unto himself. That's a great thing, when you think of it!"

"What about your own pictures?" I interrupted.

"The title of my first French film at present is 'As It Happened in Paris'—that may be changed but I think it a good title for English-speaking countries. We are doing it in two languages, French and English. There are four characters. All the artistes will play in the two versions with the exception of the leading lady. We are getting one from London for the English version, as Mlle. Alice Cocia, who plays the lead in French, cannot speak English.

"The studio is doing everything possible to make this a good picture. The studios are well built and equipped with good lights. They have brought over the sound-reproduction installations from America with American operators, so when I hear them talking it almost seems that I am back in Hollywood.

"After all, when all is said and done there is no place like Hollywood. I am a little homesick. For making pictures, it is the ideal place. After all these years they have perfected everything till it all runs like a great, well oiled machine. Even the finest machines slow down a bit or run at too great a speed. So do the machines of Hollywood run. Whatever is done, or whatever is not done there is a greatness about it that tells, after all these years of hard labor.

"Hollywood will always be the heart of the film industry. Once one has worked a long time in Hollywood he becomes used to that efficiency and notices its absence in other places. Capital is really the thing—the whole thing. Things in Europe are organized with insufficient capital and naturally the quality of their pictures will suffer. However, they have organized perfectly for this production I am in and we feel that we will have a good picture.

"But that's for the public to decide! At least, it's an interesting experience which I am enjoying thoroughly. The other pictures I will do have not been decided upon as yet, but we have a wealth of material at hand to choose from. I await with great impatience the release of this first one."



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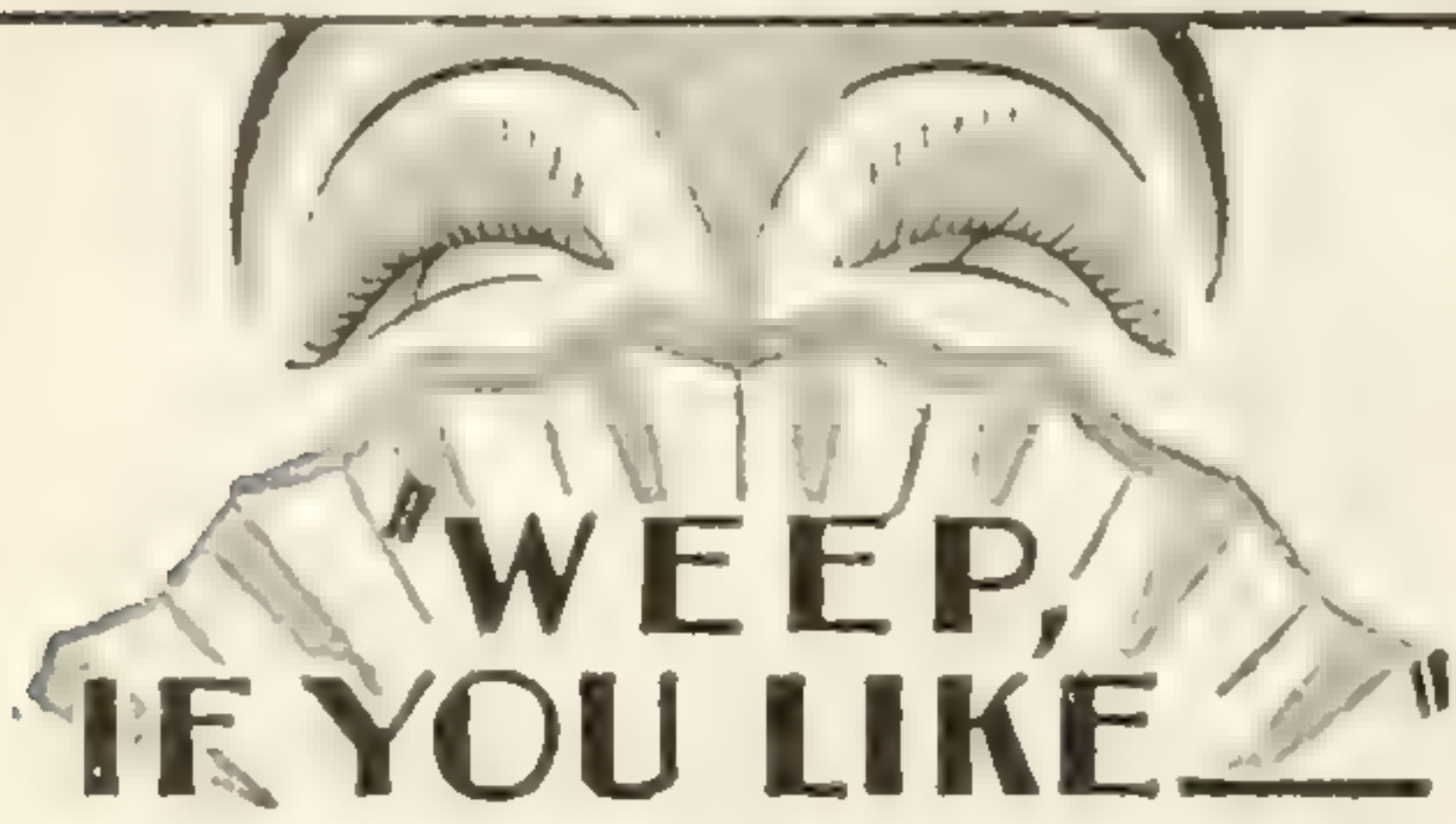
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Anita Page Goes to School

Continued from page 63

business. Don't spread your emotions all over the screen. Conserve them and make them genuine. Wasn't that splendid advice for a beginner?"

Anita spoke of the thousand-faced Lon with the youthful adoration and admiration which every school girl lavishes upon her favorite teacher, the one whom she thinks knows more than anyone else.

"Mr. Chaney taught me to do each thing definitely," Anita went on. "He believed every move, every action, must be clean-cut and definite. By working with him and watching him, I tried to learn to eliminate sloppiness and haphazardness. He was never too busy or too absorbed in his own work to stop to advise and help me."

Professor Chaney's class came later than the one with William Haines and Nils Asther. Gay, wise-cracking Billy was Anita's first teacher. That course was held during the filming of "Telling the World," Anita's very first picture.

From Bill she learned to relax, to forget worry, to acquire ease instead of the strained tenseness of a beginner.

"It's not so deadly serious," Bill said to me during our first week of work," Anita remembered, "after all, the best thing to do is to take it easy. Be natural, but remember the camera wants to see your face, not the back of your head. Forget worry—and have a good time, baby!"

What a professor!

"That was the best possible advice for a scared newcomer," Anita laughed. "I was all tied up in knots of nervousness and worry. But I didn't stay that way long with Bill to teach me. If I had been assigned to make my first picture with a serious and dense star, I don't think that I could have done it. Bill introduced me to the cameras and made me feel at home."

Anita adores Bill with the affection Mary Jones has for Miss Brown who was her first grade teacher and who brought to her the first glimpse of classroom life.

After "Telling the World" Anita was plunged into the mad, modern hilarity of "Our Dancing Daughters."

"Johnny Mack Brown and I were the babes in the woods of that class. We sat at the feet of Nils Asther and tried to learn from him.

"Nils taught me repression and poise, a far cry from Bill's ease and gaiety. 'Emotions repressed are often more significant than emotions obviously expressed,' Nils told me. So I tried to learn to restrain my feelings.

"I watched Nils, whom I think is one of the greatest actors of the screen, watched him thinking himself from one mood into another. Of course, I can't do that as he does. But just watching him work was a priceless lesson in screen technique."

Next came the class with Professor Chaney. Following that, Anita, with her newly acquired knowledge, went down to San Diego to play Ramon Novarro's heroine in "The Flying Fleet."

From Ramon Anita learned the valuable lesson of singleness of purpose and attention to details.

"Always finish whatever you start," Ramon said to me one day on the set, "never leave loose ends, Anita. They are so hard to pick up again."

"I shall never forget one night when Ramon took me to a dance given by the naval officers in San Diego who were work-

ing with us. I was feeling quite set-up over the attentions which they were giving me. While Ramon and I were dancing he said, 'Don't let flattery turn your head, child, or make you forget the hard work ahead of you. It has ruined more than one beginner. You owe to the public, which is making you, the giving of the very best and most serious efforts of which you are capable.'

"Ramon was a wonderful influence for me. It is pretty hard for any girl to keep her head when she is tasting the first drops of a little success. When I'd begin to think I was pretty good, I'd look at Ramon, who has let nothing interfere with his constant study and his progress, and remember that I was still a rank beginner with nothing accomplished to give me the right to self-pride."

Ramon taught Anita to neglect no detail, no matter how small. He would stop a scene to correct a bad light which was making a shadow across her cheek or to suggest a more graceful movement.

When "The Flying Fleet" was finished, Anita returned to school at Culver City. She went from professor to professor, from classroom to classroom, learning new things every day.

Then, suddenly, came the talkies. She was back in kindergarten again. So was everyone.

Out from New York and the footlights arrived a new faculty, men and women who knew the ABC's of voice usage, of singing and dancing.

Charles King, fresh from Broadway, was her first professor under the new regime. She played with him in "The Broadway Melody."

"Charlie taught me the 'audience feel,' the first fundamental lesson in the talkies," Anita continued, lacing a soft, leather moccasin. "I was so nervous I could scarcely speak during the first days of that picture. The microphone scared me to death.

"Don't be scared, Anita," Charlie said to me one day, 'learn to think of the 'mike' as a living thing, a real flesh-and-blood audience. Play to it. Please it. Sell your voice and your songs to it. Make it like you.' He taught me countless things about using my voice."

Anita was adjusting a black wig with bright-colored feathers in its braids.

"You see, I've been most awfully lucky, playing with people who were willing to try to teach me a part of what they knew."

Again I felt like mumbling something about all teachers being eager to impart knowledge if all pupils were Anitas. Again I said nothing.

Pocahontas, alias Anita, stood up. I could scarcely believe my eyes. This dusky Indian maid bore not the slightest resemblance to the golden girl in a white flannel suit who had danced into the dressing room a half hour earlier.

"Pretty slick, isn't it?" Anita asked, admiring her new self with nineteen-year-old enthusiasm, "now I know how it feels to be a brunette. This is for still pictures. I love to do these things, fixing myself up in different clothes and colorings. It's good practice in make-up."

So even the still cameramen, the make-up artists and the hair dressers are instructors in Anita's school.

Altogether, now: "Three Cheers for Anita. 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!'"

Singing in the Desert—Continued from page 34

rode horseback early in the morning and late at night. They just stood on its edge and sang.

It answered their need for solitude. For they are complete in each other's friendship. At the studio, they do not mix with the others in gossip circles. They are not unfriendly to their co-workers. They just do not make advances. After half an hour's chat one comes away liking them but knowing no more about their lives or thoughts than before.

The friendship between these two is built on three things. Their love of music; their differences—for they are exact opposites of each other—and the fact that at the time of an important crisis in the life of each, the other was there to help, to sympathize, and to encourage.

"I needed help badly," relates Bernice, "when I first went into 'The Desert Song' in Chicago. I had all my experience in high school operettas in Oakland. But had never spoken a line on the professional stage. I was just a dancer and understudy for a short time in New York before I was sent to the other company to fill a vacancy made by the illness of Charlotte Lansing.

"I had to succeed. My whole future depended upon this rôle. I didn't want to go back to the chorus and work up again. Alec noticed my inexperience and sympathized. He had to go through the same thing once himself. He was put into the leading male rôle in Marilyn Miller's play, 'Sally,' with less experience than I had had. So he knew what I was going through."

"She was such a forlorn little thing," relates Alec. "I knew she was inexperienced and probably homesick. So I asked her over to my flat to practise. I had lived in Chicago several times before. I'd been a teacher in the Northwestern Military Academy there and an advertising manager for the Diamond T Truck Company. I had friends there and introduced Bernice to them. And my wife, Jeanette, took a big sister's interest in her.

"It was her perfect voice that attracted my interest. It is so clear and smooth. It blends well in duets and therefore makes her an ideal partner. She soon learned the technique of the stage. By the time we took the play on tour, she was a finished musical comedy actress."

And Bernice repaid this kindness and help only a year and a half later. For tragedy came into Alec's life. Jeanette tried to drive from Chicago to Pittsburgh and was killed in an automobile accident. Alec was stunned at first. It had come so suddenly. He had been looking forward to her visit, although he had advised against

it because of the condition of the roads. When the reaction set in and he realized that it was true, Bernice feared for his mind.

"He blamed himself for it," Bernice explains. "He insisted that he shouldn't have let her come. But she had done it against his will. He was sort of unstrung. He acted as if the world had come to an end. And I guess it had, temporarily, for him."

The tour ended right after this and the company went into New York. Here, the First National studio in Brooklyn asked Gray to come for a test.

"I thought I might be asked to do some acting, so I persuaded Bernice to come with me," says Alec. "But we only had to sing. We sang a couple of duets and a solo apiece from the play."

Marilyn Miller was making a talking picture version of "Sally" in Burbank and had requested Gray for the leading man. He was sent right out as soon as his test was okayed. Bernice did not hear from hers, so she went home to Oakland to visit her family.

She had been there a couple of months when she received a wire asking her to come to Los Angeles to play Nanette in "No, No, Nanette" opposite Alec Gray. She went down there immediately and has played opposite him ever since. After "Nanette" came "Spring Is Here." The latter was two day's work from completion when they were put into "Song of the Flame," and played in two pictures at the same time.

Bernice is happy-go-lucky with a strong sense of humor. Alec is more serious-minded; a dreamer, an idealist. His laughter comes slower than Bernice's, but is none the less hearty.

Bernice leads, and delights in doing so. Alec is glad to follow and enjoy her spontaneity. He delights in her quick laughter. He is amused by her sudden change of disposition. And Bernice is glad to have Alec nearby to talk to, to tease, to laugh at.

Music is their common ground of understanding. Both love it for itself. Music in any form charms them. They love to sing. They even like to practise. Any hour of the day when they are not on the set finds them in the song-writers' office, practising.

It was the harmony and melody of the desert that held them entranced at Palm Springs, just as "The Desert Song" brought them together and cemented their friendship. The desert waited for them the two years they toured, singing its song. Now it has them. And they cannot and do not want to escape.

Greta Garbo—Continued from page 24

to be—well, just a little tempting, just a little seductive, a little, well, naughty, maybe—but in the nice way Greta does it. Yes, we liked our old shoes. New shoes are very nice, Mr. Brown, nice and shiny no doubt, but they hurt just a little bit, Mr. Brown. Just a very little bit.

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trayal of a rôle. That's why in 'Anna Christie' she is the girl of the streets who finds redemption in the love of the burly sailor, Matt."

But, we can't help sniffing, we always thought Greta was a good actress. Why, remember "Flesh and the Devil," and "The Woman of Affairs."

Mr. Brown pays no attention to us. He is carried away with his subject.

"It is true that Miss Garbo comes to earth with a crash, perhaps, in her first talkie. Certainly no part could be farther

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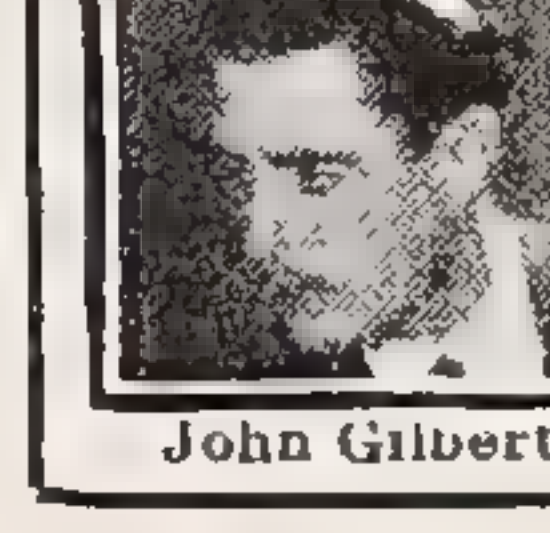
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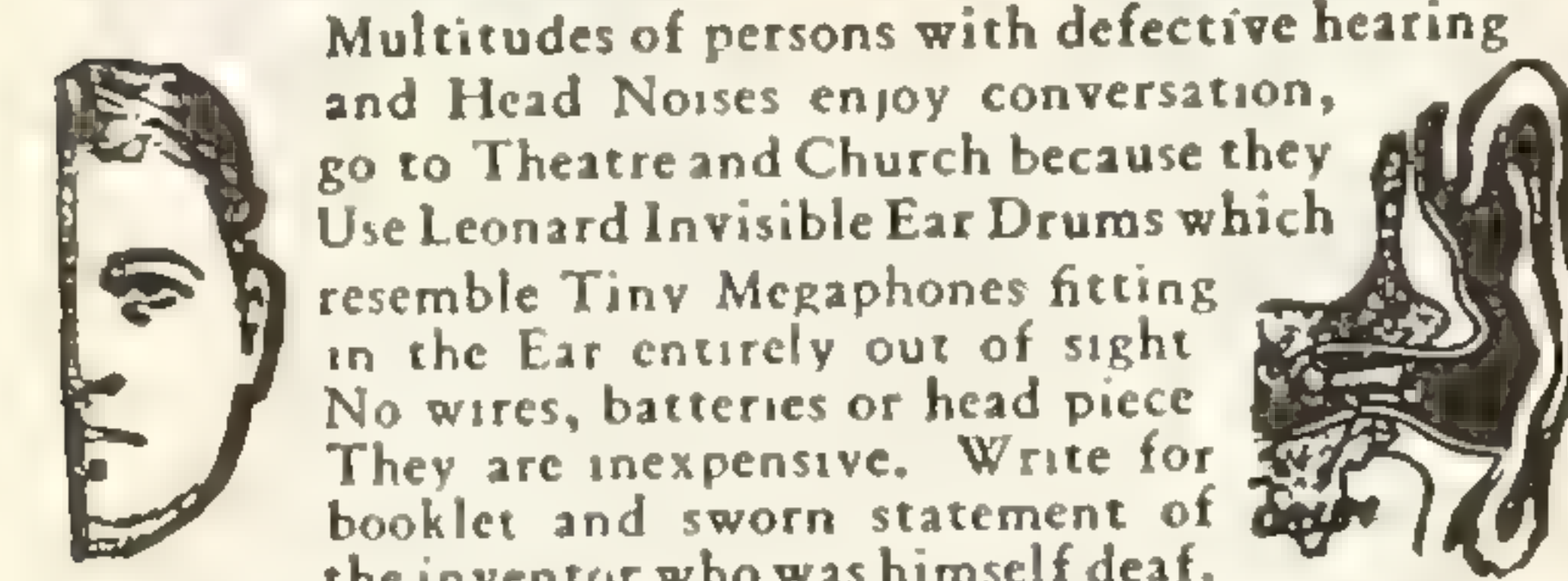
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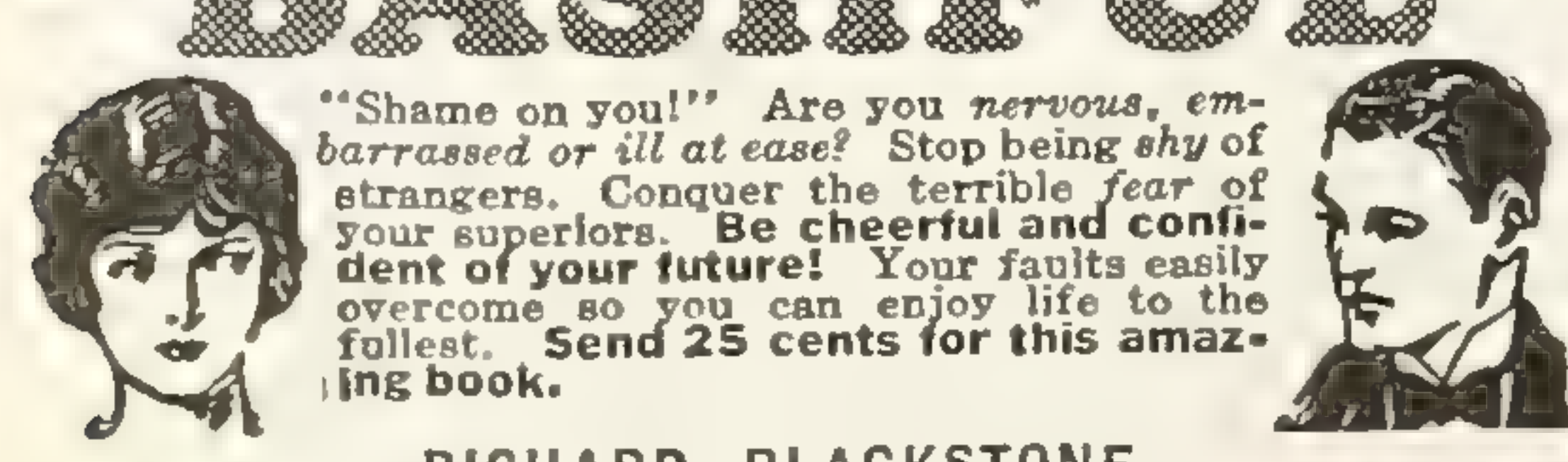
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removed from those romantic ladies who glided so serenely through a romantic world."

Oh, yes, we moan.

"But first of all it is necessary that Miss Garbo be accepted as the fine actress that she is. Not to be confined to one rôle, but to be allowed to show her mettle in widely different characterizations. This complete transformation came as a surprise to many, no doubt."

It was a rude awakening, we admit.

"Perhaps this unreal figure she played in the past, will become alive, more enchanting, but it is necessary to shed the garments of the old, before building the new. Garbo is first of all an emotional actress, an instinctive actress, not a type. That is why she cannot be allowed to continue to be a type. You will find she has lost none of her old glamour, but has adopted new sheaths of beauty."

We will? We swallow our last sniffle.

"Now, while her public is in this state of surprise, we shall swing back and make her a prima donna, a ravishing opera star with a world of adorers at her feet."

You will? We gulp.

"What little is left of her accent will be fitted into this rôle. It is only a matter of

months before every trace will have disappeared."

But we liked the accent in "Anna Christie," Mr. Brown. We really did.

"Strange as it may seem it was sometimes difficult to get her to speak with an accent that would be in keeping with the Swedish Anna."

Then her voice will lend itself to other, different kinds of parts, Mr. Brown?

"We are already perfecting plans for Greta to play in 'Romance,' that stage play in which lovely Doris Keane formerly starred, in which she will be all that is glamorous. Her deep seductive voice will thrill you."

O-o-o-o-ooh!

Thank you, Mr. Brown. So that's what Greta's director has to say. Well, well, after all the sun is shining. Those new shoes we were kicking about, I guess we may as well take them along. I guess they do fit our bumps of romance, come to think of it.

Now let's not hear any more arguments. That settles it.

Oh, it does, does it? Well, is she another Duse or another Bernhardt, that's what I want to know? Make up your minds!

Jack Gilbert—Continued from page 25

storming days blush. But Mr. Barrymore let it get by, Jack was going through an emotional storm and everyone was in a hurry anyhow. Get a Jack Gilbert talking picture out—that was the idea. The biggest mistake was in thinking Gilbert's tremendous popularity was enough to weather anything, even bad recording. They know now that no matter how popular a star is he can't afford to appear ridiculous in a serious picture.

As for his voice—had it been truly recorded, John Gilbert's first talking picture would not have been a fiasco. His voice is brittle, tense, and exactly suits his personality. He speaks quickly, but with expression, for his mood is expressed in the tones of his voice just as it is in his mobile face. His is a taut, nervous temperament. He does everything impulsively. It is one of the things that makes him so lovable. Underneath the impulsiveness is a quality that searches relentlessly for motive. That is the quality that has endeared him to hundreds who call him friend; who have him to thank for gracious deeds of kindness of which the world knows nothing. But John Gilbert is always good copy and reporters seize avidly upon his slightest gesture to supply them with news. They forget that they are nailing a human being to the cross.

About Jack's voice. When a director, either on stage or screen, selects a cast in support of a star he is careful not to destroy the composition of the picture as a whole. As an instance: E. H. Sothern is a man small in stature. It was one of the harassing things in his career. But did he magnify this by engaging men taller than himself to play with him? He did not. Directors don't do those things. So with the voice in talking pictures. Had men been selected with voices sympathetic in timbre with Gilbert's, there wouldn't have been so much trouble. And had infinite pains been taken in the recording of this star's unusual voice, as have been taken with other stars since then, there wouldn't have been so much trouble, either.

This correspondent happened to hear several Gilbert scenes recorded. The outside recording was fine. The inside recording was good of the other voices but Jack's didn't sound natural. Nothing was done about it. Not even Jack thought of asking for better sound equipment.

When they signed up Lawrence Tibbett his voice threatened to wreck the whole sound department. Their first thought wasn't, "How can we preserve this glorious volume of music?" Indeed, no. What they said was, "Mr. Tibbett, you will have to hold your voice back." Those of you who are singers can imagine what the Metropolitan Opera star replied to that. But they wanted Mr. Tibbett very badly so they worked until their equipment was adjusted to this magnificent artist's measurements. And the result will mean millions of dollars in their pockets.

And oh, what pains they took with Miss Garbo! No slip-ups there. And now Metro is backing Jack. It may be because they have to, on account of that iron-bound contract; but they are going to watch their step next time and give Gilbert the consideration Tibbett and Garbo have had. "His Glorious Night" was just a mistake. Metro, Jack and Ina Claire are looking for a dramatic story and next time the result will be different.

When Jack was rising out of the five-dollar-a-day class and life looked rosy to him, as it did just before this talking picture experience, he overheard a director say 'that Jack Gilbert will never get very far in pictures—his nose is too big,' and Jack contemplated suicide for weeks through sheer depression. Then the unquenchable spirit that is his and that makes him what he is came to his rescue. He decided that he wasn't going to let his nose get the better of him! And that's what Jack is doing now. He's making up his mind that his voice won't get the better of him.

And it won't. Not if we know John Gilbert.

Why They Laugh at Love Scenes

Continued from page 29

quivering response. But the charm was in silence. And the talkies shattered it.

If John had encompassed the ladies of the audience in his wide embrace, and then whispered rather gaspingly "I Love You," the composite girl doubtless would have giggled. That would be the reaction to the sudden gusty sighs that crumbled the stillness. When he actually did say "I Love You" to Catherine Dale Owen, who for the moment was all the women in the world, the audience girls ran true to form, as they always do, and that giggle of self-conscious embarrassment inundated the cinematic world.

You doubt? Consider then another *cause celebre*—only one of many since Conrad Nagel got the first "I Love You" razzberry. It concerns no less a romantic figure than Ramon Novarro, selected as Valentino's successor and the logical recipient of the particular love mantle that graced great Rudy's silent seductiveness. (And what would the talkies have done to him?)

In "Devil May Care," the gallant Ramon is the colorful, glamorous, undeniable lover whom Everygirl hopes to greet from the safety of her balcony. The film itself is the very essence of all love stories. Its most pathetic moment, its amorous climax, comes when Ramon, misunderstood after a quarrel, pleads at his sweetheart's door for one word in explanation before his departure to the wars and probable death.

He is on one side of the closed door; she on the other. Both love with all that pathetic intensity found so frequently in make-believe, so seldom in reality. His voice is taut with passion, the echo of the longing in his heart. She, on her side, leans, spent with the very force of her love, against the door, stifling sobs as she drinks in every word of his entreaties. Such is the scene, as beautiful, as heart-stopping, as passion-pulsing, as pleasurably painful as any ever filmed. What happens? What is the reaction of the girls in the audience?

Why, they laugh!

Why? Because they, themselves, are the girl in the room. Alone in her position, they'd open the door. But in some confused way they feel that all the other people in the house are watching them. They don't dare let Ramon enter. If the scene lasted a little longer it would attain a height where the audience would be reduced to nervous hysteria. It breaks just before this point is reached—and the girls giggle.

A fine director, Richard Wallace, if you must know, shares an ambition which must be harbored in the hearts of others, one day to direct a scene so tense that people will run from the theater in a frenzy. He will take their nerves, and hearts and souls and emotions and twist and turn and torture them to such an extent that they can no longer stand the emotional strain. Pain, you know, is just next door to pleasure. So much warmth is pleasant—a little more and there comes the pain of burning. When Wallace slips this one over on the master minds of Hollywood he will have created a mighty scene, and accomplished the labor of a real superman in gaining utter control of the multitude and bending it to suit his will—his mood. In the Novarro scene this ultimate was approached ever so slightly.

In the meantime there will be countless repetitions of the Gilbertian giggles. Love has been made audible—and it can't stand the gaff. It must be perpetually encased in the softest spinning of our dreams—a touch of realism, a breath of down-to-earth, steak-and-potatoes "I Love You," and the result is unrestrained merriment.

The producers will be wise if they gag Cupid—keep Eros dumb, as Justice will forever remain blind. Let the talkies talk, and talk and talk—but never let them say "I Love You." That's our advice. It doesn't cost anything. Perhaps that is just what it is worth!

Brainless Beauties Keep Out

Continued from page 59

It is evident, therefore, that the road to beauty is strewn today with many added difficulties.

But for two classes of girls, the situation brought about by talking pictures offers a definite challenge.

First, the beautiful girl with ambition enough to learn the technique of preserving that beauty on the screen; second, the less beautiful girl who will work additionally harder to create that illusion of beauty which is the great achievement of a truly fine actress.

This illusion of beauty is more important than the actual beauty itself. I will repeat a former statement that no perfect beauty has ever been a great actress. A perfect example is Sarah Bernhardt. Madame Bernhardt was by no means a perfect beauty. She had many imperfections of face and figure. However, after an evening watching her art, you would come away from the theater swearing that she was the most beautiful woman in all the world.

In talking pictures a splendid voice is a very great asset in heightening the effect of beauty. Kay Johnson, my lead in "Dynamite," is an extremely charming blonde.

She is a great actress, whether it be in silent or vocal pictures. But in talkies she creates a tremendous aura of charm by her perfect combination of an extraordinary mobile voice, and excellent physical attributes.

It is evident, therefore, that talking pictures set up such very definite standards that any beautiful girl who seeks to climb cinematic heights must do so deliberately and in full knowledge that she will have to study and work just as she would in preparing for an equally difficult profession, such as law or medicine. There are rich rewards for hard work in this newly expanded art, but the rewards are given only for artistic values received. Even in the days of silent pictures the various celebrities who rose to stardom through my pictures had from five to seven years of hard apprenticeship in very minor rôles before they attained the final reward.

The same arguments, of course, apply with equal force to the good-looking and clever young men who have film ambitions. Good looks aren't worth the proverbial thin dime in motion pictures unless, in motion, they are properly harnessed to a clear-thinking brain.



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The Stage in Review—Continued from page 97

and one lady of impeccable harlotry.

The scene is Newgate Prison back in the eighteenth century, when you could be hanged for almost nothing. In the jail we have Mr. Snap, the jailer, himself a sly cutpurse of the empire, played in a Dickensian manner by Walter Kingsford; the Count La Ruse, a sentimental, royally born scoundrel, a superman of friskers and bed-tumblers, played rather too struttingly by Basil Sydney; a poet, in for debt, played (Alfred de Mussetically) by J. Kerby Hawkes; the famous highwayman, Jonathan Wild, done bawlingly, alcoholically and superbly by Charles Dalton; Lord Wainwright, a beautifully conceived Borgian scoundrel who has poisoned his whole family, a man who hates cant and whose acting is a gorgeous burlesque, a breath-taking piece of audaciousness, and Mary Ellis, who plays as she has never played before, wisely and well, the part of the prison wench, the jailer's daughter. Miss Ellis is *alive* (italics, please). Ah, Mary, thou art a wine of wizardry! Critics are dumb before thee—except the ascetic Mr. Nathan.

The dialogue is superb; there is not much story—but it would make a superb picture for Lubitsch.

"Waterloo Bridge"

Mr. Sherwood has written in "Waterloo Bridge" a sentimental tale of an American street-walker in London and an American boy who is certainly the Incredible Boob of the late war. Glenn Hunter was the soldier boy who tried to lift the wench to spiritual heights and June Walker was the girl of Waterloo Bridge into whose life Something Better came. They were both as good as good can be. Teething rings, however should be given out with tickets to this play.

"Death Takes a Holiday"

Here are imagination, originality and

thrills with a theme of universal interest—a sort of morality play dressed up in modern clothes and speech; something that comes near to you; a play you will not soon forget. It was adapted by Walter Ferris from the Italian of Alberto Casello, who has not the daring or subtlety of Pirandello, whom the gods, had they been in benign mood, should have assigned to do this job. It lacks metaphysical magic.

Exquisite early autumn night at the Italian villa of Duke Lambert. All the guests who arrive have just missed death in their cars by a hair. Even the leaves in the garden have suddenly stopped falling. Enter Death when the Duke is alone. He informs the Duke that he has decreed for himself a three-days' holiday on earth in order to find out what it is that makes humans afraid of him and why they cling so to life.

He then appears later as a soldier, a Prince Sirki (decorated on all fronts and by all sides of course!) and falls in love with the beautiful Grazia (Rose Hobart). Ah!—so that is the reason why we dally on earth in spite of disease, wars, taxes and street radios! It is Love that wags the world! Not new—except to lovers, if any.

Even when Grazia finds out that her Tremendous Lover is Death she elects to go with him (her eyes can see beyond the horror-mask), thus proving again to those who already believe it that Love is stronger than Death. Grazia lives in Revery, which is just on the edge of Wonder. At no time does she live in the same matter-of-fact world as the others.

The play is perfectly constructed and certainly worth seeing as a novelty. Philip Merivale fits into the rôle of Death perfectly. It was made for him. If "Death Takes a Holiday" ever reaches the screen, Janet Gaynor would make a memorable Grazia.

Coiffures for Occasions—Continued from page 57

the same period. The styles of Greece and of the Second Empire are most simple and therefore most adaptable to our present needs. Such head-dresses as were worn at Versaille in the time of Marie Antoinette would never do. Some of these old time coiffures took days to arrange and were not discarded for several months. Plaster, pieces of wood, wire frames and even ship models were used in constructing the coiffures of the court ladies. Such styles, vastly uncomfortable and most unsanitary, are not for the modern woman. If she must wear long dresses and look backward rather than forward for her inspiration in hairdressing, it is better to follow the simple styles of the Athenian ladies and of the Parisian women of a century ago.

"No, I do not recommend that the hairdress be an exact replica of the old-time styles," Antoine concluded. "It merely must catch the mood of the old coiffure."

The photographer had finished with Miss Owen, and Antoine again took up the task of showing SCREENLAND's feminine readers how to do their hair. His second coiffure was a simple affair suitable for afternoon wear, yet formal enough for evening if a few jewels or other ornaments were added.

"It is, you will notice, a frame for Miss Owen's interesting features especially stressing the beautiful line of her throat and jaw. As I said before, the hair always should frame the face becomingly, empha-

sizing the most beautiful lines and alleviating the undesirable ones. An older woman must never wear her hair back from the forehead. She must soften her face by bringing the hair down far enough to shade it. And even the most beautiful of women must have a little hair showing beneath her hat—but only a little."

"But what about short hair?" I wanted to know.

"Compromise," answered Antoine, smiling. "Cut it to the shoulder if it is long, or if it is short let it grow until it reaches the shoulder. Shoulder-length hair can be easily managed and is adaptable to either the long bob such as Greta Garbo wears or to coiffured hair. Personally, I like to see it done up for evening with combs and other ornaments."

Again Miss Owen was ready, and he arranged the third coiffure quickly and dexterously, a combination coiffure which could be used for either business or semi-formal occasions. When he had finished, the famous hairdresser let drop a few hints on hair and the mode.

"When, many years hence, your hair starts turning gray," we heard him tell Miss Owen, "let it become gray. Don't try to do anything about it. The most flattering shades for any woman are silver gray and ash blonde. Yellow blondes and red-haired women—no matter how beautiful their hair may be—are at a definite disadvantage when

it comes to picking colors for their gowns and hair ornaments. Few shades harmonize with these shades of hair.

"You," he continued, pointing with his comb to Miss Owen's small, pretty ears, "can show your ears to advantage. But you are an exception. Not one woman out of a hundred should allow her ears to project below her coiffure."

Miss Owen fingered the tip of one ear appreciatively. "How do you get ideas for the varied coiffures that you create?" she asked.

"These coiffures I have arranged for you, Miss Owen, are not mine. They are yours! It is from the contours of your face and from your expression that I have drawn my inspiration. I do not make the same coiffure twice. Each time with the hair I attempt to interpret the mood which my client is in at the moment that I work. If I see that it is a happy mood or, perhaps, a

quiet, pensive mood, I try to preserve it while the hairdresser lasts.

"Then, too, the shape of the head tells me a great deal as to what I should do in making a distinguished coiffure. I follow the natural lines."

M. Antoine is perhaps the most famous hairdresser in the world. His real name is Antoine Cierplikowski. He came to Paris from Poland as a sculptor, but his work, in the modern trend, was too advanced at the time to be truly appreciated and he turned to hairdressing and the manufacture of unusual artificial flowers for a livelihood. When his success finally came, it was assured. He now has salons in Berlin, London and New York as well as in Paris. If he himself dresses a client's hair he receives a fee of one hundred and twenty-five dollars. And if the work he did on Miss Owen's hair is a sample, it is worth it!

A New Girl—Continued from page 54

to be Sophie Tuckers, Nora Bayeses or some other well known actresses. Before Ann had learned to walk, the mother had taken the children to New York. With some of her many letters of introduction, Mrs. Roth got her daughters into the Fort Lee studios where they decided that Lillian would do for Evelyn Nesbit Thaw as a girl. She did Mae Marsh as a girl, acted a scene with Theda Bara and played one of General Pershing's children.

During those days, the Roth girls and their mother had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning in a house with only one stove and travel to Fort Lee to work. In one of her sad moments away from the studios, Lillian was given the part of the abused daughter in the stage play, "The Inner Man." When Lillian went for her next rôle, she was informed that a little boy was needed. Mrs. Roth hurried her daughter home, cut Lillian's hair, changed her clothing and returned with the statement: "This is the brother of the girl you just saw." She got the part.

At the age of seven, Lillian played a part in "Penrod" and later a rôle in "The Betrothal." When she was eight, she was selected from 935 other stage children to play the child part in "Shavings." She says it was because of the fact that she was the only one with straight hair. When she signed her contract, Lillian went up alone and asked for \$100 a week. She was paid \$50 a week for a year's run of the play.

"The Roth Kids" was the title of the sister act when Lillian, then 10 years old, and Ann, played the Palace Theater in New

York. After five years of vaudeville in towns all over the United States, Lillian returned to New York a grown girl of fifteen. With a new smart outfit she went to see J. J. Shubert. He asked her if she could sing. She said she could, although her only vocal training was the singing of Red Hot Mamma in the bathtub every morning. Ann was astonished when her sister told the piano player to strike up Red Hot Mamma. But Lil stood up, gathered her voice, which arrived that moment, and sang successfully. Her reward was \$150 a week and the title of 'the youngest soubrette on Broadway.' She crooned, sang her 'blues' and did her strut numbers in "The Padlocks of 1927," "The Vanities" and "The Follies." She was on the same bill with Maurice Chevalier in Ziegfeld's New Amsterdam Roof show. When Jesse Lasky came to see how his idol of France was progressing, he also saw Lillian and signed her to a contract. She did a couple of successful short subjects in New York, packed her trunk and left for Hollywood.

Need I say that Hollywood likes her? She manages to get anything she wants. She's just that way.

To date, Lillian has played in "Illusion," "The Love Parade," "The Vagabond King" and "Honey," a new musical romance.

Lillian wanted a nice dressing room at Paramount. She got it. The executives couldn't quite decide whether or not she could go to New York for a vacation recently. She went. Her next production hasn't been decided yet. But wait. She'll get one.

Doug, Jr. Psycho-analyzed

Continued from page 53

hard to carry out. Artists are notoriously hard to live with. Bernard Shaw once said that the artist is the man who would take his mother's milk and turn it into printer's ink.

But Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is not an extreme type. He is, I take it, in some ways a chip of the old block; there is something strong and sturdy in him which fights against the artist's weaknesses. It is, indeed, greatly to his credit that, although he has Fairbanks blood in him, he is not an imitation of his father. He has hewed out an individuality of his own which, in some respects, differs startlingly from Doug, Sr. We all know the older man, an extravert if there ever was one, a D'Artagnan to the

very end and the end is not yet.

Contrasted with him Doug, Jr., is more typically the artist, with something of the poet, the dreamer, the introvert, the questioner of life and himself.

Among the younger actors of the screen he stands out as something very much himself, something deeper, with more than the ordinary possibilities of development. He is a young man who by his very nature should grow steadily and surely until he becomes a star of high rank. The energy, ambition and practicality of his wife should help him very much, just as his varied and rich nature, with its depth, understanding and sympathy should help her. The bet placed above remains standing!

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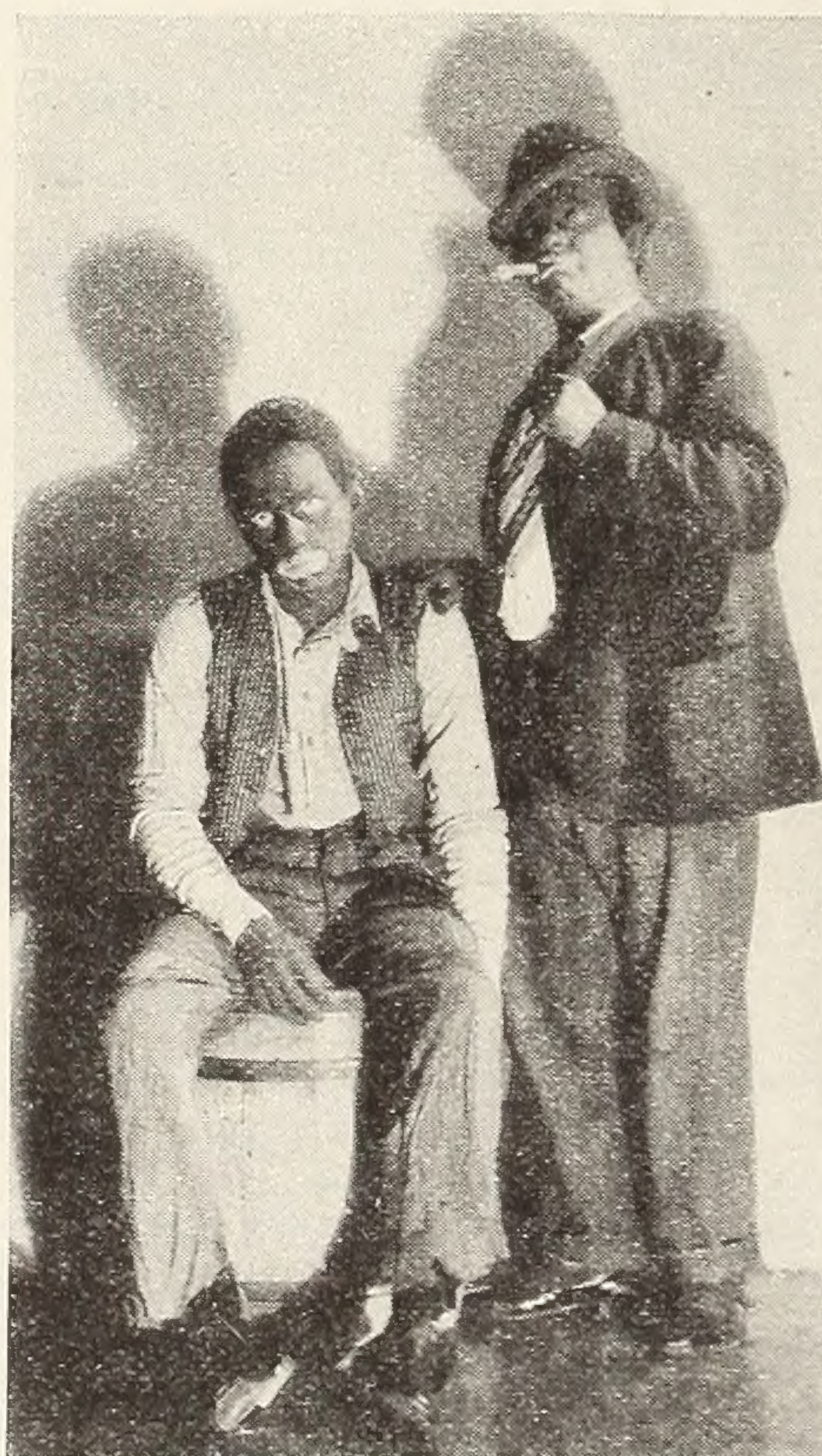
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